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1908

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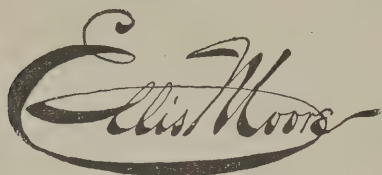
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER, 1908

No. 1

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1911 -- 1912 :

To be announced.

The REVIEW is published monthly except during July, August, September, by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of the REVIEW Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents, and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 160 Lincoln Street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in REVIEW box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 32 Washington Park, Newtonville.

Entered at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

We refuse to be responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES :

\$1.00 per year

15c. per copy.

EDITORIALS

Auspicious Signs.

It is with pleasure that we notice several new instructors in Newton High School, and, at the same time, miss so few of the old ones. This is the sort of innovation that points to prosperity in an institution.

Bon Voyage!

While the absence of Miss Wallace will be keenly felt, the School unites in wishing her the best of health and the happiest of times during her well-earned vacation.

Our Cover.

For our present artistic cover design we are indebted to Margaret Tyler, whose work in the field of art has occasioned a deal of favorable comment.

A Card of Thanks.

In this initial number of The Review, the Editor wishes openly to express his thanks to Charles E. Holbrook for many valuable services, and thoughtful suggestions, in regard to editing our school paper.

A Chance to Improve.

How often in the course of a week, of a day, even, we hear in class the entreaty, "Speak louder, please." It is perhaps natural, by reason of long practice, to speak rapidly, in a hardly intelligible undertone, and to address the teacher alone. It is easy to forget that the instructor's attention is merely supervisory; that it is for the benefit of our classmates we must speak.

Requests to speak more plainly are now so frequent that they are received mechan-

ically, and even though there is a change in voice, it is only momentary.

Is it not time that we give this prevalent trouble individual attention? Let us everyone make the slight effort necessary to speak clearly and enunciate well. For the benefit, not only of the individual, but of the whole school, let us try to make the improvement lasting.

Of General Interest.

The contributions thus far received by the Review have been numerous, and, almost without exception, they have had literary merit. Nevertheless, the Editors are far from satisfied.

We want to be quite overwhelmed with literary material; we want to receive a few more stories than we can handle conveniently. Above all, we want the literary standard of the work high—the mechanical execution careful.

To promote these desirable conditions, the Review offers a valuable prize for the best story submitted before May 27th, 1909. The Editor-in-Chief is to be the judge, with final appeal to the English Department. For further information, see *Review Topics* in this issue.

Realizing the importance of personals, bits of school-news, and classroom jokes, to be grouped under the heading "Base Hits," the Review has decided to offer a pleasing prize to the person that submits the largest number of usable notes of this nature before May 27th.

The notes should be signed on the back by the name and room of the writer (this will not be printed), and dropped into the Review Box, between rooms one and two.

The prize will be a group of "The World's Greatest Short Stories," edited by Sherwin Cody.

The Mortgage.

By PAUL SMART, 1910.



SMALL farmhouse, a story and a half high, stood some distance back from the highway. The inmates of this house had been struggling for many years with a mortgage, which fell due on the thirtieth of September of this same year. The September days had already begun to pass; Andrew Aiken and his wife, Molly, were sadly sitting in their small parlor, their thoughts reverting again and again to the mortgage. This they had no hope of ever paying, unless they should sell the timber land; even then, they could not pay it all, for McGraw was only giving ten dollars a thousand for standing timber, and eighteen hundred dollars would not pay a two-thousand-dollar mortgage. There was no way of raising the remaining two hundred. McGraw might not give even ten dollars; he had been trying to buy up timber for eight and nine.

After they had relaxed again into silent thought, a carriage drove up to their door. A portly man with a red mustache alighted, and tying his horse to a decayed fence post he strode up the path. Raising his hand, he rapped vigorously. Molly opened the door. McGraw, seeing Andrew in the room, pushed by Molly, and sat down opposite Mr. Aiken. He had hardly spoken to Andrew before, but now, without preliminaries, he plunged into the subject of the mortgage.

"Well, Aiken, will you be able to pay off that 'ere mortgage before the thirtieth?"

Andrew raised his head with a startled expression. Although he had realized what was coming when McGraw entered, the suddenness surprised him. He deliberated for a moment, then he answered:

"Well, now, Mr. McGraw, I don't know's

there be much chance just now of paying. I ain't done over well this year. I don't really cal'late we can pay off right away."

"You don't, eh? Well, I guess you won't have no other chance. You can pay, or git out—d' ye hear? I've had enough of your 'not doing well'; I reckon you'll never do well. Haven't you got a lot o' timber land up on the river? As I make out, you've got close to a hundred and eighty thousand feet of lumber in that lot. Let's see—that comes to pretty near fifteen hundred dollars, at nine a thousand. Ain't there no way to git the rest?"

"No, I don't exactly know's there be," said Andrew.

"Well, I dunno; but look here. I'll let that 'ere five hundred go fer anuther year, if you'll sell that 'ere river lot fer fifteen hundred—d' ye hear?"

"Well, I dunno; I ain't goin' to sell that lot fer no fifteen hundred. That land's wuth twelve a thousand, anyhow."

"Wuth twelve a thousand! Not now-days. Why, it ain't hardly wuth what I'm offering you. You thinking its wuth twelve? Let me know when you get twelve, will ye?"

"Yes, I will," quietly remarked Aiken.

This answer sent McGraw into a rage.

"Will ye sell fer nine fifty?" he bellowed.

"No, don't know's I will," remarked Andrew.

"Then don't; but you see that this 'ere mortgage is paid 'fore the thirtieth, or else you clear out—d' ye understand that?"

With this he banged the door, and strode off to his buggy.

For over a week Andrew debated whether to sell, or whether to leave his home. The latter seemed unbearable, but, on the other hand, if he did sell, he could not pay all; next year the same trouble would result.

The twenty-fifth of September came; he was still undecided. Several times during that month vague rumors of forest-fires had come to the secluded town of Eliston, but nobody seemed to take any interest in them. McGraw was different. He alone, deep in his heart, felt that timber would take a great jump, possibly to fifteen; on the chances of this, he was buying up all he could secure, offering even ten dollars. He had been to half the farmers in the neighborhood, buying what timber he could, always careful to keep it as quiet as possible. All this time, McGraw kept informed of the rise of lumber. It was steadily going up—twelve, thirteen, fifteen, and even higher, all in less than a fortnight.

One day, McGraw went to a neighboring town to buy more timber; he did not return at noon, but stayed to finish up his business in the afternoon. Having a ten-mile drive before him, he started home about four o'clock. He was hurrying, in order to be there by five, the time when the telegram arrived stating the price of lumber. He looked at his watch, as he drove into the village. It was three minutes of five already. Putting the watch back, he slapped the reins, to hurry his horse.

Turning sharply into the street that led to his office and mill, McGraw was surprised and startled at seeing a crowd of men moving quickly about, pressing, for the most part, around a tall central figure. This man was an agent of the Dominion Lumber Company, sent by them to buy up all available timber at twenty dollars a thousand, instructed to set up a mill in Eliston. He was in the act of explaining his mission to the excited farmers as McGraw drove in sight. The latter was immediately surrounded. Those who had sold to him laughed bitterly.

"Lumber is nine, is it? You swindler, it's twenty; you knew all along!" they yelled.

McGraw lashed his horse, and drove into his yard, the crowd at his heels. Leaping from the carriage, he dashed upstairs to his office, and, locking the door, sank into a chair.

He stayed there bewildered for a moment; then, looking up, he saw a yellow envelope on his table. Mechanically he opened it, and read, "Lumber twenty." He laid it down, and walking to the window he saw the crowd still outside, surging around the agent. He turned quickly away, and strode to the table. Seizing the telegram, he threw it into the fire; at least there would not be that evidence against him!

McGraw dropped into a chair, and, for several hours, remained unconscious of what was going on about him. A step on the stairs leading to the office aroused him. He got up, and walked to the window. Dusk was already setting in; nobody was in the street.

A loud knock sounded on the door. McGraw opened it, and Andrew stepped in.

"That mortgage is due day after tomorrow," he said. "I was the first to sell my lot; I got cash, thirty-six hundred. The mortgage is two thousand; interest, forty-two fifty."

He laid the sum on the table and left the room. McGraw clutched the money eagerly; as he heard steps outside the door, he thrust it into his pocket.

It was the agent of the Dominion Company. He began at once, offering to buy all the timber McGraw had at twenty, and to pay two thousand five hundred for the mill. McGraw simply nodded his head. The money was paid; the agent left the room.

Before dawn next morning, McGraw was seen in his buggy, stealing out of town.

The "Prom" Man.

By EVELYN K. WELLS.



IN number twenty-eight Crane Hall there was much anxiety on that morning early in May. Dorothy Prescott's "man" had failed her, and it was now too late for her to invite a "second-fiddle."

"There's only one thing to do," she announced with determination to her sympathizing roommate, "and that is, to back out and stay away from the dance." At this she cast a sorrowful look at the dainty creation which, fresh from the hands of a fashionable modiste, hung on the door. "Why under the sun couldn't Ned have notified me sooner!"

"He's probably been hoping against hope that he could come," answered Yolanne, who was curled up on the box-seat, taking a last few stitches in her gown. "By the way, you might ask John Curtis. He'd surely jump at the chance," she added mischievously, for John Curtis was notoriously devoted to Dorothy, who could not bear him.

"Silly child! How could I have the face to ask anyone I knew at the eleventh hour?"

"That was a jest, dearest. Seriously, it's out of the question for you to back out now; the girls wouldn't like it a bit to have to change their orders, besides missing you."

"Fiddlesticks, one dance can't make any difference."

"But it will—see if it doesn't!"

"O dear!" Dorothy plumped herself down on the couch in a heap, almost at the point of tears, when they heard a hearty voice outside, and in came Hazel Thayer, bringing her new gown to be inspected.

"Have you heard about Ned?" chorused Dorothy and Yolanne.

"Why no—he's coming, isn't he?"

"No."

That was all Dorothy could say, and Yolanne had to tell the sad tale.

"And Dorothy says she won't go, and I say she shall—don't you, Hazel?"

"Oh! do think up something for me, girls," moaned Dorothy in despair. "I've been looking forward to that dance ever since I entered college, and it will break my heart now if I can't go!"

The other two sat silent for a moment, then Hazel said, "I'm going to get the girls," and ran away. She soon returned with a crowd of Dorothy's friends, who tried to comfort her and protested against her staying away.

Finally Yolanne made herself heard.

"I'm going to telegraph Phil to bring a friend for you." Philip was Yolanne's brother, and was to be her guest. "How stupid of me not to have thought of it before! Do you agree?"

Dorothy's answer was an affectionate hug, and Yolanne went away to send the message.

The next day an answer came: "Will bring Barry," which sent Yolanne into transports of rapture.

"My dear," she raved to Dorothy, "if you could see Jack Barry! He's perfectly grand! Dances divinely, plays the flute, and writes poetry for the 'Atlantic.' How perfectly great of Phil!"

Dorothy was equally delighted, and went about making her plans with a light heart. She arranged for the morning after—planned with whom the rare Mr. Barry was to go to walk, who was to give him afternoon tea.

The days came and went swiftly, until at last the eventful sixteenth arrived. Yolanne had been to walk with her brother, who had arrived on an early train, and

came home to find Dorothy in the hands of the hairdresser, having a "wave."

"Mr. Hayes has arrived," remarked Yolanne.

"Who's he?" inquired Dorothy.

"Why, Barrett Hayes. Phil meant him, not Jack Barry. I haven't met him, but Phil says he's nice. I'm sorry to have roused your expectations." Yolanne was a little frightened at the awful calm with which her roommate received the news.

"Yolanne, you must tell Philip to send him home," she said very quietly.

"Wha-at!" cried Yolanne.

"My dear, I know that man; I could never meet him again after what happened the last time I saw him. I'm really not crazy," she added, seeing the astounded look on Yolanne's face.

The hairdresser packed up her things and departed; the two girls were left alone. Then Dorothy explained.

"I met him at a summer hotel four years ago. We had seen a good deal of each other, when I discovered a weakness of his, and thought I would play a joke on him. I can't tell even you, dear, what that joke was. If he'd only taken it in the right way! But he had a very dull sense of humor; he didn't see that it was meant in fun. He was awfully hurt. He told me plainly just what he thought of me; then he packed up and left for home. I suppose it was my fault, but I was only a silly schoolgirl, and never thought I'd see him again.

"The things he said to me! Why, I could no more face that man—"

She threw herself into the morris-chair, and closed her eyes in tearless agony. Yolanne tried to comfort her, her mind working busily.

She looked at her watch; it was half past five. Dinner came in half an hour, then barely time to dress for the dance. What to do? She went down stairs to consult her

brother by telephone, and returned to Dorothy with a cheerful countenance.

"I've telephoned Phil, dear; we have fixed it up. Phil is to go with you, I am to take your Mr. Hayes."

Dorothy looked interested.

"Of course there's lots of arranging to be done, about dances and things," continued Yolanne, "but we'll fix it up."

"Oh! Yoly, dear, you're a perfect darling!" cried Dorothy in a burst of gratitude. "Nobody knows how miserable I've been feeling!"

"It's nothing," said Yolanne, who did not like heroics. "Besides, Phil arranged it all."

"How about the dances I have with you? Of course I couldn't dance with him," pondered Dorothy, her fingers busily shaping a ribbon for her hair.

"Oh, we'll surely find someone to take them. Let's see, they're the second and the eleventh. Why, Kate Harding was trying to find someone for the eleventh this morning!

"Oh! Kate," she called across the hall, "found anyone for the eleventh?"

"No—can you give it to me?" responded Kate's voice through the transom. A cry of relief was heard from the same direction at Yolanne's affirmative.

"My man's name's Warren. What? Mr. Hayes? Thanks ever so much!"

"There's one disposed of," said the business-like Yolanne. "Now we can surely arrange the other when we get to the Gym!"

Dorothy was having difficulty to express her gratitude to her friend. She was promising herself never to keep her belongings about Yolanne's part of the room—it distressed her so! She thought of a hundred other ways to show her roommate that she appreciated her deliverance from a bad scrape.

The dance, of course, was a great success.

(The Junior Prom. always is!) Dorothy enjoyed herself to her heart's content, although she watched to see that she was at the other end of the hall from Mr. Hayes.

As she slipped wearily into bed that night (or was it the next morning?) in a chastened frame of mind, she registered a vow never, never to play another practical joke.

The Mysterious Light.

By GERTRUDE FORD.



WITH long, steady strides, the coast guard of the Veasy Life-Saving Station made his way up the stony beach. His lantern, swinging in his hand, cast weird, flickering rays about him, and, every now and then, the wind seemed to blow the light out altogether, as an especially strong blast swept across the shore. The surf pounded incessantly, and the foam, blowing up from the water, and catching the light from the lantern, looked like flurries of snow.

The guard shivered a little, in spite of his heavy coat, and quickened his pace, as he neared the station. In a short time, he would be in the warm room with his comrades, heedless of the wind, as it whistled and whined.

As he approached his destination, the outline of a cliff, rising before him, became more and more distinct in the darkness. The man could hear the waves dashing against the rocks that formed its base.

Suddenly, high on the hill, a light shot out, and the guardsman stopped abruptly, with an exclamation of astonishment. Who could be in the old house on the cliff at that time of year, in such weather?

The building in which the strange light appeared, was situated on the top of the cliff, directly above the life-saving station, so that it would not be possible for anyone to camp there, as they sometimes did in summer, without the knowledge of the crew. Besides, no one would be foolhardy enough to attempt such a thing in January.

Much puzzled, the guardsman resumed his patrol in hurried steps, but soon, more gradually than it had sprung up, the light grew dim, and finally disappeared altogether. In a few minutes the coast guard reached the station, and hurried directly to the living-room, where he found his companions employed in various amusements.

"Well," exclaimed one, looking up from an 1899 magazine, "here's Healy, lantern and all. What's the matter—the 'Lusitania' run aground out in front?"

"No; but who's up in the haunted house?"

"The haunted house?" and the men rushed to the window that looked out upon the cliff.

"What makes you think there's anybody?"

"I saw a light there, when I came up the beach, but they put it out pretty quick."

"Well, I guess nobody's fool enough to stay there a night like this."

"But there must be someone, because I saw a light there myself. What feller 'll go up with me? They ain't got any business stayin' there tonight. I guess they don't know what it is in cold weather down here. Who's comin'?"

Several of the men rose, and, with incredulous smiles, followed Healy out of the station and up the hill, toward the large house that rested on its summit.

The "haunted house," which had been built for a hotel, with unfortunate results, had been so called merely for lack of a better name. To Healy, however, it now seemed possible that there might be some other cause for such a name.

The men entered the front hall, there being no door to keep them out, and grouped themselves at the foot of the stairs, that their call might be heard in the farthest room. They shouted again and again, but no answer came.

Determined to be thorough, the guardsmen went through room after room, more to satisfy Healy than because they expected to find anyone. As almost all of the windows were either entirely missing or broken, the wind swept cold and damp through the empty chambers. When they came to the top floor, however, one of the doors refused to open. It seemed to the men, who tried it one after another, to be firmly fastened on the inside.

"Hy, there, open that door!" No answer.

"See here, you, we don't want any funny business, now. If you don't open that door, you'll wish you had," shouted Healy, by this time thoroughly worked up.

There was no response to this either, so, joining forces, they battered down the door, and entered. They stood for a moment looking expectantly around them; then, from a dark corner, something black flew straight toward them. They backed hurriedly to the doorway; but, in another minute, they looked at each other with sheepish faces, as they saw a large bat flying confusedly about the room. The tour of inspection had proved fruitless.

"Well, Healy," commented one of his companions, as they strode down the hill again, "I should hate t' say what I thought. Seems 's if you must have got somethin', to be seein' things like that."

"Sherlock Holmes is the feller fer us, I guess," said another. "We'll drop him a line to call in the mornin'."

With many bantering remarks, they made their way back to the station, and as little came to relieve the monotony of their dull life, everyone was ready enough to discuss the peculiar incident; but no one was able to explain it satisfactorily.

The following morning, after the breakfast dishes had been washed and set away, the crew sat down in their spacious kitchen, to wait for the man who brought their supplies. His arrival was always looked forward to eagerly, as he invariably brought all the village gossip with him, and it was through him that the life-savers could communicate with their families.

At last, he appeared, coming slowly over the stones, and before many minutes, the men were shaking hands with "young Taylor," as if he was a long lost friend. He proved rather more interested than had been expected, at the incident of the preceding evening.

"That is queer," he remarked. Let's have a look at the haunted house."

When they reached the living room, the young man went directly to the window, and stood looking out for several minutes. It was a cold scene before him,—the white cliff, rising like a great bank of snow beside the life-saving station, and, at its foot, the rushing, whirling water of the river mouth. But Taylor saw only the bleak, weather-beaten house, on the summit of the hill. He turned, and glanced around the room.

"I've got an idea," he said at last, "that may be all right. The feller that goes on duty first tonight will let Healy take his place. On your way home tonight, Healy, you jest keep your eyes on the haunted house, and, when you get to where you was last night, stop and wait a little while—say three or four minutes. What time do you generally get there? . . . Well, be on deck as near then as you can, and maybe we'll find out what's troublin' you. That is, providin' you'll let me sleep here tonight; I ain't hankerin' for a row across the river at that time."

At quarter past ten that night, Healy came to the same spot from which he had seen the mysterious light the evening before. At that moment, a flicker appeared, and, growing steadier as Healy

advanced, became a decided yellow glow. For a moment, after the guardsman stopped, nothing happened; then, suddenly, it disappeared. Once again, it flashed up, and then again. Having done this several times, at last it seemed to go out altogether.

Healy picked up his lantern, and soon reached the station. As he entered the room where his comrades were, he saw that Taylor had also been out doors, for he was just removing his coat and cap.

"Well, Healy, did you see anything?" Taylor asked.

"You bet—but what was it? You been up there? What doing?"

"You hold down that chair there, and I'll tell you.

"This morning," he continued, addressing the crew, "I noticed that there was only one window on this side of the haunted house that was whole. Then I saw that the light in this room was right opposite

our window, which faces the haunted house. The light reflector was turned that way.

"You know how glass catches the light of the sun sometimes? I didn't see why the window in the haunted house couldn't do that with your lamp; I thought I'd find out if it wasn't possible.

"Tonight, I took this along, (he indicated a large sack that he had thrown across the back of a chair) and when I thought Healy was lookin', I jest dropped it over the pane of glass three or four times, and left it there till I thought he had started on again.

"Healy would have to be in about the same place he was in last night, to see the window at the same angle. That's why he didn't see the light more'n a few minutes, when he kept walkin'. You ain't ever seen it before, because your lamp's jest been moved from that side bracket on the other wall. Savvy, Dr. Watson?"

Exchanges.

Conducted by EVELYN WELLS.

As our work this year gives us an opportunity for broadening our outlook by increasing our knowledge of other schools and by comparing them with our own school, we are looking forward to it with much interest. There are some fifty magazines with which we have been exchanging and we trust that we shall see them again during the coming months. We shall cordially welcome all criticisms of the Review from our exchanges as such comments help us to see ourselves as others see us, and enable us often to improve in various directions.

Arrangements have been made to keep the exchanges on a table in Room 14, where all may look them over. The Exchange Editor will be glad to receive comments on the magazines from their readers.

Verse That Moves.

A word of explanation in regard to the selection below may be necessary. The steamer is on fire, Jim Bludso holds the boat till all save himself have escaped.]

"Through the hot, black breath of the
burning boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard;
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knew he would keep his word.
And sure's you live they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

"He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Long side of some pious gentleman
That wouldn't shake hands with him.
He'd seen his duty,—a dead sure thing,—
And went for it there and then;
And Christ is not going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

—From Col. John's Hay's "*Pike County Ballads*."

The Proof.



N open fireplace sent from its bright coals rays of grateful warmth. The beams of ruddy light danced like elfins on the polished furniture; in one small circle, united with a rival glow as red, they outlined the features of a man. Strong features they were, sharply cut in the profile; and beneath was the figure, dark and still.

At length footsteps sounded outside, the door opened softly, and then the lamp on the corner table flashed out, chasing away the shadows and the flickering fire-light. Haines did not move; he knew that this was James, the butler. But no; the figure was quietly approaching him; he could see it in silhouette on the wall opposite. Haines half rose, and faced about.

"Streeter!" he cried in alarm.

"Haines!" greeted the intruder at the same moment. "Forgive me, old chap, if I startled you."

"You surely did startle me," Haines admitted candidly. "If I had another friend given to your method of happy surprises, I'd need to insure my nerves. I thought you were safe in the East."

"Yes." Streeter seated himself comfortably, as Haines snapped the electric switch. "Yes, I was in the East; and there to stay, as I thought. But I felt mighty like seeing you again, so I put aside my work for a bit and came along. I must leave tomorrow for Denver."

Haines rose, and smiled down at his friend in the full pleasure of reunion. "But until then, let us be merry!" He tapped the bell for fresh cigars.

"Little enough we've seen of each other since the big fire, and the breaking of our old company," pursued Streeter, tranquilly.

"Ah, the fire! Yes."

"But you look startled."

"True; I was thinking—of—"

"Sh!—He's here in this house—now!"

"What!" Streeter turned violently in his chair, and gazed at Haines in unconcealed amazement.

"Don't be alarmed, I'll explain," the latter conceded. "It all came about at the time of the big fire, while you were in Europe. I don't believe you've ever known all the details. I was too busy to explain them while we were arranging the breaking of the old firm.

"You may remember the article that was published in the papers. I have it here. I often read it, and then think of Staples as he is now. The short of it is, Streeter, I can't believe it all really happened. Here's the clipping." He read it aloud.

"San Francisco, April 17, 1906. It is strongly suspected that Cashier Charles Staples, of Haines, Streeter & Co., is responsible for a large deficit from the firm. Detectives for some time have been working on the case, and it is believed that they will submit their final reports to-morrow!"

"That 'to-morrow' was certainly fated," mused Haines aloud, as he stopped reading. "The quake and the fire took complete charge of affairs. But do you recall this notice?"

"Yes," assented Streeter. "Your letter with that notice in it got to London just after I left for home, and it was remailed so that I received it a week later. But tell me—Staples didn't see that?"

Haines slowly nodded, and, when he spoke, his voice was heavy with sorrow: "Yes, Streeter, he saw it. I would have given half my fortune to have had it otherwise."

"Right!" Streeter's voice echoed the other's regret. "It was that first publicity, together with the horrors of the big

fire, and the loss of his home, which upset Staple's mind."

"Exactly. But he was well cared for. I saw to that. He was taken to Rathburn's Sanitarium. Two months ago, I went to see him, and they told me I might take him away if I wished. Since then, he's been here. The chief trouble is that his memory is gone; he knows nothing of the past. It's a sad case," concluded Haines, with feeling.

Streeter solemnly nodded assent. "But his guilt—"

Haines interrupted a little aggressively: "That never was really proved, and never can be. I shall always prefer to think him innocent."

"Never proved!" cried Streeter, in alarm.

"No; the records were lost in the big fire, which came, you see, on the very day set for their final submission. Streeter, we must regard that loss, at least, as fortunate."

Streeter stood up, and gripped his friend's hand. "Right!" was all he affirmed. Then he filled the glasses, and proposed a bit more lightly, "Dame Fortune!"

The mist of regret lifted after this toast, and the two men settled down to their cigars in restored congeniality. Conversation drifted from one topic to another, until they became quite lost in each other's late history. They were startled by a light rap.

"Come in," called Haines.

The door swung open, and, as both men looked up expectantly, their gaze fell on the wizened features of Staples.

"I beg pardon," said he, naturally enough. "It's just another story I've written. If Mr. Haines would read it—"

"Yes, to be sure," said Haines, taking the manuscript with evident interest. "I'll read it to-morrow, Staples."

Staples flashed on them his beady eyes—eyes that seemed to hold back a power of passion.

"I thank you," he said quietly, and left the room.

"What a change there is in him!" Streeter exclaimed in open pity, when the footsteps had ceased to sound. "And can he really write?" he asked incredulously.

"O no! nothing sensible," assured Haines. "For the most part, a mere jumble of words, which serves to keep him busy."

Streeter glanced curiously at the title of the story as it lay outspread on the table. "The Deficit" was written in sprawling letters across the first line. "The heading appears intelligent," he objected.

Haines, too, looked; and the words seemed to startle him strangely. Then slowly he read aloud the first few lines, emotion growing in his countenance.

"It was late; the office-lamp burned low. Only the head bookkeeper remained, of all who had thronged the great building. In haste, he added a last column, then slammed to the ledger, and furtively glanced about. Suddenly he turned, and, in a moment, his nervous fingers were twirling the combination of the safe. He fitted a key to a lock-box within, raised the lid, slipped something out. Then quickly he rearranged all and retreated."

During the reading, Haines's voice had shown more and more excitement. His trembling hands shook the thin paper till it crackled. His face was pale, his brow cold and damp. As the last word left his lips, he crossed in jerky steps to the fireplace, and, piece by piece, fed the writing to the eager flames. Then he broke into speech.

"I see it all now." His voice was low and rapid. "The memory of this theft, which Staples made so long ago, has always haunted his sub-conscious mind. Suddenly, the impressions of it formulate, and rush into the conscious mind. This is what is often known as an inspiration, only in his case it is rather different. He has

never written a sane paragraph since his trouble began; but, with this flood of material, returns for a moment his old ability to write. Never guessing its real meaning, Staples sets down the history of his own crime as a fiction story!"

Streeter was not slow to comprehend the truth. By degrees, his face grew ashen, his heavy jaws set tight.

"Haines, it's the proof!" he forced the words through set teeth.

Haines watched, fascinated, while the jagged tongues of flame licked up the last torn fragments of the uncanny confession.

"Yes, it's the proof," he replied, his voice pregnant with meaning. "It's the living, damning proof. But it shall die!"

An Open Letter.

To H. L. G., L. M. C., J. R. S., '10:

The Review extends its hearty thanks for your recent contribution, "A Romance of the Sea."

We are pleased to see a tendency toward co-operative work; we congratulate you, both on the distinctive mechanical execution, and the real literary merit of your story.

We regret that we cannot use "A Romance of the Sea." Our first reason for refusal is the unusual length of the story, 6,000 words. Our second and stronger reason is the "fairy" element in both plot and situations.

This "fairy" element is allowable only when the impossible situations are used as symbols of conditions in actual existence. Even then, it is seldom employed at present.

The best length for a story intended for us is 800 to 3000 words. The pages should be left loose.

We hope that you will think of this criticism not as a rebuke, but as a cordial invitation to try again, under circumstances that, combined with your unmistakable literary ability, must insure success.

—The Editors.

Significant Suggestions.

The man that works with his hands—no matter how skilful he is—is practically a machine which, in time, will be superseded by a more up-to-date type. He that sells his time is a toiler of the world and does its drudgery; he is the poorest-paid and the least appreciated. He that sells his thoughts—his ideas—controls his own time; he receives the highest reward for his labor and has prestige and influence among his fellow men.

Success is the reward of increased efficiency, of greater ability. To gain more, to have more, to be more, you must make yourself worth more.

Patience, Perseverance, Industry, and Intelligence form a combination that rivals genius, and that is a safer and surer guide to success and to honor.

—The National Press Association.

When friends are at your hearthside met,
Sweet courtesy has done its most
If you have made each guest forget
That he himself is not the host.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—James Russell Lowell.



There are several duties which fall to the upper classmen of such a school as ours. One is to greet the new class, that, in a short time, is to be part of the strength and backbone of our school. It is our great pleasure to welcome you, the class of 1912, to Newton High School—to offer you your share in its buildings, its teachings, and its fair name. Of this last especially are we proud, and this it is your duty to uphold.

In Newton High you have every advantage, and in return for your privileges you are expected above all to do faithful studying. Don't "cram" or "plug," but do *systematic* work.

Next in importance to faithfulness in studies, comes the support of school interests, the first of which we shall name as the school paper—the Review.

Subscribe to it when requested, and during the year contribute to it. Drop jokes or personals into the Review box, between rooms one and two. Now and then write a story. It is a good trait to cultivate—helping others to enjoy what has pleased you. School spirit is everything. The Review advocates and encourages all that brightens school routine.

Athletics has always been prominent in Newton High, partly because in the past we have turned out winning teams, partly

because we have always tried to *play fair*. Right here register one resolve: **In all that you do you will play fair!** This is a good motto, and while good mottoes are hard to live up to, they pay you in full for careful attention.

To return to athletics. In the last few years, there has been an alarming decrease in school spirit. This is especially noticeable at the games: the attendance has not been half what it should be from a school of nearly a thousand pupils. The remedy for this lack of interest is obvious; we put it in the form of advice. *Go out for the teams!* You may not make them the first year, but you still have three years coming to you, and every year of practice helps. If you can't go out for the teams, go to every game, and give your best support, not by crowding the sidelines, but by sitting on the grandstand, and at the right time responding with a hearty cheer.

You are here for four years, during which many opportunities will come to you. Watch for them—make the most of them all. Study with *vigor* and *system*. Go out for the teams, or attend the games. If you do these few fundamental things—treat yourselves, your teachers, and the school fairly—your high school course will be all it is intended for—a benefit and a success.

Class of 1910.



Review Topics



The Review Staff.—It is a well-established fact that no organization can succeed unless it represents team play. This means nothing more than subordination to a few fixed rules, and especially, ability for co-operative work. The Review Staff for 1908-1909 is an organization; it is made up of the best writers in our school, and these people are also willing workers. There are fixed rules as to the number of stories each member of the staff shall write, and the time for their receipt; and these rules each staff member is pledged to obey. Starting as we do with this solid foundation, we feel sure that the whole school will catch the spirit of co-operation, and by its every assistance, will combine with us to make the Review more representative than ever of strong school spirit, and of the realization of team work.

To 1912.—Contributions from freshmen are highly appreciated. What is more, they help the class as well as the individual writer to get "into the running." We cordially invite you to write, and write often; if not stories, at least jokes, school-news or "Base Hits."

To 1911.—The members of 1911 who are candidates for the Review Staff will be asked to write one more story, and from the two stories which they then will have offered, will be decided their appointment to the Staff.

Hints for all Contributors.—In writing stories for the Review the following suggestions should be kept in mind:—

1. Write very plainly on only one side of paper.
2. Leave wide margins at each side.
3. Place name and room in upper left corner, first page.

4. Place name as it is to be printed below story title.

5. Estimate carefully the words, and place number in upper right corner, first page.

6. Do not fail to read thoughtfully "How to Write a Short Story," number Z. C. J. R. 13, Newton Free Library. It requires only half an hour to read this book, which is both humorous and helpful.

7. Beware of long description; it is most difficult: to be readable it must have *life*.

8. Remember *always*, in writing, the good motto of Socrates, "Nil Desperandum" (*Never Despair*)!

Prize Competition.

The Review is pleased to announce that it will give a prize of a Waterman ideal fountain pen for the best story submitted to the editors before May 27th, 1909.

All pupils in Newton High School may compete, providing they are Review subscribers.

The qualities which will especially make for success are strength of plot, simplicity of construction, clearness of style, and quickness of action.

The suggestions contained in "Review Topics" in this issue, under the special heading "Hints for all Contributors" must be carefully observed by competitors.

No manuscript of less than eight hundred or more than five thousand words can be entered in this competition.

Review Notices.

1. Articles of the moment must be in by the 29th in order to insure their appearance in the next issue, which will be published on the 15th of the month following.

2. The particular issue in which an article appears bears no relation to its merit; it is sometimes necessary to keep a story several months before it can be used.

3. To ascertain the number of words in a manuscript, count the number of words in five lines, and divide by five. This gives the average number of words to the line. Then count the number of lines in two pages, and divide the number by two. This gives the average number of lines to

the page. Multiply the average number of lines to the page by the average number of words to the line, which gives the average number of words to the page. Multiply this number by the total number of pages, and the result will be the total number of words in the manuscript. Every initial, every figure (or group of figures), and every letter separated by spaces, is counted as a word. All words in heads and sub-heads—every word that would appear in print—are counted.

The Bridge Tender.

By EVELYN L. HILTS, 1911.



HE Janesville and Minota Railway, a branch of a larger railway system, runs for ten miles through corn-fields, past pleasant farm-houses, until it suddenly merges into a long curve

that ends at the bridge of the Atlas Canal.

This canal is so narrow, that when the railway came to cross it, it was found necessary to build a drawbridge, which might be swung open whenever a boat whistled for passage. This drawbridge was tended by Peter Harding, a quaint old character, who, when not on duty, would sit on the bank of the canal, and sing hymns to the flowing waters. Because Peter was getting old, the railway company allowed him an assistant, James Edwards, a lad of fourteen. He came every afternoon to relieve the old man, and tend the bridge until sunset, when traffic ceased.

Atlas Bridge, as it was called, was turned by hand. A long crank, set on an iron pin in the centre of the bridge, moved under the wheels of the draw. These wheels were kept constantly oiled; it required only a small amount of strength to move them. Once or twice, severe winds, blowing down

the valley, had set the bridge in motion by their force. Fortunately, Peter was close at hand on these occasions, and immediately closed it again.

James Edwards, during his hours on duty at the old bridge, had studied its mechanism carefully. He clambered over its under parts until he understood them thoroughly. His ambition, stirred by his work at the canal, was to become a bridge builder. But how to gain a start, he could not imagine.

When the lad questioned his father on the subject, the latter could only reply:

"If the railway company would take you into their employ, you might get a start, but I can't get you a position."

When fall came, it was raw and windy, and promised an early, severe winter. Peter still sang his hymns on the canal bank, but the wind bothered him. His bones ached, his muscles hurt, and he felt ill most of the time. One afternoon, when James came to relieve the old man, he found him quite sick and downhearted.

"I won't be able to come back, Jimmie, I'm too sick. I've watched this bridge for nigh thirty year; now I guess my work is nearly done. You'll have to care for it 'til the company gets another man—watch it

when the wind blows; watch it all the time, 'til they relieve you."

James tried in vain to comfort the old man. Peter hobbled away with many a sad and backward glance at the old bridge he had guarded faithfully for many years.

That night, James took more than the ordinary precautions in leaving the bridge safely guarded, as a northwest wind was sweeping through the valley with great force. He walked a mile to the village, sad at heart because of Peter's illness, and the possibility that he himself would soon lose his position. James informed the superintendent of the railway of the fact, who replied with orders for him to tend the bridge morning and afternoon.

That night Minota had a gale of wind which the village has not yet forgotten. James went to bed about nine o'clock, but after he had put his head on the pillow, he could not fall asleep. The song of the wind, beating around the house, was constantly in his ears.

Suppose the wind set the bridge free, and turned it away from the tracks! Such a thing was not impossible, and he was custodian of the bridge until Peter's successor was appointed! He remembered that the Columbus express, which was usually on time, was due just five minutes after twelve. It would strike the curve, shoot on to the bridge. If the draw happened to be open, no engineer could stop his train in time to escape plunging into the canal.

James felt that it was foolish of him to think of such things, but he could not evade the thought. It was his duty to see that the bridge was safe.

The boy hesitated no longer, but got into his clothes, buttoned up his overcoat, and slipped out of the house quietly, not to disturb the members of his family.

Not a light was visible in the village. After walking hurriedly through a mile of

darkness, he came to the railroad tracks, then to the canal. The bridge was open! Through the darkness he could see it, standing in line with the water of the canal. He was on the opposite side of the bridge from that where the Columbus express came in. Stunned by the situation, he stood embarrassed on the bank for a moment. Then came the thought, "Do your duty."

He had forty minutes in which to act. After careful thought, he rid himself of all his clothes save his undergarments, ran to the edge of the canal, and, after a moment's hesitation, plunged in. The first shock almost overwhelmed him, but in a second he was swimming for the centre pier of the bridge. Having reached this, he drew himself up over the wheels and supports, until he finally arrived on the floor.

His teeth were chattering, but he found the turning lever, set it over the centre pin, and began to work it with the wind. At first the bridge resisted, but as the boy tugged and strained, it began to move under pressure of the wind, and with a snap set itself back in position. James made the bridge fast with the emergency chains, and though the wind tried to move it apart, it remained stationary.

Just as he had accomplished this, the express whizzed over the draw, and plunged on into the darkness. He made his way home, chilled, worn-out, and sick. Stumbling in the doorway, he awoke his father, to whom he told his story.

Two days later, when James was able to be out again, he was handed a letter from the General Superintendent's office. It enclosed a substantial check, and appointed him permanent tender of the bridge.

"I guess, father," said James, "I'll be a bridge builder, yet."

Later he did become one of the best builders of railway bridges in the Middle West.

In Memoriam

Samuel Thatcher Parks

Class of 1909

March 30, 1892

September 26, 1908



Conducted by Harold Browne and Alice Ware.

Football.

About thirty-five men answered Capt. "Van's" call for candidates for the football team and reported at Cabot Park, Sept. 16th, for the first practice. Coaches McDevitt and Henneage and Capt. "Gunk" Van Tassel proved to be the reception committee, and set the men to work on the usual preliminary stunts. Coach McDevitt, much to the regret of those who knew him last year, was unable to remain with us long, as his appointment as coach of the Colby college team called him to Maine; but Coach Henneage proved to be a most able substitute. Under his direction the squad has been rapidly developed, until now, on the eve of the first game of the year, the team is in good condition and playing well together.

The coach has been greatly aided in his efforts by the return of several of last year's championship team.

Slocum was a sure thing at centre, until temporarily disabled, when Weaver, who was playing left guard, moved to centre, and Taylor was placed at left guard. Capt. "Gunk" has moved from his old position of right guard to right tackle, and Marshall, one of last year's ends, was moved to left tackle, leaving the end positions in the care of Barrows and Gallagher.

With "Buck" Donohue once more directing the plays and steadying the team, our chances are doubled, and "Tip" O'Neil

back at right half gives promise of some more of those "hair-raising" end runs. Davis, who played centre for Stone School last year, is holding down right guard and looks like a good man.

Two new men appear in the back field—Dunne at left half, and Allen at full. It remains to be seen how they will stand the strain of a game.

Besides the team, there is a good supply of substitute material, which, though as yet untried, looks good. Although averaging somewhat lighter than last year's team, it is by no means a light aggregation, and with a good coach, and the right spirit, we expect nothing short of the best.

Newton, 0; Needham, 0.

The season of 1908 opened on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 30th, with a game against Needham High, which resulted in an 0 to 0 score. Although most of the time Newton played Needham to a standstill, yet they were unable to score during the two short halves.

The game started off with a rush, "Tip" catching the kick-off, and carrying it to the 35-yard line before being downed. By a series of end runs, O'Neil and Dunne carried the ball almost to Needham's goal-line, when Newton was held for downs. Needham, after a couple of ineffectual attempts to gain, punted, and again Newton brought the ball steadily back to within a few yards of the goal, only to lose it again on downs.

Nearly all the playing in the first half was near Needham's goal, but not near enough. The second half was almost a repetition of the first. The forward pass was used several times, but proved rather unreliable.

Newton proved unexpectedly strong on the defense, time after time breaking up Needham's plays before they were well started. The offense, too, was strong in the middle of the field, but was weak when within striking distance of the goal-line. When we have built up an offense which can gain consistently, when within the opponent's 25-yard line, it will take a strong team to beat us.

The summary:—

Newton High.

Barrows, l. e.
Marshall, l. t.
Taylor, l. g.
Weaver, c.
Davis, r. g.
Van Tassel, r. t.
Gallagher, r. e.
Donohue, q. b.
Dunne, l. h. b.
O'Neil, r. h. b.
Allen, f. b.

Needham High.

r. e. Leonard.
r. t. Sadler.
r. g. Dunn.
c. Williams.
l. g. Woodward.
l. t. Burnham.
l. e. Chambers
q. b. Brownwell.
r. h. b. Graham.
l. h. b. Wheeler.
f. b. Heath.

Score, Newton High, 0; Needham High, 0.
Umpire, Woodlock. Referee, MacCabe. Linesmen, Allen and Woods. Time, 15 and 10-minute periods.

Its Real Advantage.

It was a wise old Southern deacon who advised with a chuckle:

"Keep yo' tempah, son. Doan' yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answah's alus best. Hit's commanded an', fundermo', hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else yo' could say."

The Freshmen seem very disconsolate over the loss of the happy diversion of scaling ice cream plates. It was fun, wasn't it? And so cute!

We suggest that Mr. Marshall give free a top and string with every ten cent order.

Field Hockey.

On Monday, September 21st, the field-hockey season opened at Cabot Park. A large number of girls reported, the Freshman class, as usual, having a good representation. Everybody quickly entered into the spirit of the game, and the Freshmen started in with great enthusiasm, under Miss Westgate's coaching. The second practice on Thursday was also well attended, although the day was rather warm for such vigorous exercise.

Miss Butlers was elected captain of the school team for this year. There are several vacancies on the team, as a number of the players graduated last June, so there is a good chance for everyone. At least, *try* for the team! Miss Tapley, the manager, promises us a number of good games for this year.

It has been decided that the basketball practice will not begin until the hockey season is ended, so, if the weather keeps good, basketball will not start in until late. Therefore, we all ought to have plenty of time to devote to hockey, and make a better team than we have ever had before.

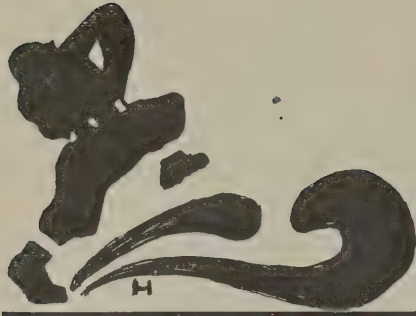
Rival Dignities.

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and pointing to the head engraved on it said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the King whose picture you see on this shilling."

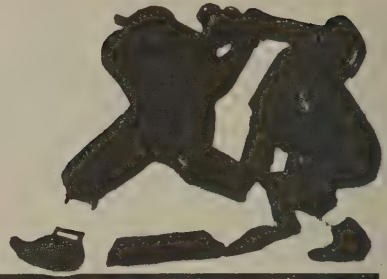
"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Of all the lights you carry in your face,
Joy shines the farthest out to sea.



Base Hits



Jones was asked why he spent so much time on his grass. "It's not that I like the grass less, but the lawn more (mower)."

The expressman brought the tackling dummy to the school last week. He asked Mr. Meserve where to put it, and received the reply: "Send it to the office with the rest of them."

"He was polishing his long, twisted mustache!" Well—why *should* Forbush know better?

Mr. Maxim (in Commercial Geography)—"Name a by-product commonly found at home."

Hiltz—"Hash!"

Said the sprinter from Room 24, while walking home the other night with Miss —: "I wish I was a star."

"I wish you were a comet," said Miss —. "Why?"

"Because you could only come around once in a thousand years."

Knock!!

Miss McGill—"And do the names of any countries or continents seem undignified?"

Davis—"Chili!"

Hawes—"Turkey!"

Davis—"Greece!"

Heard in II. History.

Miss Moses—"What was the next period after the pre-historic ages?"

Ward—"Wednesday, the 5th hour."

Heard in Freshman Latin.

Pupil (faltering)—"Cum esset Cæsar in ceteriore Gallia—"

Teacher—"That word is ci-teriore."

Pupil—"Oh! yes, citti, citti, citti er citti" (then, with a desperate effort,) "citore."

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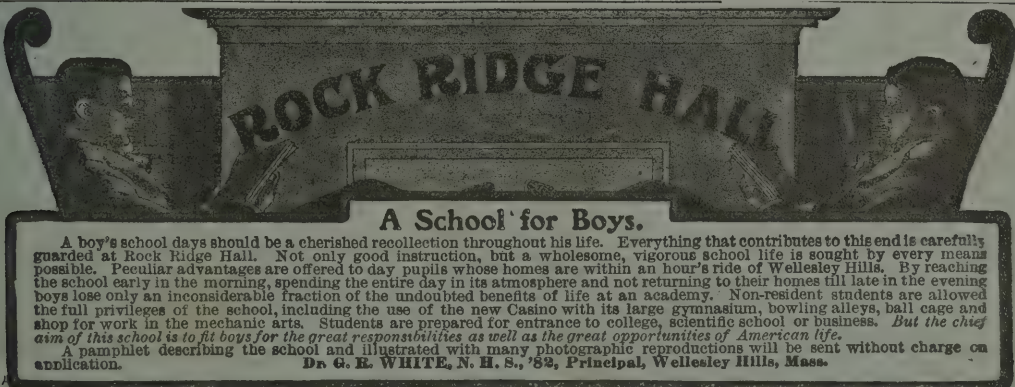
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 2

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1911—1912: To be announced.

The REVIEW is published monthly, except during July, August, September, by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of the REVIEW Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 160 Lincoln Street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in REVIEW box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 32 Washington Park, Newtonville.

Entered at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

We refuse to be responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

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An Indian Myth.

By DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910.

Come and listen to me, children,
Come and listen to my story,
To my great and wondrous story
Of the beautiful Creation.
Long ago the Mount Tahoma,
Yes, the very Mt. Tahoma
Lying over there to westward,
With the sunset glow upon it,
Was the first of all creations,
And in this way reads the legend.
With a large stone for an auger,
Boring in the sky an opening,
Pushing ice and snow before him
'Til they formed an icy mountain,
Using as a kind of stairway
All the little clouds of heaven,

As a stairway to this mountain,
Came the Indian's Great Spirit,
Came the wonderful Creator.
And from thence he stepped down earth-ward,
And where'er his right forefinger
In the soil of Earth, he planted,
Lo! a tree of wondrous beauty
Thereupon sprang up and flourished.
And the sun looked down in wonder,
Turned the ice and snow to water,
Making many little rivers
Down the sides of the great mountain,
Freshening the trees that grew there.
And the leaves that fell from off them,
Gathered in the great Creator.
Then he blew upon them softly,
Blew upon those fallen leaflets,
And behold! they turned to air-fowl
All bedecked with brightest feathers.
Next a twig took the Great Spirit,
And he broke it into pieces.
Of the small end he made fishes,
Of the middle made he creatures,
All except the monstrous Grizzly
Which he formed out of the large end,
And appointed him as master
Over all the other creatures.
But the Grizzly grew so monstrous,
Grew so large and strong and cunning,
That his maker somewhat feared him,
So he hollowed out Tahoma,
Made a safe and cozy wigwam,
And the smoke was seen ascending
From the hearthfire in the mountain.
But the smoke is seen no longer,
Seen no longer creeping skyward,
Tho' the Grizzly roams the forest,
And the trees put forth their leaflets,
Tho' the brooks and streams flow onward;
For the great hearth is deserted,
And the fire is gone forever,
Since the White-Man was created,
Many hundred snows ago.

EDITORIALS

Our Platform.

In the life of every person there are many crises, but there is none more vital than when for the first time one challenges oneself thus: *Where do I stand?* It is the same in a body of persons, with this exception: in the case of a group the period is earlier attained when all must know conclusively just where they stand.

Where do we in Newton High School stand? What is our platform? You say: "We believe in good work, a good time, and a square deal for every one." But these statements are too general. There are more definite standards that we have long acknowledged.

We believe in freedom of expression. In Newton High at the proper time and place all pertinent subjects are open to discussion.

We believe in co-operative work—in team play; we work not alone for our individual selves, but unselfishly for the good of the School.

We believe in clean sports, and we maintain our right to enjoy them from others.

We believe in personality of character.

We believe in executing our beliefs.

From our School, hate, spite, and prejudice are unanimously precluded; we are bound one to another in common friendship, and our spirit is the spirit of altruism.

We maintain pride in our School, in the preservation of its property and grounds, and in the upholding of its laws and standards.

We are jealous of our reputation for purity, frankness, and honesty.

This is our platform, on which we shall firmly stand until higher ideals conceive one nobler.

Now is the Time.

Everywhere in life we see men that have arrived a little too late. Procrastination is a symptom of disease; if overindulged it becomes easily a chronic ailment. Many a successful business man has had as his motto *Do It Now*, and by constant application of this splendid rule, has won in the commercial world.

If a by-word of this sort is valuable in business ethics, it is doubly so in school, where the foundation for intellectual endeavor is laid. First of all, it is applicable in a broad sense—in making any vital decision.

One decision that every one of us must sooner or later make is, "Shall I go to college?" This is the sort of question that it is wise to answer *now*.

Find out if your parents wish you to go to college, if they can afford to send you, and above all, if you are a person to improve the opportunity. If, after carefully weighing these questions, and considering them both at home and with your teachers, there still exists a doubt, drop the idea of college and choose some more appropriate though by no means less worthy aim for your ambitions.

If, on the other hand, everything seems favorable for you to go, start earnestly to fulfill the requirements, for they call for careful, faithful work. But do not arrive a little too late. Decide, prepare: *do it now!*

Why Not Debate?

In former years the boys of the Senior and Junior classes have held debates in the Assembly Hall, which were the cause of instruction and profit. It seems to us that this custom ought not to be neglected, but that those interested should form a club to select topics and speakers. The debates have formerly been held dur-

ing a study period common to those interested, and members of the three upper classes have been invited. Every boy ought to have some literary interest beside his school English. For many The Review fills this place, but the large majority of students have no outside interest. From these the club should be formed; they should take an interest in debates.

It is a great advantage to be able to speak in public. The average man speaks so seldom that, when he is called upon, he makes a poor showing, hems, haws, "er's"; and what he does say is poorly arranged. He is almost always lost without a manuscript. The advantages of debating are chiefly: first, the information on the subject which the debater has to acquire; second and most important, the ability to speak and think standing before an audience. Let us hope that strong interest in debates will be renewed.

There is nothing that brightens **Be Bold!** a school paper so much as humorous or thoughtful verse. If the verse contributions to the Review are made numerous, they will constitute a pulse by which the whole tide of school life and spirit may be understood by a touch. We would welcome poetry, but our plea is not for poets. We ask only for writers of thoughtful or humorous verse. This form of writing is capably done by all persons that have thought or humor; simple metrical expression is all else that is needed to impart a personal joke or joy. Won't you try?

We sincerely regret the error that occurred in the Parks Memoriam of our October number, and have corrected it by a new insertion (page 12). It will be noted that the second name is Thaxter, not Thatcher as given before.

To Make a Holiday.

By MARGARET WHEATON, 1911.



As the light flared into being Cécile mopped her swollen eyes with a damp handkerchief, and tried to make excuses in the cracked voice which is the result of a long cry.

"Oh, girls, if you knew how blue I am! My letter didn't come, and I don't see what has become of my feast-box. Mammy Lucy always sends it early enough to get to me Thanksgiving morning."

"O never mind, dearie," said the girl who had addressed her, "I had the biggest box ever, with a fat turkey right off the farm. I tell you, you girls don't know how different real New England turkeys taste, but you'll learn now."

"O that's perfectly dear of you, Dot, but we aren't allowed to have spreads any more. It's been against the rules ever since Peg Northrop set her room on fire with a chafing-dish."

"Bother the rules! It's Thanksgiving and we are all alone down here. Do you suppose if the trustees knew the circumstances they'd deny us the privilege? We don't need to use a chafing-dish, anyway. Everything's cooked."

A gasp greeted the opening of Dorothy's "Merry Widow" box. Réposing gracefully therein lay the biggest, brownest turkey that the young Southerners had ever seen, ruffles of paper adorning its neck and ankles. Yolande Marquet took one glance at the array, and quick as a flash had the dressing-table candles at the head and foot of the bier. Standing with crossed hands and downcast eyes she sang, "Nellie was a lady, Last night she died, she did."

"You horrid, sacrilegious child!" cried Dorothy, rescuing her precious candles, while Cornelia Curtis, with her Chicago opportuneness, began to sing "Carve dat possum, chilluns."

"O, I will carve it, you unreasonable

girls, if you'll only give me time. My, in what other period of the world's history could one have put a twenty-pound turkey into a hat-box!"

"Or, for that matter, when else would they have made a hat-box that I could keep my shoes in?" retorted Cornelia.

"Just as if it were a cream cake instead of a turkey!" said Dorothy. "But we must have something to drink. I'm going down to the cooler for water."

It seemed but a minute before she returned; the girls were unprepared for the determined face that she turned toward them. "Girls," she said, "little Miss Pierce is down there in her office, and she looks as blue as Cécile did a few minutes ago. Perhaps her Thanksgiving letter didn't come, either. Anyway, I'm going down to ask her to our spread."

"Dorothy, you're crazy! She'll spoil the fun—" but the door had closed in their faces.

Dorothy went down to the office firm in her charitable purpose. She rapped on the door, and entered in response to the little woman's surprised greeting.

"Miss Pierce," she explained, "we're breaking the rules and having a lovely time, and we want you to help. We're not using any fire or anything that's dangerous. We were simply lonely, and 'misery loves company,' and you will too if you just try."

"But, my dear, I can't countenance—well, perhaps on Thanksgiving rules are void."

There was a look of triumph on Dorothy's face as she ushered in her guest. Once the other girls saw the pleased expression on the little schoolmistress' face, they joined with their hostess in making her welcome.

Seated cross-legged on the floor with Miss Pierce in the easy chair, which had been hastily divested of its load of apple tarts, they attested the merits of the turkey. "Fingers were made before forks" was the watchword, and fastidious little

Miss Pierce seemed to enjoy it even more than the rest.

"I haven't had a time like this," she said, "since I was a girl."

Miss Pierce's laugh had a girlish ring, as she related an experience of her youth, and her face looked younger than the girls had ever seen it.

When the apple tarts were a thing of the past and a pumpkin pie that had been was no more, the girls and their teacher sat before the open grate, toasting the marshmallows of Cornelia's contribution. There is something conducive to dreams in a half-burned fire, and each of the five looked into it and saw visions. In a hush broken by the crackling of the charred sticks, came a rattle of wheels. Each looked at the other with startled face; only Cécile cried: "It's my letter, I knew it would come!" and sped down-stairs to the door. No less rapidly she returned, tearing open as she came a "Special Delivery." She looked up a moment later with beaming face.

"They're coming! They're coming to see me."

"Who are coming, and when?"

"Why, Jack and his wife, and Daddy; and they are coming tomorrow. Let's sing!"

Yolande started in her sympathetic southern contralto, and soon all were singing "Home, Sweet Home!" Miss Pierce joined with the rest until her responsibility pricked her, and she glanced at her watch.

"Half past ten, my dears. We should all be in bed!"

"Well, we're going to escort you home, anyway," cried all the girls, and arm in arm, singing as they went, the five tramped down the hall to Miss Pierce's room.

As she closed her door, the little school-teacher paused for a moment listening to the fresh young voices. Fainter and fainter they sounded down the long corridor: "Good night, ladies; good night, ladies; good night, ladies, we're going to leave you now."

A Child of the Sea.

By OLIVE M. TITUS. 1911.



N the olden times when this continent was inhabited by the Red-Man, there was much rivalry between the different tribes. In the territory which afterwards became the Massachusetts Bay Colony

the tribe of the Wampanoags was the most powerful, for its chieftain had compelled the neighboring tribes to make peace with him.

Near the rocky shore on a cold, dreary afternoon many chieftains were gathered, smoking the pipe-of-peace. After this the solemn ceremony of burying tomahawks was performed. The place chosen for the burial was beneath a huge boulder which stood solitary on the shore where the angry breakers stormed over it at will. After the chieftains had dropped their tomahawks into the large hole at the base of the boulder and the chief of the Wampanoags had made an impressive speech for the success of the treaty, a young Indian lad stepped forward. He was followed by a crowd of women and children who were vainly striving to suppress excitement as they gazed curiously at the box which he bore. The box was large; from it seemed to come strange sounds. Laying it at the feet of the Chieftain the lad said with a profound obeisance, "Mighty Chieftain, this box was cast upon our shore."

The Chieftain with excitement no less keen than that of his tribe ordered the blankets to be taken from the top of the box. It disclosed to the wondering eyes of the gathered throng the author of those strange sounds—a child of four years, with fair skin, golden curls and blue eyes. The Chieftain at once thought her to be a gift from the Great Spirit, showing

pleasure at their signs of friendship, and treated her with the greatest respect.

They named the little one "Child-of-the-Sea" because of the strange, miraculous way in which she had come to them. She was given in charge of a young Indian maiden, of whom she soon became very fond and from whom she learned the language and habits of her adopted race.

For many years Child-of-the-Sea lived with the Indians, and played and romped with the son of the Chieftain, who was her own age. In spite of her happiness, however, she had vague recollections and yearnings for that home across the sea. Often she would sit upon the shore gazing earnestly out to sea, trying in vain to fathom the blue distance.

Child-of-the-Sea grew up to be a lovely maiden. Many of the young braves from neighboring tribes attempted to win her hand, but she refused them all, for her love was with her little playmate, the Chieftain's son, who had now grown to as gallant a warrior as ever wore a feather. Her choice pleased her tribe, for the medicine-man had dreamed that if she was content to remain in the tribe, great blessings would be theirs.

The Chieftain's son, too, loved Child-of-the-Sea, and when she had grown to womanhood he wooed and won her. Then she was happy indeed and gradually forgot the vague recollections of her former home. After a while a son was born to them; she was much devoted to her little papoose.

One summer, several years later, an awful fever spread through the camp. Child-of-the-Sea now showed her true worth. She nursed the sufferers through their long illness, but in spite of her care many died, among them her little son.

At this, Child-of-the-Sea was heart-

broken, and not long after, contracted the fever herself. From the first her faithful husband knew her to be doomed; his forebodings proved too true. In a few days the gentle maiden died.

The solemn burial services took place at midnight. Just as the moon was sinking, the mournful procession of canoes silently made their way across the bay. On the opposite shore with appropriate ceremonies the Indians laid Child-of-the-Sea.

The Chieftain's son was inconsolable. His grief at the loss of both wife and son seemed to craze him. He left the camp and wandered about the lonely forests for several days without food or drink, and at last, unable to bear his grief longer, he plunged into the ocean from the large boulder beneath which the tomahawks had been buried. To this day the boulder bears the name "Indian's Leap."



School Notes



On Wednesday, October twenty-first, the whole school assembled in the hall for the first time. The occasion was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Samuel Francis Smith, the author of "America." After Mr. Adams had made some appropriate remarks and welcomed the Freshmen the school sang "America." We hope to have many of these interesting Wednesday mornings, although the assembly hall is too small to accommodate the whole school this year.

1909.

A meeting of the Senior class was called for October seventh, but as there were not enough present, all action was postponed until the following day. The business of the meeting was to elect the officers for the coming year. The following were chosen: President, Frank Converse; vice-president, Virginia Tapley; secretary, Ruth King; treasurer, Edward Davis.

Letters were read from Mrs. Parks and Fletcher Gill thanking the class for the flowers sent them. It is hoped that more class spirit will be shown hereafter by a better attendance at meetings.

1910.

A meeting of the Junior class was held on Thursday, October fifteenth, at one-thirty, with two thirds of the members present. The former president, Stephen Hopkins, presided and the election of officers for the ensuing year was as follows: President, Lawrence Beckett; vice-president, Miss Marion Whitley; treasurer, Paul Smart, secretary, Miss Dorothy Emmons. The meeting adjourned at 2 p. m.

THE GERMAN CLUB.

The first meeting of the German Club took place Friday afternoon, October ninth, at half past three o'clock. President Noyes introduced Miss Emma Porter of Newton Centre, who gave an interesting address upon her experience in visiting German schools. Miss Murray and Wellman spoke, and Miss Sanderson rendered several solos. It is hoped that the school committee will send the German song books before the next meeting. We should like to have Sophomores and Juniors show more interest in the German Club.



Our list of exchanges is very short this month, but we acknowledge, with thanks, The Amherst Student, the Artisan, College Signal, Columbia Spectator, Clark College Record, Harvard Gazette, Colby Echo, Bates Student, Critic, Recorder, Meteor, M. P. S., Megaphone and High School Register. Of these magazines the Clark College Record, the Critic, and the Megaphone are graduation numbers from last year, and we hope to see their fall editions soon.

Megaphone, yours was the first paper to greet us this year, and we have enjoyed reading you immensely. We like your loyal school spirit.

We are heartily glad to see the Meteor, from Rugby School, England, again among our numbers. It gives a glimpse into the life of a boys' school which has long been in existence, and which has sent many famous men out into the world.

Recorder, your jokes are good, but why don't you print more editorials and stories? "The Advent of Rosy" is an amusing tale.

The Critic is an interesting little paper, and, we are sure, a source of great interest to its school. The sentiment of "An Appeal to the Students of H. H. S." is excellent, but its metre is a little faulty in

places. "An Italian Romance of 1806" (its only story this month!) borders too much upon the melodramatic. Avoid it!

The Artisan is a neat and business-like paper which we have enjoyed reading. Its exchange column and alumni department are rather brief, however.

The High School Register contains some very good "funnigrams," as it calls them. Its editorials are excellent, too.

In our exchanges this month we find several verses by the scholars. In this respect The Review is outdistanced by other papers; a school of this size ought to produce more poets. Let us hear from you!

We can improve also in our Alumni notes column, and stand higher in comparison with other school magazines. This is a department to which all should contribute, and which a few cannot successfully manage.

Heard in Room 11.

Miss C. (deriving word "equinus")—"Reduced stem of equus—horse—plus suffix inus—belonging to—hence——" (deep thought).

Miss G.—"Well, what does belong to a horse?"

Miss C. (in weak voice)—"Carriage."

The Junior Terell's Bondage.



AN'T we sit out this dance, Bess? Would you mind? I hate to, awfully, but you see—"

"I'm quite willing, Ernest. Perhaps it's the right bothersome Jack Terell again; I'm sure he's

always interesting."

"Yes, it's about Jack," blurted the man, the moment they were seated. "Bother he is, if you like, Bess; but the truth is, this time my troubles are wholly assumed."

"Borrowing again? It will tell on you in time, Ernest," warned the girl, mirthfully.

"No, it isn't any wild scheme this time; in fact, it's nothing much, except—"

"Matrimony," concluded Bess, decisively.

"Yes, that's it, you see; but I say, Bess, how'd you guess?"

The girl laughed daintily over a big bunch of violets. "It's woman's intuition," she confided, indulgently.

Ernest nodded; he supposed she was right.

"Well, you see," he continued, in explanation, "here's Jack's father forever talking of the trumpery of art, then setting aside a splendid income to get his own particular artist out of the way—shipped over to Europe—"

"Which is most unfortunate, as, just at this time, Mr. Jack is seriously wrapped up in my charming pupil, Myrtle Gray." Again, with perfect frankness, Bess ventured his unuttered thought.

"Well, since you seem to know, I'll admit your correctness. You'd like to see them happy; so would I. Poor Jack is exiled, that's decided; but isn't it possible—couldn't we some way?"

"O Ernest, do allow me!" Bess smiled amusedly.

Ernest sighed in resignation, and sank meekly on to a cushioned divan. He anticipated her words, blessed her a thousand times for them before she had thought of speaking.

"I can arrange it, Ernest. Myrtle and I shall go to Europe, too, because, you see, Myrtle—" her voice melted into sweet, musical laughter.

"So it's decided, Mr. Hobson?"

Ernest nodded, carefully preserving an expression of unwonted seriousness. "Yes, Jack, it is settled. Your father wished you to leave at once for Florence; but I have arranged for you to spend a week in Switzerland for the mountain air and scenery; then you will stay a few days in Berlin, to study plastic art; and, finally, you will go to Italy. Really, it's a great thing for a young man—"

"O hang it! Mr. Hobson," Jack cut in, impetuously, "don't you see how it is? I appreciate the chance for art, and the glorious opportunity to see the world and all that. But I simply can't leave, now that—that—" he paused, with a deprecating gesture.

"Yes, I know, Jack. But let that go for a while; you shouldn't think of matrimony—"

"It isn't exactly that, either."

Jack's quick denial only emphasized the trueness of the shot.

"But right in the midst of the social season! And, at Christmas, Miss Gray's to give another ball. I simply can't go, Mr. Hobson, I can't!"

The lad's eyes glowed with a light of reproach, rather than of anger. Even in the comparative immunity afforded by his unique plan of predestination for the boy, Hobson was touched.

"Jack, you must go," he remonstrated, gently. "It is your father's will. O, by the way, Miss Gray is going to Europe dur-

ing the winter. She may not give the Christmas ball after all," he added, with appropriate carelessness.

Jack fidgeted his riding-whip, and turned toward the stairs.

"I suppose I'll have to go," he granted, now with only a hollow show of reluctance.

Hobson smiled pleasantly.

"Jack will get on wonderfully. If only Bess does her part—"

He broke his murmured reflection to cast a critical glance at Jack's latest water-color, reposing by the mantelpiece.

Jack Terell pulled a shapeless wad of paper from his pocket, carefully excluded numerous particles of dirt from its soiled creases, and strained his eyes to make out a once plain writing.

"Here it is," he remarked to the Italian porter, who bowed respectfully, and replied in his native tongue, "I'm very well, thank you, sir."

"Hobson says I'm booked for the 'Elphe,' " continued Jack, heedless of the porter's prolonged obeisance. "Bully for Hobby! The 'Elphe's' a jolly good place."

He handed the porter a begrimed Italian largesse, the value of which he surmised from its general unattractiveness, and, picking up his traveling-bag, walked into the hotel office to register.

The Junior Terell glanced casually along the list. He was about to sign his own name, but suddenly dropped a huge blot instead, and, with some difficulty, restrained himself from impolitely biting in two the clerk's new pen-stalk.

"Switzerland, Berlin, Italy!" He ground out the words in tragic gutturals. Then, with a shrug of the shoulders, he added: "There's something weird in this; I'm beginning to acquire faith in the occults."

Jack signed his name slowly, carefully circumscribing the blot; then, turning from the desk, he followed in close pursuit of a bell-boy, owh was hustling his bag upstairs.

Alone in his room, Jack threw off his hat and mopped his brow gingerly.

"Again, Myrtle Gray," he mused, "and, of course, the unfathomable Miss Whitney. Blessed if she isn't as inevitable as she is to be regretted!"

The purpling sun fell into the tossing sea, hissed, and went out; encouraged by his fall, a myriad lights flashed along the shore.

An hour later the pale moon rose, and spread her soft light in soothing mellow-ness over the writhing ocean. Still Jack continued in soliloquy.

"First, I met her in Switzerland; well and good, no cause to complain; she laughed at all my jokes. Next, we saw each other in Berlin, and there—" he crushed fiercely the soft hat that he had been carefully shaping—"there, she was cold. Thought it was singular that we should meet again! Why, anyone would know it was our destiny under the direction of the 'Great Beyond.' That is—" with infinite disgust—"any one but a woman."

Jack leaned out of his little French window, and idly scanned the beach. It was eight o'clock; the sand was deserted. Just now the guests of the "Elphe" were turning from dinner to the socials in the drawing-room. All but one; for, as he gazed, a girl appeared on the beach, strolling slowly toward the path that led to the plaza.

Jack started from the window, seized his hat, and, with such indifference as he could muster, pressed through the crowded lower hall and lobby out on to the beach path.

He reached the pier, rounded it, and, hurrying guiltily along the beach, came face to face with the girl, still strolling alone.

"Why, Miss Gray!" Jack could feel that it was a painfully forced surprise.

"How do you do, Mr. Terell?" murmured Myrtle, demurely.

"You are returning to your hotel, Miss Gray?" Jack stammered, embarrassed but persistent. "Would you allow me—"

"O no need," she answered, quickly. "Really, Mr. Terell, it isn't so far."

She glanced up at Jack, a curious little smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

"But you were looking for something," Jack moved, uneasily. "You have lost something in the sand?"

"Just a trinket—a ring Uncle gave me; I lost it late this afternoon. But the tide is coming in—it will soon be gone. Pray don't bother."

She turned from him to hasten away.

"But I shall bother," Jack now asserted, boldly.

The smooth, damp sand, packed hard by the recent flood, was lighted as by day by the bright moon and the ornamental clusters on the plaza above.

Jack glanced far along the smooth beach, then to the hotel and the plaza, then he looked back to the girl, wistfully.

Myrtle paused a moment, undecided, her skirts still gathered for sudden flight. Jack saw her doubt, and, realizing that she would soon decide, decided for her that she might be sure.

"We shall find it," he said confidently. "I think that I remember; it is the big opal, set within the twelve little diamonds; you wore it at the ball."

"Yes, at the ball," assented Myrtle, reflectively.

They walked for some time in awkward silence, she distinctly aloof, Jack scanning the damp sand, wondering if the "guides" of his particular "destiny" were not a trifle inconsiderate. Suddenly, his stern features relaxed into a smile of supreme joy.

"You see, Miss Gray, I *was* able to help you," he said apologetically, as he handed her the jewel.

Myrtle drew a long sigh of relief. She thanked him cordially, then she said:

"Really, Mr. Terell, I must return now to the hotel."

"But you're not so ungenerous," pleaded Jack in spontaneous reproach.

"Well, I'll finish the walk, Mr. Terell," she conceded at length. "It's very unconventional, but this—"

"Yes, this is Italy, the land of romance," breathed Jack, profoundly.

"Do you know, Miss Gray," he continued, speaking rapidly as they walked, "I've been thinking to-night of the singular coincidences by which we have met in this strange Old World—first at Neufchatel, then in Berlin, and, finally, here. I can explain it in only one way: there must be an unaccountable tie, call it the tie of destiny, if you like—"

"Oh! Oh! Mr. Terell."

Jack turned in dismay, to see her fleeing up the gravel walk, to which they had returned. Dazedly, he followed her with his eyes.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he muttered savagely. "What a chump to talk the 'Great Beyond' to a woman!"

At ten the next morning, a very flustered but, withal, a very prim young lady, with a gilt-edged Milton tucked beneath her arm, appeared at the office of the "Elphe." To the clerk, her inquiry took the form of a stereotyped appeal, already made familiar by a thousand of these unaccountable Americans.

"Where might one go for picturesque scenery and complete solitude? One would like to be quiet for a day—to read a book by the sea—to dine well at the end of one's exile."

The clerk knew the very place; the pretty little island of Racine, for which the launch would leave immediately. That was where he always sent these people that had such strange similarity of taste. To Racine, he had directed the young artist, earlier on that same morning; just as, now, he directed Myrtle Gray.

That this was a frantic picture, Jack was in every way sensible. He reviewed half contemptuously the host of frivolous fancies from which he had extracted his theme. He sketched a rugged promontory, then deftly, inserted a figure in white, seated with a book near its summit.

When the figure descended a few hundred feet, apparently out of sheer sympathy for his endeavors, Jack obligingly sketched her again, this time in blue. Then he turned his whole attention to the breakers, foaming at the base of the cliff.

"Why, you've done me twice!"

It was a weak little voice, directly over his shoulder.

At first Jack showed no greater interest than a mumbled "Have I?" Then relenting a little, he murmured, "I'll fix it," and transformed the dainty figure into a jutting crag of stone.

"Oh, I didn't think you'd do that," came in aggrieved tones, this time over the other shoulder.

Jack dropped his brush on to his palette, his palette to the ground. With the least possible awkwardness, he rose to meet the questioning glance of Myrtle Gray.

Myrtle raised her eyes to his with an entreating gesture.

"O, Mr. Terell, do read this! It's all that I shall ever ask you to do for me."

Jack accepted the proffered note with a rather bad grace, harrowed by the thought of his recent humiliation before that very girl. He unfolded the paper with a superficial interest.

"I found it in this book," explained Myrtle. "It was while I was reading, up there on the cliff. I really oughtn't to have opened it, but I had nothing else to do—and—and O, Mr. Terell! the end has justified the means."

Jack devoured the first sentence with a relish. At the second, he crimsoned, and his fingers clenched.

"New York, December 3d.

"Dearest Bess: I am glad the meeting of our 'hopefuls' seems to you propitious, and that my plans have been so well carried out. Jack will never guess that it is our planning. Miss Myrtle can hardly suspect—"

Jack crumpled the note, and looked up angrily; he saw a tear trembling on the girl's dark lashes, and his defiant frown gave place to a foolish, happy grin.

"After all," he murmured, conclusively, "it was the 'guides' that brought us together, not Hobson, though Hobby meant all right. Tell me, little girl, wasn't our own love really the tie that tied?"

"Perhaps, dear boy," agreed Myrtle, contentedly pillowing her head on his protecting shoulder, "unless it was the tide."

Home from the Georges.

One hundred miles in a norther,
 Ten hours more at sea,
 One hundred miles to the northwest,
 And we'd lie tied up at T.
 Green water along the hatchway,
 Coming aft like a flood,
 Making that Gloucester fisher
 Look like a full bath-tub.
 All of us down by the grub-stove,
 Except the wheelman, and he
 Up to his ankles in water
 When it wasn't up to his knee.
 Crash! as she takes a head sea,
 Whirl! as the stern flaws strike.
 Makes you glad of the cabin,
 And the planking beneath that is tight.
 Staysail, fore, and mainsail,
 Every stitch she can stand,
 Makes the wind howl around us
 Like the tune of a full brass-band.
 Blackness of pitch on all sides,
 Nothing but combers in sight;
 But remember the people of Boston
 Must have fish for a Friday night.

EDEN, '09.

In Memoriam

Samuel Thaxter Parks
Class of 1909

"While yet in love with life, and raptured with the world,
he fell into that dreamless sleep which kisses down the eyelids
still."

March 30, 1892

September 26, 1908



ATHLETIC NOTES

FIELD HOCKEY.

There is an extremely large number of girls out for field hockey this season, and there are so many good players among them that it was rather difficult to choose the school team. However, two teams have been chosen, the first being the regular school team, and the second the "sub" team. The positions on the school team have been filled thus: Centre centre, Margaret Thayer; right inside forward, Katherine Tewksbury; right wing, Dorothy Robinson; left inside forward, Clara Webster; left wing, Beatrice Allen; centre halfback, Marion Butters (capt.); right halfback, Maude Barton; left halfback, Virginia Hoffman; right fullback, Hazel Smith; left fullback, Virginia Tapley; goal, Vida Chase.

The sub. team is as follows: C. c., Miss Havens; r. i. f., Miss Wells; r. w., Miss Shepardson; l. i. f., Miss Burgess; l. w., Miss O'Neil; c. h. b., Miss Campbell; r. h. b., Miss Hinds; l. h. b., Miss Ware; r. f. b., Miss Hunt; l. f. b., Miss Whittlesey; goal, Miss Carpenter.

There are so many girls out for hockey this year that we are able to have a Senior, a Sophomore, and a Freshman team, and the inter-class games will surely be exciting. The Juniors are the only ones who seem to lack enthusiasm for hockey this year.

Miss Tapley has arranged for three games with Radcliffe, and the team is working

hard in the hope of winning. The first game will take place at Radcliffe, on October 29th, the second will be played at Newton, on November 3d, and the third, at Cambridge, on November 5th.

There will also be the game with the Alumnæ, which is always of great interest. Brookline High School has a hockey team this year, but will not play us, as it plays only inter-class games.

An N. H. S. Girl's Suggestion.

Newton High sadly needs a good cheering section at her football games. Let us ask the boys to get together *on the grandstand* and cheer at the league games, at least, for the School, to say nothing of the encouragement of the team.

FOOTBALL.

Newton, 10; Everett, 5.

In the second game of the football season, Newton met Everett High, and took revenge for last year's narrow defeat by winning to the tune of 10 to 5. It was rather a spectacular contest, Brickley of Everett and O'Neil of Newton contributing several long runs.

The ball seesawed back and forth most of the time in the first half, until at last Allen pushed it over for a touchdown. Van Tassel kicked the goal. In the second half, Brock scored for Everett, but they failed to kick the goal. Although Newton was in the lead, just to make things sure

Capt. "Van" kicked a pretty goal from placement, making the score 10 to 5.

The Newton team as a whole showed great improvement over the Needham game. They got together well and showed real teamwork at times. Van Tassel and O'Neil played the best individual games.

The summary:—

Newton.	Everett.
Barrows, l. e.	r. e. Morris.
Marshal, l. t.	r. t. Brauer.
Lynch, l. g.	r. g. Hoyle.
Weaver, c.	c. Locke.
Davis (Taylor), r. g.	l. g. Sawyer.
Van Tassel, r. t.	l. t. Curtain.
Gallagher, r. e.	l. e. Hanson.
Donohue (Barber), q. b.	q. b. Lansing.
Beatty (Dunne), l. h. b.	r. h. b. Brock.
O'Neil, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Morando (Brickley).
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Rosenthal.

Score, Newton 10, Everett 5. Touchdowns, Allen, Brock. Goal from touchdown, Van Tassel. Goal from field, Van Tassel. Umpire, Woodlock. Referee, Ingalls. Field judge, O'Brien. Linesmen, Sliney and Winsor. Time, 15m. and 20m. periods.

Newton, 22; Dedham, 0.

The third game on our schedule, with Dedham, proved as usual to be the easiest, and Newton won handily to the score of 22 to 0. It took only four minutes play to score the first touchdown. Tip carried the kick-off to the 35-yard line, and from there some fast circling of Dedham's ends, aided by two well-executed forward passes, carried the ball to the 4-yard line, and O'Neil easily pushed it over. Van Tassel kicked the goal.

Dedham was so dazed by this fast work that Buck, aided by good interference and clever dodging, carried the kick-off past the middle of the field, and on the next play O'Neil shot around Dedham's right end for a touchdown. Van failed to kick the goal.

Soon after the next kick-off, just to further mystify the Dedhamites, Buck worked a double pass with Gallagher, and the third touchdown was the result. The last score was made in the second half, after a series of hard line-plunges.

Several new men appeared in the Newton lineup. Pratt started the game at left tackle and played well while he was in. Cannon at right end got into the game well, and made some pretty tackles. In the back field, Barber, who replaced Donohue, ran the team well and displayed good head-work, while Loomis, at right half, carried the ball for some long gains toward the end of the game.

The summary:—

Newton.	Dedham.
Barrows (Sprague), l. e.	r. e. Kappann.
Pratt (Marshall, Pickernell), l. t.	r. t. Brown.
Lynch, l. g.	r. g. Denton.
Weaver, c.	c. Phillips.
Taylor (Rice), r. g.	l. g. Simmons.
Van Tassel, r. t.	l. t. Cheney.
Gallagher (Cannon), r. e.	l. e. A. McFarland.
Donohue (Barber), q. b.	q. b. Gannett.
Dunne (Marshall), l. h. b.	r. h. b. Harris.
O'Neil (Loomis), r. h. b.	l. h. b. Shaughnessy.
Allen, f. b.	f. b. G. MacFarland.

Score, Newton 22, Dedham 0. Touchdowns, O'Neil (2), Gallagher, Allen. Goals from touchdowns, Van Tassel (2). Umpire, O'Connell. Referee, Woodlock. Linesmen, Wood and Stevens. Time, 15m. halves.

Roxbury Latin, 6; Newton, 0.

Newton received its first defeat of the season at the hands of Roxbury Latin, October 13th. The visitors had a team equipped with a bewildering variety of plays and formations, and quarterback O'Brien used these to the best advantage.

Roxbury carried the ball down the field from the kick-off, by straight line-bucking, until they were barely a yard from the goal-line, when Newton braced and held for downs, forcing Roxbury to surrender the ball. Barrows punted out of danger, but Roxbury, not to be denied, again took up their steady march toward the goal-line, and came within four yards of it; but again Newton was equal to its task, and again the Latin students were forced to relinquish the ball. At this most opportune moment, time was called.

In the second half, Roxbury came back strong on the offense, finally carrying the ball over the line. Newton as a whole did

not play up to the standard. The back-field was slow, and the ends seemed unable to stop the fast Roxbury backs. Carey at right-guard played strongly, especially on the defense. Pratt saved Newton a touch-down in the first half by hard tackling, and Capt. "Gunk" was a tower of strength.

Roxbury Latin.	Newton.
Welch, l. e.	r. e. Gallagher.
Wendell, l. t.	r. t. Van Tassel.
Berenson, l. g.	r. g. Carey.
Jones, c.	c. Pickernell.
Cage, r. g.	l. g. Lynch.
Eichorn, r. t.	l. t. Pratt.
Packard, r. e.	l. e. Barrows.
O'Brien, q. b.	q. b. Donohue.
Hill, l. h. b.	r. h. b. O'Neil.
Connolly, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Dunne.
Swain, f. b.	f. b. Allen.

Score, Roxbury Latin, 6, Newton 0. Touch-down, Connolly. Goal from touchdown, Hill. Umpire, Woodlock. Referee, O'Connell. Linesmen, Allen and Woods. Time, 20m. and 15m. periods.

Newton, 17; Volkmann, 0.

In a game replete with sensational runs and forward passes, Newton trimmed Volkmann by a 17 to 0 score. People who had seen the lifeless playing of the Newton team against the two Latin schools, could hardly believe that it was the same team that was gaining at will through Volkmann's line, and playing first-class football.

Newton received the kick-off, and carried it by consistent line smashing to Volkmann's 10-yard line, where Beatty fumbled. Volkmann punted, but Newton charged down the field again, and over the line for the first touchdown. Dunne kicked the goal. Repeating their tactics, it was not long before Newton scored again, and once more Dunne kicked the goal, though the ball scraped the bar as it went over. The third touchdown came late in the second half, Allen being again shoved over for the score.

Newton showed a good assortment of trick plays, and mixed them well. The best ground-gainer proved to be the side-line play. The whole team seemed to be alive and on to the job every minute of the time.

Newton.	Volkmann.
Barrows, l. e.	r. e. Conway.
Pratt (Davis), l. t.	r. t. McCaffrey.
Lynch (Weaver, Pickernell), l. g.	r. g. Curtis.
Weaver (Slocum), c.	c. Cutler.
Carey, r. g.	l. g. Storms.
Van Tassel, r. t.	l. t. Gregory.
Dunne (Cannon), r. e.	l. e. Chadwick.
Donohue (Barber), q. b.	q. b. Brown.
Beatty (Dunn), l. h. b.	r. h. b. Baldwin.
O'Neil (Riley), r. h. b.	l. h. b. Allen.
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Walker.

Score, Newton 17, Volkmann 0. Touchdowns Allen (3). Goals from touchdowns, Dunn (2). Umpire, McCabe. Referee, Hoey. Field judge, Mullen. Linesmen, Wood and Kimball. Time, 20m. and 15m. periods.

Boston Latin, 6; Newton, 0.

On October 20th, Newton lost to Boston Latin in a game very closely resembling the one with Roxbury Latin the week previous, and resulting in the same score.

Newton kicked off, and Boston carried the ball straight down the field to the 2-yard line, where Newton held for downs. There was not room enough to punt, so "Buck" gave the ball to "Tip," who carried it through the whole Boston team to the 20-yard line. Barrows punted, but Boston Latin brought the ball right back again, though they were unable to score in the first half.

In the second half Newton put up a hard fight, at times showing rare form, but Boston plugged away unceasingly, until finally they carried the ball across the line for a touchdown. Dunne, Pratt, and Beatty tackled brilliantly in the open, while Carey and "Van" did good steady work in the line. Slocum at fullback played strongly on the defense.

Boston Latin.	Newton.
Madden, l. e.	r. e. Dunne (Cannon).
Tate (Cleary), l. t.	r. t. Van Tassel.
Prendergast, l. g.	r. g. Carey.
Fraser, c.	c. Weaver.
Elcock, r. g.	l. g. Lynch.
Alison, r. t.	l. t. Pratt.
Ryer, r. e.	l. e. Barrows.
Logan, q. b.	q. b. Donohue.
Teehan, l. h. b.	r. h. b. O'Neil.
Temple, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Beatty.
Van Etten, f. b.	f. b. Slocum.

Score, Boston Latin 6, Newton 0. Touch-down, Temple. Goal from touchdown, Cleary. Umpire, Hallahan. Referee, Hoey. Field judge, Woodlock. Linesmen, Merrill and Wood. Time, 20m. halves.



Thus far the School has given the editors enough to do. But now get angry and make us hustle. More stories, more news, more "hits"!

Miss C— (in the Physiology Class)— "Now when we get Miss Deary inside a tooth" (and here she paused to see who was causing the disturbance in the back seats) "what do we see?"

Heard in I. Greek.

Mr. D—"To whom and under what circumstances is he speaking?"

Brown—"Well, he called his mother up—"

Mr. D—"Telephones were not used in those days."

Gill, translating — "Une bouteille de rhaki."

Miss S— "Some kind of liquor, I don't know them all."

Miss M— "M. Richardson, what pleases me, is to see you."

(So that is why R. changed his French division!)

Mr. A— (after Van Tassel had flunked in Latin)— "I think you need to learn the signals, Captain."

Miss O— "Converse, what does that sound like?"

Converse—"It has kind of a dime novel effect."

Now, Franky, what do you know about such affairs?

The very latest is the "Monkey walk." Dr. B— is the originator. It is rumored that Jackson will set it to music. If he does, it is sure to be a rival to the Merry Widow Waltz.

Miss C— (in the Physiology class)— "Where is the pancreas located in relation to the heart?"

Hines—"South."

Miss M— (in the history class)— "When are we in a condition, physically, to believe in ghosts and witches?"

Hines—"In our sleep."

Miss B. (In "Comus")—"What was the very common musical instrument of the shepherds in the old days?"

Warren—"The piano."

"Ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus fudisset preces."

D-gl-s—"Cloanthus poured his prayers out on the deck."

Warren (reading in "Comus")—" 'Turkis blue'—Umph! cold storage stuff!"

Rumor says that a new religious sect, headed by Converse, has sprung up, and in spite of Hawes-tile comment seems to be making headway. People who know the fervor with which its founder conducts his meetings will doubtless agree that those who have suffered conversion have not been so much converted as conversed into the articles of the new faith. Drop into Room 19 sometime and hear the argument.

Mr. T— "What is the most popular poem in the English language?"

Chamberlain—"Yankee Doodle."

Neagle in French—"Her traits were charming; the articulation of her feet and hands—".

Miss J—"Girls, do you feel cold?"
Atkinson and Clay—"Yes'm."
(How long since, boys?)

Wellman speaks eloquently of a bald-headed man with white hair.

Senior Psychology—Stimulus is the feet coming in contact with the eye.

The Fussers' Club is in full sway this year. Converse holds the captaincy, and he has many loyal followers. Hopkins is a close second, although Proctor claims that place.

Teacher—"What punctuation mark is this on your paper?"

Proctor, '10—"That's only a 'Dot'!"

Consult Davis, '09, for the latest styles in headwear.

Clancy, your tan shoes are Corkin'!

Have you heard Carl Hawes' lectures on "Honesty in Regard to Pencil Appropriation in the Classroom"? He cites brilliant examples, especially one case in regard to the "Drink Pabst Beer" brand of pencil.
"Knocko."

Johnny Wood must have felt like a hero (à la Hobson) when "The Merry Sextette" encircled him in the corridor opposite Room 24. He said it was a "tight squeeze," but he seems none the worse for the experience.

A Conundrum.

Why is the Class of 1911 unique in the annals of N. H. S.?

Because its Foote is its head.

To See Ourselves.

The lower classes craned their necks,
To obtain a better view,
And each pointed out to his neighbor,
The Senior that he knew.

With long, irregular, awkward steps,
Each strutted down the aisle,
And every girl took her platform seat
With a queer, self-conscious smile.

She looked about on the audience,
With the most embarrassed air,
And found, with sudden discomfort,
That she couldn't lean back in her chair.

When a maddening friend, with evil intent,
Made a ridiculous face,
She felt a desire to wring his neck,
And to have an exchange of place.

But the worst of all was coming down,
And it may seem funny to you,
To see them descend with a stride and a hop,
But wait till you get there, too!

G. F. '09.

The N. H. S. orchestra held its first rehearsal in the drill hall Friday, October twenty-third. There are many new members, and under the leadership of Mr. Walton excellent work should be done this winter. All who play any instrument are invited to join. The members of the orchestra are: Violins, Josephine Ireland, Ruth Ivy, Rita Deary, L. E. Snow, R. Howley, S. Weeks, J. Cooke, E. Noyes; mandolins, Gertrude Ford, Mary Damon, Muriel Heebner, W. Wilkins, C. Jones, K. Tucker, G. Ewing, J. Schafer, H. Browne, W. Currier; guitars, Emily Whittlesey, Edith Riccomb, Margaret Tyler, Edith Fisher; banjos, Mina Cotton, May Cotton, A. Pickernell; pianist, Vida Chase. The officers are: Manager, Muriel Heebner; treasurer, Edward Noyes.

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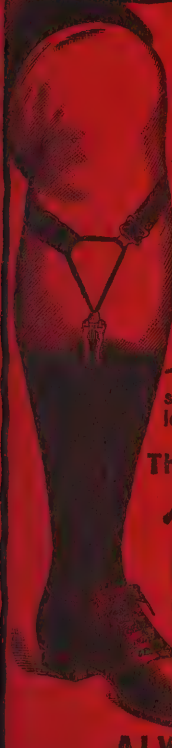
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER, 1908

No. 3

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1911—1912: To be announced.

The REVIEW is published monthly, except during July, August, September, by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of THE REVIEW Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents, and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 160 Lincoln Street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in REVIEW box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 32 Washington Park, Newtonville.

Entered at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

We refuse to be responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

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The Rime of the New Girl

It is a fair young maiden,
And she stoppeth one of three:

"The way to classroom 24
I prithee, tell to me.

"Miss Bruce's door is open wide,
And I to French must go.

The class won't wait, I shall be late;
The way I do not know."

She showed her with her slender hand:

"There is the room," quoth she,
"The class is met, the task is set,
They talk right merrily."

But hardly hath the maiden turned
Her steps towards 24,
When suddenly a bell doth ring,
And shut is every door.

But innocent of all the rules,
The maiden hastens in.
A silence deep greets her approach,
And eke full many a grin.

Then: "You are late," the teacher says,
"Your permit let me see."
"My permit!" cries the maid aghast,
"O pray what may that be?"

Now once again she hunts around
To find the office door.
A moment, and she finds herself
Completely mixed once more.

But soon another maiden comes,
Takes pity on her plight;
She shows her where the office is,
And soon things are all right.

But ere she sinks to rest that night,
In accents sad and worn,
She says: "Ah, what a wiser girl
I'll rise to-morrow morn!"

MAC.

A Suggestion

I called on Marion yester' eve
She packed me off at nine;
When I had come a hundred miles
For that one hour's time.

Now I've a proposition
Whose appeal to me is strong,
Why can't we move to Lapland
Where the nights are six months long?
—'09.

EDITORIALS

The Day of Days

Time changes, customs change, human sentiments flit by: we are embarked in an out-bound vessel, whose prow cleaves the future, whose escutcheon bears all history. As she forges ahead, we hear, in ceaseless clash from her engine-room, the machinery of evolution.

It would be strange if no heart yearned for an occasional glimpse of the fast receding shore, where hope has flickered, glowed, and blazed into ambition. It would be extraordinary if there whispered from the great ship's crew not a sigh of sympathy for the cherished land that she is leaving.

Not only is it natural, but it is seemly, for men to look back regretfully to the "good old days," with a feeling that something is slipping away from them which can never be replaced. "We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. . . . We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful."

At all times, however, it is well to bear in mind this marvellous truth: through all the ages, despite the rapid shifting of time and custom, the spirit and message of Christmas have come to us unchanged and unmarred.

Nor is Christmas a day dear to one people only; on the contrary, it is a day honored and revered by all nations. On Christmas day, in one gleaming vista, the bounty of the rich man's board is set before the humble poor. For one whole day idealism reigns; we see everywhere demonstrated the brotherhood of man. Man to man, brother to brother, heart to heart—this is the watchword. Who, when he considers these conditions, will say that the spirit of Christmas is waning?

When, on Christmas day, the last glad bell has rung; when the earth, garbed so timely in new-fallen snow, is still, then every man must realize that Christmas is his day of days. For it is a day neither clouded by the shadow of death, as are our national days of mourning, nor inflated with flagrant boastfulness, as are our national jubilees; but it is a day of peace and love, consecrated by the birth of the sincerest and noblest of all men.

When we flock to the bleachers at the new field to see the boys in the orange and black fight for the old School, a clear lesson is pressed home to us by the vividness of a fresh and striking example. It is a great lesson, destined to be discovered, absorbed, and acted in our lives—a lesson vital to our well-being. It is the lesson of loyalty. The spirit of loyalty, in life as on the football field, is the backbone of success; it is the spirit that makes us strike and strive always for the goal.

Some of us undertake school interests other than those of the regular routine. We support our school paper, the German Club, the French Club, or the musical organization. All these are outside interests that we pursue for our personal pleasure and profit. When we accept their membership, we pledge ourselves to render them support; if we are to be true to them, and true to ourselves, we must be unfailingly loyal.

In the admission of supporters to our school clubs or to our school paper, there can be no such strict discrimination as there must be in the case of the teams; but in these school interests, as in football, the spirit of loyalty in the individual is immediately noticeable by its evidence or by its absence. It is wise to consider carefully before undertaking an outside interest, but once the added duty is as-

sumed, it should be performed in a spirit of earnestness and sincerity. To cultivate these qualities is to court success; for they are the essentials of loyalty, which is the corner-stone of a truly successful career.

What is it that raised Abraham Lincoln from the humble position of a rail-splitter

to the dignity of the world's greatest humanitarian? What is it that caused him finally to sacrifice his life at the altar of devotion? It is the motive that inspires all great deeds; the germ of all perfect endeavor; the spirit that wins the football game—it is loyalty.

The Spirit of Christmas

By DOROTHY MONRO, 1910

IT was growing dark, and a light snow was falling as a tiny girl in a plain blue frock tiptoed noiselessly from the playroom of the Orphan's Home, and down the staircase to the wide bay window at the foot. Curling herself up on the seat, she gazed dreamily out at the whirling flakes, and a puzzled look grew in her eyes, as the little pucker between her brows increased, and she murmured to herself, "Santa—stocking—twee."

No other sound broke the stillness but the ticking of a large clock and the muffled sounds from the long room above, where twenty-six other little blue-gowned orphan girls were playing games. Faster fell the snow, and darker grew the night; the eyelids drooped lower and lower over the blue eyes gazing from the window, the golden head nodded till little "Number Twenty-seven" was fast asleep.

A door opened below, and the matron, accompanied by two of her assistants, came slowly upstairs, engaged in earnest discussion. The child roused at an exclamation from one, but lay in a doze, as they continued upstairs to superintend the "bed-time party."

When they returned, an hour later, all was still, and they stood talking before separating for the night.

"But Number Twenty-seven?" asked Miss Anne.

"Oh, Virginia has taken her; she told

me this morning, she wanted her to-night," answered Miss Mary.

"Number Twenty-seven—is she the one whose parents were lost at sea, and who was sent here last week?" pursued Miss Anne.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wood, the matron; and then she continued: "By the way, has anyone heard from Mrs. John Reed? She used to send a generous contribution at Christmas."

"No," responded Miss Anne, with a sour little laugh, "it's too much trouble."

"My dear," reproved Mrs. Wood, gently. But as Miss Anne left her with a "good-night," she sighed sadly, and said, half to herself and half to Miss Mary:

"True; only too true. It's too much trouble! If these women who have all, would only realize that this home can not provide for many luxuries! A few old toys would gladden the hearts of our little ones, who each year see less and less done for the day, of all days, which should be happy and bright. How thankful I would be if some one could find and restore to us the true Christmas Spirit! Not that of give and take, but that which gives from love and sympathy, and a desire to make bright spots in the little lives unnaturally bare. It is the Spirit of Christmas that I want, Mary, the Spirit of Christmas."

As the two women bade each other good-night, and each went her way, neither suspected that she had had a wide-eyed,

wondering listener. As their footsteps died away, a little figure, with characteristic composure and care, tiptoed down the next flight, and stood in the hall. The little mind of Number Twenty-seven was very active, and was now possessed with but one idea—to find what her dear Mrs. Wood had wanted.

Surveying the hat-rack, she pulled down a jaunty golf-cape, and with difficulty buttoned it around her, and managed to pull the hood over her mass of golden curls. There was no sleep now in the blue eyes, but a joyous excitement, as she trotted through the hallway leading to the back door. The cook must have been entertaining visitors, for there were voices in the kitchen, and the outer door was ajar. A black kitten mewed in the passage. In another minute, the door was wide open, and an odd little figure, in a red golf-cape, hugging a blackkitty tightly in her arms, was trudging over the snowy sidewalk.

"I wonder if it's hard to find," thought Number Twenty-seven, as she hurried on. She remembered a Christmas, oh! *long* ago, when something tall and spicy, covered with tiny lights, rose high—high; and a pretty somebody in a pink dress, laughed and played with her; and there was another Somebody, too,—and—

"Hold on, there! Well, if it isn't a baby!" cried a man's voice, as its owner stopped hastily, his arms full of bundles, to avoid running her down. His first impulse was to pick her up, but on second thought he decided she was a child of a near-by tenement, and he went his way.

Faster and faster fell the snow-flakes, and slower and slower went the little feet, as the brightly lighted windows, full of gay things, became fewer. On each side now were tall dark houses, with few lights.

Number Twenty-seven was growing tired. Little by little her arms relaxed their hold of the kitten, and she sank

wearily at the foot of a flight of wide stone steps, too tired to reach the lights shining at the top.

"Smutty," murmured the child to the kitten, "Smutty, I jus'—can't—find it—the Spirit of Cwis'mus." A long sigh, and she was asleep, the kitten cuddled near her, too cold to move.

Silence; then a chime rang out from a steeple, as a carriage stopped before the house. A gentleman and lady stepped out, and were going up the steps, when a tiny kitten ran to them, mewing.

"Poor kitty!" said the lady, walking on. Then she exclaimed in startled tones: "John, look!"

Together they bent over the tiny bundle, and carried it into the house, forgetting the kitten that hopped along with them. In a twinkling the cape was off, and the sleeping child lay on a rich sofa, while anxious faces bent over her. A hurried telephone call brought a doctor, who shook his head in answer to their inquiry about the number—twenty-seven—on her sleeve. "Some asylum, probably: no, not frozen, only sleepy." And leaving hurried directions, the busy doctor was off again.

A few minutes later, a pair of big blue eyes opened slowly, to gaze up into a cold, beautiful face bending over her.

"Are—you—?" she murmured, and then a low laugh rippled from her lips, showing two rows of pearly little teeth, for her eyes caught the gleam of pearls in the brown hair, and on the white neck, and falling on the soft gown—a gown that felt just like Smutty!

"Oh!" and she laughed again, "I *has* found 'ou, I *has*. An' she'll be so glad!"

"What do you mean?" asked a mild voice.

"Why, the Spirit of Cwis'mus. I walked, an' walked, an' walked, but I couldn't find it."

"Where do you live?" was the next question; but the reply was very vague.

"Over there—with lots of little girls."

The vision above her turned to her husband. "John, she *is* from an asylum; how horrible!"

Her husband nodded. "Those eyes!" was all he said.

Again came the pretty laugh, and the allusions to the "Spirit of Cwis'mus," and by dint of much questioning they learned the whole story. Again the telephone was called into use, and after much calling and much talking, the little wanderer was described, and the bewildered and astonished Mrs. Wood was calmed by the assurance that all was well, and that Mrs. John Reed, her rescuer, would care for "Twenty-seven" that night, and would call at the Home in the morning. A little later "Number Twenty-seven" was made

"comfy" in a wonderful room, with rosy hangings all around.

That night, a leader of society, the wealthy, cold Mrs. John Reed, sat gazing into the fire till into the small hours; she, too, had come under the spell of those lovely eyes, and thoughts were surging through her mind—thoughts of a blue-eyed baby of two, who had smiled into her face, so many years ago, and then had left her.

On Christmas morning, twenty-six little orphan girls—yes, only twenty-six now—awakened to find twenty-six stockings bulging, and twenty-six piles of packages on the floor beside them. And the great house, once so lonely and silent, was filled with a wonderful happiness; for the "Spirit of Christmas" had entered in.

The River Charles at Sunset

By MILDRED CLARK, 1910

O thou beautiful river
That in sunshine gleameth so bright!
Thou art like a generous Giver
Of all that is purest delight.

As I gaze on thy shimmering surface,
Unruffled by ripple or roll,
Thou seemest to me to present
The mirror of one's own soul.

Yet beneath thy silent waters,
That gleam so dark and brown,
Is a power for deep passion hidden,
Once barriers are broken down.

A silvery white birch bends towards thee,
As if to touch thy lips,
And the wind as it wafts her nearer
Makes thee kiss her fingertips.

On the branch of a low-leaning pine tree
Is an evening lark's cozy nest,
And forth from the songster's downy throat
Comes a song of sweetness and rest.

It pours out on the wonderful stillness
With a music unspeakably sweet;
The sky above seems to listen,
And the river below at his feet.

Thy shadows, oft dark and forbidding,
Are now glossy, green and deep,
And thy waters are lapping the pebbles
With a sound that lulls one to sleep.

The sun sinks towards the horizon,
The clouds look like billows of fleece;
The sunset light streams o'er thee
With a benediction of peace.

Tingsley's Emancipation

By KAL BURGESS

WELL, Ting?" remonstrated Gibson, gently.

"What, ho! Tingsley!" echoed Rymer.

"Ting, old man, I say, deal, won't you?" Dobbs's voice held a strong hint of impatience.

Tingsley's delicate features flushed with apologetic scarlet. "O all right," he said, "You'll have to pardon me, you fellows that know me—"

"I say, Ting, shuffle 'em first, won't you?"

Again Tingsley blushed, and cast down his eyes in suggestion of feminine modesty. "Really, gentlemen, I—"

"And, Tingsley," Dobbs cut in, his eyes snapping like winter stars, beneath their bushy brows, "it's customary to deal to the left."

Tingsley dropped the cards in a fluttering heap, and faced the group protestingly.

"O I know what you chaps think," he spluttered. "I know why you've been trying the jolly for a month or so. But take it from me; you haven't come so near the mark as Dobbs comes to the bull's-eye at the rifle-range. Going some? Well, yes. But it's really painful to see a fancy bunch of nobbies, pretending all sorts of knowledge, get so pitifully fooled. Why, if you chaps knew—"

"Tell us, old man, then we shall know." For the most part, Gibson confined his ambition to being seen; so unusual a breach of well-behaved diplomacy could hardly pass unnoticed.

"Thank you, Gibby. I take it you mean an invitation," murmured Tingsley, running a slender forefinger inside his hot neck-band, and smiling ingratiatingly on the group, which stood at attention, like a porcupine ready to bristle.

"Settle down, gentlemen," he moved agreeably. "Make yourselves at home, and I'll tickle your fastidious ears with the rapid disentanglement of an up-to-date dramatic novelty."

Tingsley lighted a cigarette, and leaned forward on the mahogany table. There was not a glimmer of a smile about his mouth, only an interesting glitter in his eyes.

"The single sane point in your hypothesis, gentlemen, is the supposition of a lady on the frontispiece of my primer of woe. Now, there's no use denying—"

"No use at all," acquiesced Dobbs, ascetically.

"None," added Rymer, with monosyllabic stress.

"Well, it's Miss Nancy Parkman that you've nominated for heroine. And the hero—" continued Tingsley, hesitatingly.

"Ahem," interposed Dobbs and Rymer together.

"Heroochoo!" shrieked Gibson, in emphatic conclusion.

"There isn't any!" Tingsley brought out the words with crushing force, and paused to enjoy to the full their telling result.

"Haw—haw—" then Dobbs caught Tingsley's eye, and strangled his laugh beneath an expansive shirt-bosom.

Tingsley sat back, stiffly. "It's like this," he explained. "As the foremost comedian on Belter's Circuit, it isn't just likely I'm going to throw over the club and the bunch, and settle into apoplectic sedateness, anchored to a stiff little red-brick house, with a wife, a cat and a mortgage. That's not business, and it's not in accordance with careful training."

Again he paused to sweep the trio circumspectly. Deep humiliation straight-

ened their features to a man; the atmosphere was pregnant with penitent apology.

"Go on, we're listening," apathetically encouraged Dobbs.

Tingsley accepted the cue with business-like dexterity. "As you, and the rest of semi-civilized civilization in this club, know, I've called once or twice on Miss Parkman. You see, she wears pretty pink ribbons, makes heavenly candy, and talks like crickets in a country bedroom. Gentlemen, I'm repentant, and I'm humbled. There's your true confession; I've felt it itching in my waistcoat pocket all along. But, for a month, she's kept me grilled; I can't back down, nor I can't crawl off, nor slink away. I'm up against a blind wall with a mad dog, in a thunder-shower."

At this interesting juncture, the cigarette burned Tingsley's fingers, then, with neither heed nor definite intention, it rudely projected itself on to the next table. Tingsley took it to himself to apologize with a loud smile. Then he retired the broken thread of conversation.

"I want you to understand, gentlemen, the ghastly meaning of that blind wall; I want you to realize that it is labelled big and bold, in red, BREACH OF PROMISE. Now you know what it means to be flat up against it. And you know at last—that's me."

Dobbs groaned. As his fat face took on a dull gray hue, his nose seemed to receive without diminution the flood of retreating color.

"Condolences," he moaned, extending five pudgy fingers. "You've melted my heart of stone."

"There's only one remedy," submitted Rymer, dryly, unmoved by Dobbs's touching example. "You must do what the rest of suffering mankind does under pressure."

"What's that?" asked Tingsley, hopefully.

"Suicide." Rymer followed the words by an emotionless yawn.

Tingsley rose with dignity and drew himself to the full of his slender height. "I'm not risking my fortune to the prevarications of genius, as demonstrated by your immortal triplet," he said. "Stage-folk have ways of their own, and their ways are inimitable. Five to fifty, I'll be back at my old level, on the dead square with the world, come nine o'clock tomorrow evening."

"Take you!" The response was cheerfully unanimous.

Some one brought Tingsley's coat. He lighted a cigar, and wished the three good evening. "You geniuses may mope it out with your muse," he threw back. "Trust your affectionate cousin to the ways of the comedietta, in which he has ways of his own."

"Doped!" muttered Dobbs, sententiously.

"Buncoed," altered Rymer gravely, shaking his head.

Gibson preserved his ambition.

When Tingsley stopped for a moment before Delaine's, it happened that that respectable *delicatessen* became immediately Gibson's special resort for late lunches. How it happened, Tingsley never could explain: Gibson never tried. Neither was Tingsley clear as to why Gibson should appear at that very moment, the *psychological* moment, at Delaine's side entrance.

"Tingsley!" cried Gibson, in tones cheerily devoid of astonishment. "Blessed if I wasn't thinking of you, old man. I've got a scheme, a chirruping, broiled-live scheme, that is just your meet. Come in and have a pretzel, Tingsley."

Tingsley didn't mind if he did; in truth, he couldn't mind if he would. This is ample proof of the seductive influence of beer, pretzels and roquefort.

"Now," said Gibson, when they were served, "I want to do you a service—

to point you the exit from a serious scrape."

Gibson's voice lowered; he leaned forward in an invitingly confidential way; Tingsley accepted a partnership.

"Easy, now, and I'll drop the sesame. Nancy Parkman is chairman of a women's reform society; she's stewing a pretty cranky pot, a trifle wild from overheating. If you were to become a nice little lady—such as you always are, except in skirts—and were to harangue Miss Parkman's dutiful congregation to the limit of histrionic art, you might be able to skin the cat alive. 'Good Heavens, man, you look serious! Isn't it the bulliest scheme you ever enlisted? Take a brace, and let me in on your ebullient sympathies!'"

Tingsley did not smile; he did not rejoice; he did not even look happy—he was too deeply moved.

"Gibby," he said, thickly, "you're a man of my own clan."

Gibson bowed, and refilled Tingsley's glass. "You hire an outfit from Belter's costumer, to include gloves, peach-colored gown, and a peroxide wig. Take your time on the make-up; do a first-class stunt; better enamel your nose. At two o'clock to-morrow, have yourself motored to Steinert's Hall, spout your vindictive little speech, looking every inch the lady-like little brute you are, and whoop it back to dinner. Then come to the club; I'll be there."

"Um!" Tingsley nodded in profound satisfaction. "Are you tight?" he queried, raising his eyes.

"Tighter than Dobbs is with fivers," vowed Gibson, solemnly.

Tingsley seemed satisfied. "You see," he chuckled, caressing his chin, "I'd thought of all this before. I thought I had hinted it at the club."

Gibson gazed complacently at his watch-dial; his face was as blank as the gold-filled cover.

Tingsley uncorked a champagne bottle

and filled his glass. "Gibson, you're a—brick," he said.

He filled the glass twice more, emptied it twice, and once again, and added: "Gibby, you're not a genius, you're a—a strategis'!"

Gibson called a cab, which is properly the first step, in bidding Tingsley good-night.

"So long, Olivia!" he said amiably. "Bon soir, ma petite Olivia Shaw. Remember your name, you little clown!" he added, in savage solicitude.

Every one pronounced the newly-arrived Olivia Shaw, stranger in town, wonderful; that is, all that noticed her when she entered. Those that had failed in prompt execution of this duty hastened to perform it tardily, to the obvious embarrassment of the young woman.

"She is ineffable—I may almost say etherial; I have already marked her as an ideal heroine."

The literary Miss McCrocker had declared herself. Her sentiment, expressed in varying degrees of aptitude and intensity, was, by long custom, the ultimatum of the whole assembly of the loyal "Daughters of Sol."

Nancy Parkman, as chairman of the Daughters, rose to open the meeting formally.

"We are glad to note the presence of several guests" (there was but one; doubtless it was an oversight), "and, first of all, we shall be charmed to hear anything our visitors may have to say."

There was a flutter of anticipation, a long moment of suppressed breathing, then the caller rose gracefully to address the chair.

"I have been apprised," her voice was mellow, exquisitely modulated, with almost a masculine richness of tone, according to the account the literary Miss McCrocker never wrote, "of the subject now before

your club for discussion. 'The Actor as a Man' is to me an especially pertinent theme. I have moved widely in theatrical circles"—the suppressed breathing quite ceased for a second, before proceeding yet more discreetly—"and I have made observations that lead me to adopt the subject 'Has the Actor a Heart?' It is about this I should like to speak to you."

The young woman paused a moment, till the murmur of surprised approval should subside; but, when instead of sinking, it began to assume the proportions of a genuine uproar, she raised her voice in a valiant effort to stem the tide of Daughtery acclamation.

"Let us begin by boldly stating that the actor has no heart; then we shall work out this affirmation, proving it step by step—or, better, clause by clause—"

"Claws by claws; that's it, that's it!" screeched the literary Miss McCrocker, rising from her seat and vindictively pawing the air in the direction of the fair stranger. "'Daughters of Sol,' this woman is offering insult to our worthy Chairman; she is questioning our own sagacity, by attempting to pervert our chosen subject. She is a heretic—an infidel; she has no heart herself!"

The slender woman at the rear of the hall gazed, dumbfounded, at the scrawny arms and flashing teeth of the club literary genius; then, suddenly seized by an absurd alarm, she hastened toward the aisle.

"Hold her! Cut her off! Don't try to reason with her!"

Miss McCrocker's tones rang true; the valorous Daughters rallied to the familiar war-cry. "Give it to her!" Miss McCrocker brandished wildly a paper program, made not the less formidable by the substantial backing of a bony fist.

Scenes of carnage can never do other than excite disgust. When, at last, the dust had begun to clear, when the irate

"Daughters of Sol" had dashed for the nearest police patrol, and the janitor had started a protracted search for the furnace-shaker, then it was that Tingsley struggled stiffly to his feet. With calm precision, he summed up the total expense, including medical and surgical attendance, and inconvenience resulting from possible broken limbs.

"Not more than two hundred at the most," he pondered, absently picking up a flaxen wig, and a few remnants of peach-colored gown. "And that against a forty thousand dollar suit at law!" He chuckled audibly.

He groped his way painfully up through the sky-light, three blocks overhead to the haberdasher's corner, and down a fire-escape into the store below.

Before the club attendant took Tingsley's overcoat, that erudite specialist in the ways of the comedietta had carefully extracted a bit of perfumed purple paper from the inside pocket, and was perusing it beamingly. Now and then he discovered a flash of searing sarcasm, or a barb of scathing irony, that brought hot tears of gratification to his eyes. "Utterly contemptible—outraged club dignity—spirit of infamy," he repeated, in wicked glee.

"That," said Tingsley in his dressing-room, as he arranged anew his immaculate attire, "that we may partly dispense with."

He carefully creased the paper, tore it neatly, glanced once at the remaining script, and thrust it into a pocket of his tuxedo. This is the fragment:

"Need I now tell you all is over—distinctly over—between us? Nancy M. Parkman."

"Decidedly that will do," murmured Tingsley, reflectively. "O good evening, gentlemen. I very much regret—very much—"

"Do be seated, Tingsley; we're not yet total strangers," interrupted Gibson.

Tingsley sat down, congenially, and, resting his elbows on the table, fitted the tips of his carefully manicured nails.

"It's against your nature to regret anything but your own plaguy luck," scoffed Dobbs, irritably; "but never mind, produce the proof."

"Bully!" roared Rymer, when he had inspected the documentary evidence, over Dobbs's shoulder. "Bully for our little lady!"

"Tut!" silenced Dobbs, weakly. "How'd you do it?" he gasped, mopping his perspiring brow with a polka-dot creation in blue.

"Soft persuasion," answered Tingsley, without pride.

"It's always that way with actors," Rymer volunteered, glibly. "You see, they're inimitable, and when they have a stroke of business like this in hand, they pass it over with mere words, where other

men would perhaps use a—well, say a hammer."

Tingsley bowed, in bland appreciation. But Dobbs, who had been studying sceptically the gash behind Tingsley's left ear, pushed out a sardonic laugh.

"Words—persuasion! Well, maybe. But the lady, Ting—methinks the lady used a mace!"

Tingsley put up one hand, then the other; then he paled, and resolutely walked from the table.

"By Jove! it's no stakes," Rymer rejoiced.

Gibson struggled in vain to vindicate tradition; there was an over-expressive twinkle in his eyes; in the end he laughed openly. He was doing society specials on a west-side daily, and he fondly pictured Tingsley staring from a flatteringly prominent position in an extra half-column.

The Law of the Desert

By ELLEN MOORE BURDETT, 1910

"If one man slay another, the brother of the murdered man is bound to slay the murderer."

IT was a blistering hot day on the desert. Assái Laka rode slowly, deep in thought, over the gleaming, yellow sand. He glanced up now and then, only to see a limitless stretch of desert glistening in the noon-day sun, with a faultless arch of blue overhead. Not a speck was to be seen on the far horizon, and in each direction reached miles of nothing but sand, sand, sand.

The horse seemed to feel the depression of the rider, for it waded ankle-deep in the hot sand, with head down and a dejected air about its whole being.

Assái began to mutter aloud. "Six moons ago; it was only six moons ago—and yet he lives—and the law of the desert is naught to him. I have sought him and

sought him." He paused for some time. "Why did I not kill him when I had the chance? Two good chances—and they are gone! To be sure, if I had tried to kill him the first time he would have cried out and where would I have been? His tribesmen would certainly have killed me. There is no love lost between the sons of Régan and those of Za Haggiæ"—another pause longer than the first—"and the proofs—they were not sure; and yet—and yet—"

The sentence trailed into silence broken only by the sound of shifting sand beneath the horse's hoofs. Thus he rode with bowed head all the long afternoon. Not until sundown did he raise his head to scan the horizon once more.

Away to the far southeast, the sun was

setting in true oriental splendor. Half its glorious orb had already sunk beneath the desert's rim; but the other half was a semi-sphere of flame. The light radiated from it in brilliant flashes. Overhead the sky was tinted a delicate rose-pink. Away to the west, the moon was just peeping over the sand, and silhouetted against this background of silver, was a clump of palms. Towards this Assái Laka made his way. The stars began to appear one by one, and now and then a meteor flashed across the sky, and fell away into space.

Assái spoke to his horse. "Canst thou not go a little faster, O Atar, son of Miram? 'Tis but a few minutes' ride and then thou'lt have water to thy heart's content."

He touched the horse's flank; the jaded beast responded nobly to this appeal, and began a slow trot.

As he approached the trees, Assái distinguished them as a clump of feathery palms, surrounding an oasis commonly called by the superstitious Bedouins "The Creator's Provender." A grey boulder arose at one side, and after they had both assuaged their thirst, Assái Laka led his horse thither. He removed the saddle, rubbed him down with a handful of grass that grew by the spring, and staked him for the night. Stretching himself on the sand, he sought relief for his troubled spirit in sleep, but as the longed-for rest did not come, he got up and walked to the other side of the rock.

There on the ground, not ten feet away, was the man he had hunted for the past six moons. Assái Laka stood spell-bound, gazing at the sleeping man with fierce intent. He raised his spear as if to strike the prostrate youth, but on second thought he let his weapon drop.

"What if he were not guilty!" Assái hesitated. "What if—what if—?" Those two words bothered him, and still he must decide at once, for the sleeping man might awaken, and then—

Assái Laka's hesitation grew into a suspicion that he was wrong, that the man was not the right one. He turned away, for he could not kill this man. Then the law of the desert flashed into his mind, and he grew less hesitant and doubtful. The picture of his wife's face flashed into his mind; the agonized gasp with which she tried to speak the name of her murderer, and her pleading, dying glance, as he swore eternal vengeance on the murderer. Without further pause he retraced his steps, and lifting his spear aloft, pinned the sleeping man to the ground. The victim opened his eyes, recognized his assassin, struggled to rise, and fell back panting on the sand. He tried to say a few words, but failing, closed his eyes and breathed his last.

Assái Laka stood transfixed by the horror of what he had done. He gazed at the corpse with a horrible fascination. Slowly he drew the spear from the body.

A jet of crimson blood spurted from the wound and flowed to the ground, staining the sand dark red. Then a superstitious dread seized him, and going quickly to his horse, he hastily saddled him and rode swiftly away into the desert.

And there lay the man who had not been allowed a word in his own defense, stretched dead on the sands, with his faithful horse standing guard beside him. But the moon looked benignly down from the heavens on the murdered, and on the murderer, fleeing away into the desert.

The Toys

By MARGARET TYLER

AN old French peasant woman sat knitting by the feeble light of a lamp. She was making a woolen sock for her little grandson, and her ball of grey worsted had rolled from her lap and lay motionless on the floor by her side. An hour ago the bells of the village church chimed midnight, but still she sat there, working and waiting. An expression of anxious care covered her wrinkled face; her old fingers trembled as she knitted on, for she was thinking of her little grandchildren, asleep in one corner of the room, and of their father who had gone that night to a meeting of the townsmen to enlist his services in the French army, and had not yet returned. She was sad also because the day so soon to dawn was Christmas, and she shuddered to think of her son going away to fight the Prussians on that day.

A plate of cheese and a few slices of sausage were placed on the table for his supper as soon as he returned, and a package of clothing, a few provisions rolled up with it, lay close by for him to take. Suddenly she heard a step outside the door. It was his, she knew, and the next moment he stood before her.

"Well?" she asked, and her voice showed the agitation of her mind.

"I go by train in one hour," he answered, as he laid a curious-looking bundle in her lap. It was his Christmas presents for the children.

"You'll put those in their shoes, mother, before they wake, so they won't think Santa has forgotten them," he whispered to the grandmother as he looked fondly at the four little wooden shoes carefully lined beside the door for the midnight visitor.

Hastily he tasted the food, then stepped

to the alcove where his children slept. A few long minutes he stood by their bedside in silence, gazing tenderly down into their sleeping faces, and finally, bending over, he gave each a fervent kiss, and tore himself away. Taking up his bundle, he bade farewell to the old woman.

"Take good care of the children, mother, and don't let them forget me—if I don't come back," he said, as he closed the door behind him.

Christmas morning dawned clear and crisp; an inch of snow covered the dry, parched earth. Mariette and her small brother Germain were up betimes, long before the sun had warmed the cold ground, and, seated on the floor, they were opening the package they had found on top of their wooden shoes. The grandmother stood by, watching with interest to see what her son had left, when suddenly she uttered a cry of dismay. For there before her lay his clothes, the very ones she had so carefully wrapped up, and the good food to supplement the scanty army rations.

"Misericorde! he's taken away the wrong bundle!" groaned the poor woman in distress. "And after I mended his socks so nicely—and there are his new—" But the children interrupted her.

"Did Santa Claus think father wanted presents instead of us?" the little girl asked, disappointed.

Then the grandmother told them how their father must have taken with him the night before the presents he had brought home for them (here the good soul stopped to dry her eyes, and to sweep her calico apron across her face two or three times), and now he would be away many weeks, perhaps months, no one could tell. No

one knew just where he was going; no one knew whether he would ever come home.

It was already late spring.

Flowers were blossoming wildly through the meadows and down the lanes. Poppies and dark blue cornflowers brightened the green fields. The peasant women had begun to train their grapevines up the straight walls of their thatch-roofed homes. But no word had been heard of the soldier, except vague reports from some of the townsmen, who had begun to return to the quiet little village in straggling groups of five or six. Finally, one warm afternoon, their uncle Baptiste returned from the war with definite news to tell. Bedraggled and thin and ragged, he made his way immediately to their house, and under his arm he carried a bundle, gray with dust. The instant their uncle had had time to recover his breath after the children's warm wel-

come, came the question that everyone was asked on his return, but always to no avail.

"And father—where did you leave father?" It sounded almost a reproach in his ears.

"That is what I have come to tell you," he answered, "but first he said I was to give you this package for him. Your Christmas presents are inside. He has kept them with him every day, since the night he left you and took them away by mistake, until he gave them to me two days ago." He paused.

"But father?"

"I left him in prison, wounded, dying. He will never come home again."

Darkening twilight crept softly up over the eastern sky; the golden red afterglow of the sunset sank gradually down below the horizon, and after a while the stars came out. But no one spoke in the little household.

To Be or Not to Be

By MARION LORING, 1910



UMMER was at its height and the land was scorched and arid. Beneath the walls of Acre lay the camp of the Crusaders. The white crosses gleamed in the sunlight, while nearby, tall, gray and forbidding stood the massive walls of the city, with the Mohammedan crescent waving over the turrets.

Quiet reigned in the camp; squires rode about with anxious faces, and orders were given in hushed voices; for in the big tent yonder lay King Richard sick with the fever. Anxiety, care, and want had conquered at last, and now the noble king was prostrated and in great danger. By his side in constant attendance was Sir Herrick, a knight who through faithful service had won long ago the king's confidence and trust. He stood now outside the tent,

his serious eyes fixed on the gloomy walls. Many times during the last three years he had stood thus, wondering when the terrible siege would end, and many times he had gazed with defiance at the waving symbol of Mohammedism.

A clear call rang through the air. An envoy from Saladin, chief of the Mohammedans, had come. Sir Herrick, with a deep sigh, went back to the king's bedside. Commotion took the place of silence. Knights rode about calling to one another, and again Sir Herrick went to the tent-opening. There he stood transfixed, for coming toward him was a magnificent litter, carried by four stalwart men, and followed by a large retinue. The white crescent presided over all. The litter came to him and stopped; the curtains parted and out stepped a beautiful girl.

With state and dignity she approached, and raising her hand, in a voice as clear as a bell she cried: "King Saladin, my father, sends supplies to King Richard, with his sincere wishes for his speedy recovery."

Then turning to her attendants she beckoned them, and while they were placing the hampers on the ground, she gazed on the knight. Their eyes met; long and deeply they gazed at each other. Sir Herrick's face flushed with pleasure.

The maiden returned to the city, the camp assumed its usual life; all but Sir Herrick. Eagerly he took the chance of returning the thanks of the king to Saladin, for in the city of Acre he would see once more the beautiful girl. Many times he was chosen as envoy by his ruler, and each time he sought an interview with the princess. The weeks passed rapidly; the king recovered quickly, but the knight's love grew even faster.

It was the eve of the battle; the moon was rising; the air was cool, and a soft darkness gradually enveloped all. In the shadow of the wall stood a veiled figure. The clear voice of the Muezzin crying "Allah-il-Allah" rang out. It was the signal. The figure raised its head, and showed the face of the princess. Through the silence she heard footsteps, and Sir Herrick approached.

Once more she appealed to him, and for the last time she tried to draw from him his decision. Tonight was the night of the battle; he might be killed. Why not come into the city with her, be a prince and have great estates? He would have to betray the secret of the charge and his king's trust, but what was that compared to her love? Many times she had thus

reasoned with him, and many times he had almost given his consent; but though his own habit of constant deliberation saved him, he could not make up his mind to deny her. Sir Herrick listened to her appeal in silence, his face showing his struggle and indecision. His love or his honor? Remembrances flashed through his mind of the days when he was a child, of his mother's ambition for him and his king's perfect trust. The girl's voice came to him as in a dream, but it turned his thoughts. The future came to him—a cold, desolate life without her, perhaps death; at best, return to England with only defeat.

Through the dream he heard one clear insistent word. "Choose!" He looked at her. How beautiful she appeared in the moonlight, with the fallen masses of hair framing her wonderful face, and her arms outstretched in pleading! He swayed toward her; something checked him; he listened. Through the night came the bugle-call to arms. It was his regiment's call. He glanced at the cross on his shoulder, and then at the girl. Once more she held out her arms, threw up her head, and pleaded with him. Once more came the bugle-call. He turned, and with an agonized face, rushed up the hill to his charge, and then back to the camp.

The charge was made, the battle was won; the men were wild with victory. But out on the battlefield alone and dying lay Sir Herrick. His face was drawn with suffering, his lips murmured, "Princess." A little later the king bent over him with sorrow in his countenance. A light flashed over the tired features, and gazing into his king's noble face, Sir Herrick muttered, "I was true."



We are rejoicing this month in the number and high quality of our exchanges. We realize through them that the new year is opening in other schools, as well as in our own, accompanied by good spirits and cheerful hopes for the success of plans formed for the coming months. It gives us great pleasure to know The Argus, Amherst Student, Bates Student, Bugle, Commerce Caravel, Crescent, Critic, Distaff, Greylock Echo, Grotonian, Hood River Mascot, Lasell Leaves, Messenger, Minute Man, Mirror, Megaphone, Meteor, Penn Charter Magazine, Pennant, Magpie, M. P. S., Red and Grey (Lynn English High), Red and Grey (Fitchburg High), Reveille, Red and Black, Register, Sagamore, Tattler, Vexillum, Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

We would suggest that the Megaphone profit by its own advice in regard to large, legible print.

The abundance of class notes in the Red and Grey (Lynn) is praiseworthy.

Congratulations to Lasell Leaves on its prize essay.

The Reveille had a goodly number of advertisements, for a paper of its size, but where are its stories?

The Magpie is a good, 'all-round' paper, with plenty of spirit and "go," and copious cuts.

Burlington Register, would it not be less

confusing if you were to separate comments from jokes in your exchange column?

In the Penn Charter Magazine, we read of a fabulous exchange which contained no less than eighteen stories!

The Commerce Caravel is the only one of our exchanges which uses the simplified spelling.

The Pennant has an interesting exchange column, but few exchanges—though perhaps it is a trifle early in the year to judge of that.

Bugle, try for a higher standard in your stories.

Why not expand in all your departments, Mirror? Especially in the literary line. A good long story would lighten your tone a little.

The Minute Man has a fine "local" column, and an interesting exchange department. "The Regeneration" is a wonderfully strong story, and of a quality not usually found in a preparatory school paper.

The Hood River Mascot could improve in the quality of its paper and by using larger, clearer type.

The Sagamore, our neighbor, has a neat cover this month, but we are surprised at the size of this magazine.

We congratulate Nashua High School on the abundance of its school yells. And it is an excellent idea to have them printed in the school paper, if only for the benefit of the freshmen. We trust the members of Newton High know their "Hokey Pokey's" and "Give 'em the axe" almost as well as their declensions.

"A Conversation Between Uriah Heep and Mrs. Gummidge" in the Distaff is very amusing.

Greylock Echo, you ought to have some long stories. They would help you immensely in attaining perfection. Your cover and type are neat and artistic.

The Vexillum and the Grotonian may be classed together. Both magazines are fine publications, and show evidence of a pleasing combination of business ability and high literary merit.

The Crescent has some excellent stories this month.

Errors in punctuation and spelling are frequent in some of our exchanges. If these are due to carelessness in reading proofs, they should be corrected—in fact, they should anyway.

Wiggs—"Speaking of facial characteristics, do you know I was once mistaken for President Roosevelt?"

Biggs—"And a man once took me for the Kaiser."

Diggs—"That's nothing; a few weeks ago an old school chum stepped up to me on the street and said: 'Holy Moses, is that you?'"—*Ex.*

Intelligent Junior, picking up a Cæsar—"O say, Latin's easy; I wish I'd taken it! Look here (pointing to several passages):

'Forte dux in aro'—forty ducks in a row.

'Passus sum jam'—pass us some jam.

'Boni lex Cæsario'—bony legs of Cæsar."

—*Ex.*

"Why, papa, this is roast beef," exclaimed little Archie, at dinner, where Mr. Chumpleigh was guest of honor.

"Of course," said his father, "what of it?"

"Why, you said this morning you were going to bring home a 'mutton-head' for dinner."—*Ex.*

Class Notes

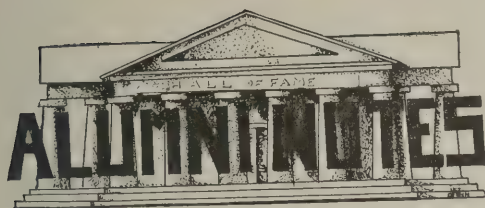
The following officers have been elected for the French Club: President, W. H. Carey; Secretary, Alice Ware; Treasurer, Margaret Tyler.

At a meeting of the sophomore class on Tuesday, October 27th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Charles Foote; vice-president, Beatrice Allen; secretary, Kathryn Tewksbury; treasurer, Richard Sprague.

The sophomores defeated the freshmen 5 to 0 in their first game on Claflin field.

On Tuesday, Nov. 17th, the German Club assembled for the second time. The meeting was opened by a piano solo by Händel, played by Miss Fisher, and this was followed by Miss K. Norton's recitation of "Hans Euler." Then Foster Damon played a piano solo, and President Noyes introduced Fräulein Adelheit von Blomberg, who read a German story to the club. The fact that the reader was a member of the German nobility served to increase the interest of the hearers. After the meeting, the poster which had attracted so much attention was auctioned, the proceeds going to pay the club's expenses. The meetings are going to be even more interesting than these last two have been, and the German students in the three upper classes ought at least to attend them, for from attendance both enjoyment and profit will be received.

Miss Owen has the heartfelt sympathy of the school in her recent bereavement.



Now that another school year is started we must say a word about our department of Alumni Notes. We want every pupil, friend and alumnus of Newton High School to take an interest in this department, and do his share towards its enlargement. We want to grow, and we can do this only by co-operation.

Every one of our alumni is bound by closest ties of Auld Lang Syne to his old school. Do they always realize that, on the other hand, the school has not forgotten them, but still takes a proud interest in hearing from those who have passed from her halls?

Curtis Delano, '08, guard on the '08 football team, is playing a star game at tackle for the Cornell freshman team.

Fritz Ely has resumed his studies at Phillips Academy at Andover. Ely will coach the Marshall Spring school football team of Watertown this season.

"Rib" Porter is also back at Phillips, playing a fast game with the pigskin.

Messrs. Robert J. and Max L. Holmes, Leland Powers and Warren Agry and William I. Fearing are at Hanover, N. H., where they have resumed their studies at Dartmouth college.

Raymond Hunting, '08, has been elected a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon at Amherst.

Among the prominent names mentioned to succeed President Eliot in the leadership of Harvard University, is that of Jerome D. Greene, a graduate of Newton High in the class of 1892. Since 1902 he has filled the office of secretary to the presi-

dent and to the University corporation, and it is through his close and exact knowledge of the workings of the University, gained in the fulfillment of duties as secretary, together with his proved energy and administrative ability, and loyalty to the traditions of the college, that his name has earned the right to thoughtful consideration for the vacant post.

Mr. Thomas Mahoney, Harvard '07, has been elected to membership in the Gamma Eta Gamma fraternity of the Boston University law school.

Evelyn Wadleigh, N. H. S., '08, has entered the Ely School for Girls at Greenwich, Conn.

"Bob" Mahoney, '08, won the 880-yard run at the fall interclass games at Brown University.

"Charlie" Paul, captain of last year's football team, played right tackle on the Yale freshmen team against the Harvard freshmen. Paul now has every chance to boom his reputation as a swift player.

A CHEMICAL ROMANCE.

Said Atom unto Molly Cule,

"Will you elope with me?"

And Molly Cule did quick reply,

"There's no affinity."

Beneath electric light plant's shade

Poor Atom thought he'd metre,

But she eloped with a rascal base,

And now her name's "Saltpeter."

—Ex.

Old Gentleman—"I wish to get your copies for a week back."

Editor—"Hadn't you better try a porous plaster?"

—Ex.

F—ierce lessons.

L—ate hours.

U—nexpected company.

N—othing prepared.

K—nocked understanding.

—Ex.



The antidote for a poor Base Hits column seems to have become apparent. We're glad, you're glad—everyone's happy. Let's continue the injection!

The samples of verse received are excellent; please pass us another helping!

We all felt sorry for you, Jackson, but we had to laugh at your broom crutches.

"An everlasting smile spread over the faces of the blessed gods."

The smile that won't come off, eh Wuzzy?

"Au revoir, Paul! Au revoir, Marie!"

Belcher, D., translating—"So long, Paul, so long, Mary!"

Wasn't Jackson silly to sprain his ankle doing the "monkey-walk"?

O — — h! Jackie!

In the physiology class during the discussion on the temperature of the body, it was brought up that nurses or doctors in charge of a sick person are especially careful during the early hours of the morning to watch the temperature so that it won't drop off—"the bed" was then heard in a loud whisper from the back seat on the left.

Paint, puffs, and all other beautifiers are to be found in Room 22.

What a perfectly horrid thing to say!

Allen, in I Greek—"They set sail through the broad army of the Greeks."

Don't delay in writing that base hit; do it now! Then employ the future for writing one or two others. Watch the result; it works like magic. Some loyal people

write a sheet of hits at once; these are carefully secured in our safety deposit box, and if usable, they are duly printed. In all cases cordial though tacit thanks understood from the editors.

One of the senior girls has invented a new method of punctuation. Mr. T—, however, says that it should not be adopted, because it is crazy.

Two is company,

Three is a crowd,

Eight abreast in the corridor

Is not allowed!

"Il y planta des pommes de terre."

He planted apple trees in the ground there.

Mr. M., to Very—"If you should square an angle, what would you get?"

Very—"The deuce, I suppose."

"Tip" pulls a wire in the vicinity of room 5, and on his birthday he drew a lovely box of candy. O fudge!

It's entertaining to hear the fair rooters comment on Buck. The other day one of them said to me: "Oh! Buck is just a Daisy Little Player, but why does he always give away the ball?"

Does he *always*?

Mr. T—"What is a fair example of the modern English idiom?"

Farwell—"Put an egg in your shoe and beat it."

Miss B. (reading)—"I see that only a part of you is here."

Warren, in a stage whisper—"That's me."

Mr. M. (to Senior Trig. class)—"You boys are worse than a class of girls about whispering. I'll have to paraphrase that old saying from, 'What's home without a mother?' to 'What is school without a mutter?'"

Mr. M. (in same class)—"Now, for the benefit of Wellington, we will all take example 26. The solution asks us to find the height of the bluff."

Will some one who is a good runner please ask Converse to stable his voice; it is a little hoarse.

The girls at Mt. Ida are pretty nice, aren't they, Davis?

There is much rivalry as to whether Davis or O'Neil is the superior as leader of the lunch-room cheer.

Loomis (translating German)—"Verdammt Wirtschaft,"—a naughty nuisance!"

Book 13, Theorem 1. Prove any cat has three tails.

Proof: Any cat has one more tail than no cat. No cat has two tails. ∴ Any cat has three tails. Q. E. D.

If you want to write verse and are a bit shaky on metre, copy the metre from a standard poem; if your thought is fresh no one will accuse you of stealing.

Teachee, teachee all day longee
Markee papers all the nightee.

Nerves all creepy?

No one kisse?

No one hugge?

Poor old maidee!

No one lovee! — *Unknown.*

Mr. T—"What is the remedy for love?"

Burns (somewhat puzzled)—"I dunno, unless its marriage."

From a Junior—The play Henry the Fifth is almost never akted on the stage today, because their is so many sences that it would be very hard to repersent them so many places in one akt.

N. B. Our contributor has not sworn to the verity of this statement.

Why is it folks sit this way
In the car we miss,
While in the one we catch at last
They're alljammeduplikethis?

A statesman once said he wanted a memento of two presidents. During McKinley's administration he purchased a little home and called it a "Memento of

McKinley." Now there is a mortgage on the house and he calls that a "Memento of 'Teddy.'"

Miss P—"What happened when sodium carbonate was heated?"

Cook—"My test tube broke."

Lynch (searching among the re-agent bottles)—"Where is the H₂O."

Bill Burmingham—"Try the faucet."

"Gaston crumbled up the note." Now, really, Burr—

Miss C—"What in modern times corresponds to the public tables of the Spartans?"

Gore—"A church supper."

Miss T. (giving sentence to be translated)—"But you have your pencil, have you not?"

H., 12—"No, I left it in Room 7."

Teacher—"What made you late this morning?"

Smart N. H. S. boy: "School began before I got here."

One of our little freshmen being unable to remember the French word for *fifteen* was told by a senior friend to remember it by thinking of cans—as, milk cans. The next day the "petite novice," having forgotten his cue for fifteen, counted as follows: "Onze, douze, treize, quartorze, 'pails.'"

In IV. Ger. A—"Undank ist der Welt Lohn."

Ingratitude is the world's salary!

A maid with a duster

Once made a great bluster,

A dusting a bust in the hall;

And when it was dusted,

The bust it was busted,

And the bust now is dust:

That is all.

Fair freshman (after school)—"Why do you make me have my seat surrounded by boys and me in the middle? I hate them!"

Teacher—"You won't always."

“Make Good”

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

[From Everybody's Magazine]

MAKE good.
Cut out “if,” “could,” and “should,”
And start in to saw wood.
You can still have the best
Things in life, like the rest
Of the men who’ve achieved
Just because they’ve believed
In themselves. You’re deceived
If you think fortune comes
With a rattle of drums
And a fanfare of state
To hand *yours* on a plate.
That isn’t the way
That she visits to-day.
You must get out and rustle and bustle and hustle;
You need all your muscle, for you’ve got to tussle,
Plunge into the fight,
Hit to left and to right,
And keep crashing and smashing.
Don’t let up with your striking
Till things meet your liking.
For God’s sake, stop bawling—
Instead, do some mauling.
It makes the world bitter
To look at a quitter;
Fate scowls when she sees
A grown-up on his knees.
A man with his health
Is a mine jammed with wealth
Full of unexplored lodes.
Why, the freckled-back toads
Have the sense to keep jumping—
And here *you* are frumping!
Come now, strike your gait—
It isn’t too late,
There’s no such thing as fate!
Drop that fool-talk of “luck,”
Get a grip on your pluck,
And buck.
Begin
To grin
And win.



ATHLETIC NOTES

Football

Newton, 5; St. Mark's, 0.

At Southboro on Oct. 28th, Newton defeated the strong St. Mark's team 5 to 0. The only score was a touchdown by Allen very early in the game. The ball was recovered on the 1-yard line, from where the Newton fullback was shoved over for the tally. From that time, the game was very close, neither team having much of an advantage, and the lone score made early in the game proved to be the only one.

The summary:—

Newton.	St. Mark's.
Barrows, l. e.	r. e. Dewey.
Pratt, l. t.	r. t. Howell.
Lynch (Weaver), l. g.	r. g. Kemp.
Slocum, c.	c. Burnett
Carey (Davis), r. g.	l. g. Rushmore (Gratz).
Van Tassel, r. t.	l. t. Bigelow.
Beatty, r. e.	l. e. Coleman.
Donohue, q. b.	q. b. Erwin.
Dunne, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Chatfield.
O'Neil, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Armour (Morgan).
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Dodge.

Score, Newton 5, St. Mark's 0. Umpire, Woodlock. Referee, Bragg. Field judge, White. Linesmen, Baldy and Marshall. Time, 20m. and 15m. periods.

Waltham, 12; Newton, 0.

On Waltham's football field, Newton lost a hard-fought battle to her old rival by the score of 12 to 0. Both of

Waltham's scores occurred in the first half; the first on a beautifully executed forward pass; the second, by intercepting one of Newton's forward passes, and carrying the ball 35 yards for a touchdown.

Throughout the second half, Newton played the Watch City team to a standstill, and deserved to score at least once. The final score in no way indicates the corresponding strength of the two teams.

The most noticeable feature of the game was the excellent teamwork of Newton. Time and again the linemen would form around the back carrying the ball, and tug to haul him along for many extra yards. Van Tassel was especially conspicuous at this. Barrows played the best game of his career, not only stopping many plays sent around his end, but punting finely both with and against the wind. O'Neil played strongly both on offense and defense, as did the other backs. The two conspicuous men on the line were Slocum and Van Tassel. "Scotty" was especially effective on the defense, with the aid of Carey spilling in a heap many plays sent against him.

Capt. "Gunk" was easily the star of the game. Although injured early in the play, he showed his grit by sticking it out to the

end, putting up a whirlwind game every minute of the time.

The summary:—

Waltham.	Newton.
Stankard (Ryan), l. e.	r. e. Beatty.
Miller (Rutter), l. t.	r. t. Van Tassel.
Getchell (Thomas), l. g.	r. g. Carey.
Guthrie, c.	c. Slocum.
Wright, r. g.	l. g. Lynch.
S. Smith, r. t.	l. t. Pratt.
Carlton (Evans), r. e.	l. e. Barrows.
T. Smith, q. b.	q. b. Donohue (Barber).
Barry, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Dunne.
Leary, r. h. b.	r. h. b. O'Neil.
Sanderson, f. b.	f. b. Allen.

Score, Waltham 12. Touchdowns, Carleton, Leary. Goals from touchdowns, Sanderson 2. Umpire, Noble. Referee, Marshall. Linesmen, Stark and Marshall. Time, 20m. and 15m. periods.

Newton, 0; Brookline, 0.

The first league game, played on Nov. 13th, against Brookline, resulted in a nothing to nothing score. The teams were very evenly matched, and neither one succeeded in gaining very consistently through the other.

The first half was largely a punting duel, as neither team could gain much ground by rushing. Once Brookline had the ball on Newton's 7-yard line, but lost it on downs. Again Newton carried it to Brookline's 20-yard line, but they also failed to make their distance. For the rest of the half the ball seesawed back and forth in the middle of the field. But in the second half things were different. Brookline took the ball from the kick-off steadily down the field, only to lose it a few yards from Newton's goal-line. After Newton punted, they again took up their advance, but again lost the ball as they were about to score. Then Newton, taking their cue from their opponents, carried the ball by consistent rushing far into Brookline's territory, but lost it on downs. Before they could again threaten Brookline's goal-line, the game ended.

The summary:—

Newton.	Brookline.
Barrows, l. e.	r. e. Bouvé.
Davis, l. t.	r. t. Willets.
Lynch, l. g.	r. g. Gallert.
Slocum, c.	c. Driscoll.
Carey, r. g.	l. g. Nadel.
Van Tassel, r. t.	l. t. Carr.
Beatty, r. e.	l. e. Ainsworth.
Donohue, q. b.	q. b. Kerrigan.
Dunne, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Floyd.
O'Neil (Loomis), r.h.b.	l. h. b. Ahern.
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Pogue.
Umpire, Woodlock.	Referee, Noble. Lines-
men, Allen and Wood.	Time, 20m. halves.

Newton, 23; Cambridge Latin, 4.

In a rather one-sided contest, Newton defeated Cambridge Latin, 23 to 4, piling up four touchdowns with very little difficulty. At the beginning of the game, however, Cambridge had things pretty much her own way. Newton seemed unable to fathom Latin's versatile attack, until at last Capt. Van Tassel, who was on the side lines on account of a slight injury, got into the game. From that time, Cambridge didn't have a look-in, although Capt. Close sent a pretty drop-kick between the posts from the 28-yard line.

Newton worked the ball down to Latin's 20-yard line, from where, on three rushes behind "Van," Allen went over for the first touchdown, and Dunne kicked the goal. This ended the scoring in the first half.

It took only two minutes in the second half to push Allen over the line for the second touchdown. Again Dunne kicked the goal. The third touchdown came when "Buck" gathered in a short kick by Cambridge, and, with almost perfect interference, ran 40 yards for a touchdown. Towards the end of the game Loomis intercepted a forward pass by Cambridge and ran 30 yards for the fourth and last touchdown.

The summary:—

Newton.	Cambridge Latin.
Barrows (Cannon), 1. e.	r. e. Mason.
Pratt, 1. t.	r. t. Coleman.
Weaver (Lynch), 1. g.	r. g. Goepper.
Slocum, c.	c. Burnham.
Carey, r. g.	1. g. Fitzgerald.
Davis (Van Tassel), r. t.	1. t. Hannigan.
Beatty (Gallagher), r. e.	1. e. Ireland.
Donohue (Barber), q. b.	q. b. Marritt.
Dunne, 1. h. b.	r. h. b. Graustein.
Loomis, r. h. b.	1. h. b. Close.
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Hodges.

Score, Newton 23, Cambridge 4. Touchdowns, Allen 2, Donohue, Loomis. Goals from touchdowns, Dunne 3. Goal from field, Close. Umpire, Parks. Referee, McCabe. Field judge, Woodlock. Linesmen, Allen and Wood. Time, 20m. halves.

Thanksgiving Game.

Newton 4, Brookline 0, tells the story, short but sweet, of the finest game as yet played on Claflin Field; the game in which, for the third consecutive year, Newton won the football championship of the Preparatory League. The two teams were very evenly matched, and neither was equal to the task of carrying the ball across the opponent's goal-line. The second game would probably have resulted in another score-less tie, had it not been for Dunne's dandy place kick from the 30-yard line in the second half.

Both teams had first-class punters, and the early part of the game resulted itself into a punting duel between Barrows and Gallert, with honors about even. Each team also executed two beautiful forward passes for almost the same gain. Although the weather was disagreeable, both teams played grandly, and more than fulfilled the expectations of their supporters.

FIRST HALF.

Brookline kicked off to Allen on the 2-yard line, and he brought the ball in 15 yards before being downed. After two unsuccessful attempts to gain, Barrows punted to mid-field. Brookline returned the punt to the 8-yard line, where "Buck" was dropped in his tracks. An exchange

of punts followed, which gave Newton the ball at her 20-yard line. Again Newton was unable to gain, so Barrows lifted a beautiful spiral well into Brookline's territory, where Kerrigan was brought down on a fine dive tackle by Weaver. A perfectly executed forward pass, Donahue to Allen, netted 15 yards, and a moment later one to Gallagher placed the ball on Brookline's 10-yard line. Here the visitors' defense stiffened, and they held Newton for downs. A double exchange of punts gave Newton the ball on her 50-yard line. Allen got 8 yards and O'Neil 10 around end, but Brookline got possession of the ball, only intercepting a forward pass. The half closed with the ball in Brookline's possession on Newton's 45-yard line.

SECOND HALF.

Barrows opened the second half by kicking off to Brookline's 20-yard line. After a series of short gains, Gallert punted to "Tip," who ran the kick back to within 5 yards of where it was punted. Newton gathered its strength to make a tremendous effort to carry the ball across Brookline's goal-line, and was gaining well, when a misdirected forward pass gave the ball to Brookline. On their third down, Gallert fell back to punt, but, overwhelmed by the Newton line, he tried to rush it out, only to be dropped in his tracks, thereby giving the ball to Newton on downs. Here was Newton's opportunity! "Tip" carried the ball out nearly in front of the goal-posts, and Dunne, from the 30-yard line, sent a place kick right between the posts.

After the kick-off, Brookline took a decided brace, and carried the ball steadily down the field, till they threatened Newton's goal; but the Newton team was equal to the emergency, and held Brookline safe till the end of the game.

Hats off to Captain Van Tassel and the team of 1908!

The summary:—

Newton.	Brookline.
Barrows (Cannon), l. e.	r. e. Bouvé.
Davis (Pratt), l. t.	r. t. Willets.
Weaver, l. g.	r. g. Gallert.
Slocum, c.	c. Driscoil.
Carey, r. g.	l. g. Nadel.
Van Tassel, r. t.	l. t. Carr.
Gallagher, r. e.	l. e. Ainsworth.
Donohue, q. b.	q. b. Kerrigan.
Dunne (Beatty), l. h. b.	r. h. b. Floyd.
O'Neil, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Ahern.
Allen, f. b.	f. b. Pogue.

Score, Newton 4. Goal from field, Dunne.
 Umpire, Noble. Referee, Woodlock. Head
 linesman, Connolly. Time, 20m. halves.

Basketball

Basketball practice commenced on Saturday, October 31st. A great deal of enthusiasm is shown for basketball this year, there being one hundred and twenty-four out for it, including about sixty freshmen. As there is some very good material, and such a large number of candidates, a winning team ought to be picked for this year.

Field Hockey

The list of field-hockey games this season has been larger than usual, including three games with Radcliffe—in which Newton, true to her reputation, came out successful—, a game with the Alumnæ, and a game between the Seniors and Sophomores.

The first game with Radcliffe was played in Newton on November 5th, and was a tie, 1-1. Radcliffe made a goal at the very beginning of the game, and soon Newton carried the ball through Radcliffe's goal. Both teams played hard in the second half, but neither succeeded in scoring.

The second game was played in Cambridge on November 7th, and Newton defeated Radcliffe by a score of 3-1. Much credit is due the Newton team, since the Radcliffe girls were larger and heavier.

The last game, also in Cambridge, was played on November 12th, and was a tie, 4-4.

1909 vs. 1911.

On November 9th, the Seniors defeated the Sophomores in an exciting game, by a score of 3-1.

The summary:—

Seniors.	Sophomores.
Miss Thayer, c. c.	c. c. Miss Kempton.
Miss Webster, r. i. f.	r. i. f. Miss Tewksbury.
Miss Barton, r. w.	r. w. Miss Robinson.
Miss Burgess, l. i. f.	l. i. f. Miss Keith.
Miss Smith, l. w.	l. w. Miss Allen.
Miss Butters, c. h. b.	c. h. b. Miss Bouvé.
Miss Whittlesley, r. h. b.	r. h. b. Miss Holmes.
Miss Ware, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Miss Brant.
Miss Hunt, r. f. b.	r. f. b. Miss Rice.
Miss Tapley, l. f. b.	l. f. b. Miss Clark.
Miss Chase, g.	g. Miss Carpenter.

Score: 1909—3, 1911—1.

Newton vs. Alumnæ.

The morning after Thanksgiving, Newton played a team of Alumnæ, the most of whom were on last year's school team. In spite of their lack of practice, the Alumnæ held our team to a tie of 1-1.

The summary:—

Newton.	Alumnæ.
Miss Thayer (Burgess), c. c.	c. c. Miss Harrington.
Miss Tewksbury, r. i. f.	r. i. f. Miss Walworth.
Miss Robinson, r. w.	r. w. Miss Shepardson.
Miss Webster, l. i. f.	l. i. f. Miss Whitney.
Miss Allen, l. w.	l. w. Miss Pullen.
Miss Butters, c. h. b.	c. h. b. Miss Johnson.
Miss Barton, r. h. b.	r. h. b. Miss Whitcomb.
Miss Ware, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Miss Caverly.
Miss Smith, r. f. b.	r. f. b. Miss D. Cunningham. ham.
Miss Tapley, l. f. b.	l. f. b. Miss Smith.
Miss Chase, g.	g. Miss Nutt.

Score, Newton 1, Alumnæ 1. Goals, Miss Webster 1, Miss Walworth 1. Umpire, Miss E. Cunningham.

Track

Capt. "Dan" Mahoney issues an urgent call for candidates for the track team. Several of last year's championship track team have been lost through graduation, and their places must be filled by new men. There is plenty of room for those who are willing to come out and work. Show your school spirit, and when, after the Christmas vacation, the call comes, respond, and support Capt. Mahoney in his efforts to give to Newton, for the third consecutive year, a championship track team.

The Passing of Queen Guinevere

By DOROTHY STANLEY EMMONS, 1910

ALL was silent in the great rooms of the Abbey, save for the occasional sobs and moans of a group of nuns, kneeling about the bedside of their beloved Abbess, whose spirit was fast slipping away from this mortal world.

"Pray do not weep thus for me, my Sisters, for I go to join my king in the world where all is good and pure. But let me tell thee of a vision, borne upon me while I slept last night. Faintly, as from a distance far, methought I heard a sound as of a thousand silver bells pealing in sweet harmony, and as yet I listened, the sound grew louder and seemed to hover over my head.

"Then of a sudden a great white light surrounding many angels appeared, and in the midst of these, borne upon the arms of two bright forms, I saw Sir Lancelot of the Lake ascend toward heaven. And I

thought that he looked back and beckoned me, and called my name; then, slowly fading from my sight, he passed with the angels into heaven. So now, dear Sisters, happy in the thought that Lancelot at last is with the blessed, and that my king awaits me there, I pass."

And lo! at her last words, behold, a ray of light shot swiftly down upon the bed where lay the queen, and widening, its light becoming more and more blinding to the kneeling nuns, spread quickly over the whole room. Then spoke a voice, with all the love and tenderness of man. And the word was, "Guinevere!"

A look as of divine joy and happiness spread over the face of the dying queen, as she answered: "Arthur, O my king!"

Slowly the light faded, and all was dark and silent in the room.

Thus passed the Abbess Guinevere.

He's Left Who Comes Too Late

The school-bell rings at half-past eight,
The fellow runs apace,
He yet may reach the schoolroom—late—
But hard is now the race.
He sees the scholars by the stack,
He utters free his fate.
And mutters as he wanders back,
"He's left who comes too late."

At six the dinner's smoking hot;
The wine foams in the glass;
The soup is boiling in the pot
That deffest waiters pass.
The wine is flat; the soup is cold;
The fellow comes at eight:—
You see the old, old story's told,
"He's left who comes too late."

A maiden holds a heart in thrall—
He cherishes her glove,
And sighs to gain her, that is all!
He does not tell his love.
And some fine day the cruel mail,
Bears as a dreadful fate,
Her wedding cards—then let him wail—
"He's left who comes too late."

B. S. J., '10.

"I give you my word the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the Judge, sternly, "will be expelled from the courtroom and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner, and the Judge pondered.

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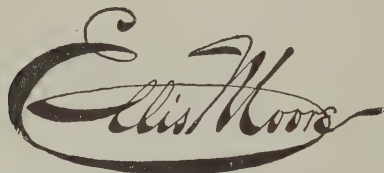
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY, 1909

No. 4

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THE REVIEW is published monthly, except during July, August, September, by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of THE REVIEW Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents, and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 160 Lincoln Street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in REVIEW box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 32 Washington Park, Newtonville.

Entered at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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The New Opportunities

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

In the World's Work magazine

[The world loves an optimist; there are always people eager to give him attention. But optimism is not always forcefully presented, nor is it invariably a vehicle of sound common sense. We believe, however, that these finer qualities may be readily observed in this extract from the world-famous optimist, John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller's message is both sane and sanguine—a tiding of cheer for all young America.—Editor.]



THE great economic era we are entering will give splendid opportunity to the young man of the future. One often hears the men of this generation say that they do not have the chances that their fathers and grand-

fathers had. How little they know of the disadvantages from which we suffered! In my young manhood we had everything to do and nothing to do it with; we had to hew our own paths along new lines; we had little experience to go on. Capital was most difficult to get, credits were mysterious things. Whereas now we have a system of commercial ratings, everything was then haphazard and we suffered from a stupendous war and all the disasters which followed.

Compare this day with that. Our comforts and opportunities are multiplied a thousandfold. The resources of our great land are now actually opening up and are scarcely touched; our home markets are vast, and we have just begun to think of the foreign peoples we can serve—the people who are years behind us in civilization. In the East a quarter of the human race is just awakening. The men of this generation are entering into a heritage which makes their father's lives look poverty-stricken in comparison. I am naturally an optimist, and when it comes to a statement of what our people will accomplish in the future, I am unable to express myself with sufficient enthusiasm.

There are many things we must do to attain the highest benefit from all these great blessings; and not the least of these is to build up our reputation throughout the whole world.

The great business interests will, I hope, so comport themselves that foreign capital will consider it a desirable thing to hold shares in American companies. It is for Americans to see that foreign investors are well and honorably treated, so that they will never regret purchases of securities. I firmly and sincerely believe . . . that they will be so managed.

EDITORIALS

Reflections

To us Americans, the word America implies our life, our liberty, our law. We think of our America with pride, we venerate it in fond devotion. But, as for definitely depicting American life, in its widely various interests, that is a vast problem—a task to which we are loath to set ourselves. Nevertheless, if we are to improve, we must be able to see clearly and to analyze our failings.

To many foreigners, an American is a crude sort of fellow, who does things, and is apt to do them well. Few foreigners however, undertake to set us down—to define us in our many activities, that we may see ourselves in effigy. Thus arises this question: Where is American life mirrored? Where may we see perfectly reflected our tastes, our works and our ideals? The newspaper can not be our reflector. Its lurid pictures of disaster and crime make it repugnant to our sensibilities; its editorials are largely mere political rivalry.

Where, then, are set before us our problems of literature, of commerce, and of science? Where, indeed, if not in American magazines? They are our true mirrors; in them we may examine ourselves critically. It is the magazine editor that senses our tastes accurately, and appreciatively satisfies their demands. By him, and by his representatives, our law, and love, and life are recorded. It is with pride that we find our standard magazines clean, literary, and artistic—thoughtful advisors, cautious directors, refined idealists.

The standard American magazines truly mirror the soul of great America and the American people. From the conclusions and suggestions that we find in them, we may safely direct investigation, and open the road to clearer perception and sounder judgment. This much is left to us: to

keep ourselves well advised, and to seize the opportunity for improvement. If, when we go into the world, we perform faithfully our half of this one function, we shall have cast off the ponderous weight of inertia that now effectually checks advance; and we shall have inaugurated a safer, a finer, and a more progressive America.

In speaking of the December **Play Ball!** Review, Mr. Carl Holbrook, editor during 1907-1908, said: "It is the best yet; stories and base-hits are plentiful and excellent."

We are proud of our December number, because it is an emblem of loyalty. Since the first of the year, we have felt the influence of a few loyal friends—people that contribute because they are true to the School, and loyal to its highest intellectual interest; because they feel and appreciate the appeal urged by editors and teachers. Such people do not dote upon a flatly tentative "tease me"; they do not delve industriously for a dust-begrimed "I can't." Quietly, modestly, they do all in their power to improve The Review, our sole enduring interest, the only school enterprise by which we are judged in institutions throughout the United States, and abroad.

We repeat: we are proud of our December issue, as an emblem of the loyalty of a few; but, in the future, we shall be a thousandfold prouder to make The Review an example of the coöperation of all. We do not expect literature, we do not demand poetry; just give us the best you can, and we shall be fully satisfied. Who, in all our thousand members, is unable to offer a class note or a base-hit? How many are there that can not write a story, or an article of interest? And, if at first you don't succeed, remember that "a grouch is a grievance fallen into disrepair"; forget it; get back into the game, play ball, and make the dust fly!

Red Roses

By KATHARINE NORTON



IT was five o'clock in the afternoon, the day before Christmas. The snow, so necessary for good Santa Claus and his sleigh, was just beginning to fall in big white flakes; by midnight, there would be a smooth, deep path for the course of the reindeer. Old Santa could not fail to come on such a night!

So thought little Lucy Sinclair as she peeped curiously out the window of a big limousine car, to watch the chauffeur lighting the lamps. Nearby, on the sidewalk, stood her big brother Jim, selecting a cigar from his case with the utmost leisure. Their numerous purchases had been successfully accomplished, yet both hated to leave the gay shops and merry crowds, although it was already quite late for the little girl, and she was more tired than she would confess. Just as they had decided to start, however, among the throng of passers-by Jim suddenly caught sight of Hugh Mitchell, one of his old Dartmouth chums, and Miss Barbara Vancourt, a Smith College girl, home for the holidays. Now, of all the many people whom Jim knew, these two were, perhaps, the ones he cared most for, and his heart warmed affectionately, as he went forward with outstretched hand.

"How do you do, Miss Barbara? This is an unlooked-for pleasure. Great Scott, Hugh! What a giant you are getting to be! Don't break all the bones in my hand, old man!"

Thereupon, the merry little group burst into enthusiastic conversation. The moments flew by, and poor, tired little Lucy, peering anxiously out the window of the auto, was quite forgotten. When Barbara Vancourt finally looked up and spied her, she gave an exclamation of surprise.

"James Sinclair," she said sternly, "you

ought to be ashamed of yourself! The child should have been home long ago. She's dead tired; and it's the night before Christmas, too!" She ran over to the machine and called out "Merry Christmas!" to the little girl, who stared at her, with solemn eyes, and pressed her wee nose flat against the window pane. In one hand, she clutched the strings of various white packages, and in the other a big red rose, which she had insisted on purchasing that afternoon.

"You're just like me, Lucy Little," said Miss Vancourt, laughingly. "Red roses are my favorite flowers, too."

Then she turned away to reproach Jim for his slowness. He climbed reluctantly into the car, and sat down with a thump. It was very aggravating, this taking care of small sisters, whose bedtime was at a most inconvenient hour.

"Good-by!" he called, looking back to wave a heavily-gloved hand. "I'll see you both at the dance to-morrow night. Be sure to save one for me, Barbara!"

Then he thrust both hands deep down into the pockets of his spacious fur coat, leaned back luxuriously against the leather cushions, and said not a word all the way home. When Lucy had been safely deposited at the big stone house, he told the chauffeur to drive down to the florist's shop. Here he climbed out, and stood hesitating a moment, before entering. The window was filled with Christmas decorations—masses of green wreaths, mistletoe, holly, and even red roses. Sinclair opened the door and went in boldly.

"I want you to deliver a dozen of your biggest red roses to Miss Barbara Vancourt, 43 Highland avenue, to-morrow evening, at seven o'clock," he said to the clerk. "You may put my card with them."

He drew a card from his pocket, and scribbled hastily across the back of it, "I send these with best wishes, in the humble hope that you will wear them." He sealed the card in an envelope, handed it to the clerk, and hurried out. The big machine rolled off down the street, just as Hugh Mitchell appeared round the corner, and entered the florist's shop.

"I want you to deliver a dozen of your biggest red roses to Miss Barbara Vancourt, 43 Highland avenue, tomorrow evening, at seven o'clock," he said to the clerk. "You may put my card with them."

He drew a card from his pocket, and stood for a moment in thought. Then, across the back of it, he scribbled that old and time-worn sentiment, "Wear these for my sake." He sealed the card in an envelope, handed it to the clerk, who received it with an air of solemn gravity, and hurried out.

"It makes a fellow feel queer, somehow—this doing the Santa Claus act," he remarked to himself, on the way home. "I hope she will wear them to-morrow night!"

The Vancourt house was crowded with gay young people on the following evening. Mrs. Vancourt did the duties of hostess admirably; for Barbara had not yet appeared among her guests. It was already past time for the first dance, and the music had begun to play. Suddenly, all eyes were turned in one direction. Down the broad staircase came Barbara Vancourt. She was dressed all in white, even to the string of rare pearls about her bare throat; but, drooping gracefully against the white gown, was a brilliant cluster of perfect red roses. Below, in the hall, Jim Sinclair stood, folding and unfolding his dance order, with nervously trembling fingers. So she had worn them after all! He glanced triumphantly at Hugh Mitchell. Hugh was a tall, fine looking fellow,

with dark hair, and very black eyes; but his proud smile had no meaning for Jim Sinclair.

An eager crowd pressed around Miss Vancourt, all begging for dances. Young Mitchell received the fourth, Sinclair was favored with the sixth; but Harrison Kildare, a youthful Irish lad, with blue eyes and many freckles, wrote his name three times upon the dainty card. Both Hugh and Jim glowered at him, but the dance was beginning, and they were obliged to depart, in quest of partners.

When the fifth dance was over, and Jim had, with some difficulty, escaped from the clutches of a most talkative and uninteresting young person, he hurried over to Miss Vancourt, and bore her proudly away from a throng of disappointed admirers.

"Now," said he to himself, with a final attempt to preserve outward calm, "now is the time to play my highest card." Then he added aloud: "I am going to ask you to do me a great favor, Barbara. Will you sit out this next dance?"

Miss Vancourt pouted most adorably. "But I'd much rather dance it," she said, wrinkling her forehead into a frown.

Sinclair besought, entreated, pleaded; and all so earnestly that she was finally persuaded to comply, and led the way to the conservatory, where they sat down, among the palms and flowers.

"Now, Mr. Seriousness," said she, laughingly, "what is it you want?"

Sinclair leaned forward in his chair, and began to speak in a low voice. "First of all," he said, a bit unsteadily, "I want to thank you for wearing my flowers to-night. If you knew how much it has meant to me——"

He stopped short. Miss Vancourt had risen, and her slender hand fell half caressingly upon his black coat sleeve.

"Jim," she said, gently, "I must tell you, even if it hurts. These aren't your flowers. Mr. Mitchell sent me some, too,

but I couldn't wear those, either. You see," a little flush crept up into her cheeks, but she met his eyes bravely, "you see, Jim, Mr. Kildare sent me some roses, also, and I—I had to wear those. Jim, forgive me if I hurt you, Mr. Kildare and I are engaged. It will be announced to-night after the last dance."

The music was playing very softly. It was the last dance. Sinclair sought Hugh Mitchell, and spoke to him hurriedly, lest his voice break. "I say, old man, let's go home."

Mitchell turned to his partner, a pretty girl, with blue eyes, and a wealth of forget-me-nots in her fair hair. "Is your last dance taken, Miss Hill?" he asked, anxiously, with no apparent signs of grief in his face.

"I'm afraid it is. I'm sorry, Mr. Mitchell. I hope we shall meet again," she said, graciously.

"So do I," said Hugh to himself, as he went out to get his coat.

They stood in the doorway a moment, watching the dancers. The crushed leaves of some red roses fell against Harrison Kildare's black coat, and slipped to the floor. Sinclair turned hastily away, and strode out the door. With a parting glance at the fair Miss Hill, Mitchell followed him out into the snowy night.

"Jim, old boy," he said, laying a heavy hand on the other's broad shoulder, "I can't say I think much of red roses, after all; but, I say, Jim, forget-me-nots aren't half bad!"

There was no answer.

A Prosperous Run

By PAUL H. SMART, 1910



SMALL steam fishing-boat lay moored in the entrance of a secluded New England harbor, where only occasionally the high seas and roaring winds of a storm penetrate. On this day, however, the waves rolled in through what was known as the "Roads," and dashed upon the beach. The little vessel appeared to take the breakers with an ill-concealed spite, and endeavored, if possible, to pound herself to pieces on each successive wave. The boat was old, having seen thirty years of active, partially successful service, besides several periods of inactivity. The present owner had secured it on a small advance payment, with the understanding that the remaining amount should be paid after the first cruise. On this account, the skipper was not anxious to set out, until there was something in store which bade fair to enable him to finish payment. He

had remained anchored in the "Roads" for a fortnight, cleaning and repairing the old battered vessel.

He came laboring up the ladder, from his cabin, to see the cause of the pounding. He thrust his weatherbeaten head above the deck, and remarked to his mate, standing near the wheel: "'Pears as if they was having bad weather outside, don't it?" He clambered upon the bridge and surveyed the harbor. "Looks as much like a good storm as we've seen in here for considerable 'mount o' time. The wind is in a somewhat unusual quarter, and is bringing them waves in here in fine shape. D'you calculate we 'ud be apt to run across any salvage, after this moderates a mite?" he queried, turning to the mate.

"I guess it 'ud 'ave to moderate consid'able 'fore this junk heap 'ud be capable of much more than lookin' after

herself," rejoined the mate. "And the glass is falling steady," he added.

" 'Tain't nothing to frighten ye, be it?" said the skipper.

"I ain't no more frightened than ye, but I don't exactly like the idea of the way this 'ere hull be patched together."

"No, sir," said the skipper, "it ain't my way to talk 'bout the trifling defects in my things; everything has defects, so far as I'm able to see."

The skipper looked around, and, descending to his cabin, said to himself: "It's moderating a mite, and 'fore dark we'll take a run outside, and see if there happens to be anything to pick up, and help me to pay off."

All the rest of the afternoon, the mate ruled the deck, and walked about surveying, with evident satisfaction, his afternoon's progress in repairing.

A little before sunset the skipper came on deck, and issued orders to steam out of the "Roads." He kept the crew busy, while he took the wheel, and sent the mate forward to keep a lookout. After the last headland was passed, he gave the helm to the mate and went below. The "Race Horse" (that was the vessel's name) ploughed along, making rough work of the heavy seas, shipping, at times, whole waves, and always dashing up clouds of cold spray. The wind scudded across the waves, and, above, the clear stars were at times obscured by rapidly moving clouds. A faint moon was visible, and shed across the water a pale streak of light.

The mate kept a sharp lookout, from his place at the wheel, and, from time to time, he stood up and examined the broad expanse stretching out before him. He muttered to himself: "There don't appear to be much lying around loose for us to pick up, and I guess the captain be 'bout the only one who thinks this is a respectable night for a boat to take a pleasure trip."

He got up from his position, and looked around again. Nothing was in sight. Sitting down, he continued his thought. Unconsciously, he began talking to himself, and discussing the character of his superior.

"Looks to me as if he wan't over-blessed with a remarkable 'mount o' sense. He 'pears to have definite ideas 'bout this ship being a good one, and fit to lug anything she happens to meet. If this wind holds, I calculate that this thing will have job enough, and no steam to spare, getting into port herself, without hauling after her any half-sunk hulk she runs across."

He looked about, and thought that far ahead he could see something that looked rather dark. It had no definite shape, but was only a dark mass, looming above the water. He steered straight on for some time, the dark object steadily becoming more and more defined. At last, his duty forced him to summon the skipper, although he knew well that, if it happened to be anything of any use, the skipper would be sure to take it in tow; and the mate was much averse to such an undertaking. The skipper tumbled up the ladder, rubbing his eyes, and demanded what the fuss was about.

The mate showed him the dark object, on their quarter, and said: "'Pears to be a schooner, but no sails are set, and she ain't being handled, by the course she is taking. She sets rather low, and moves awkward-like; possibly that's 'cause nobody is handling her."

The captain looked at her through his glass, turned to the mate, and said, "This is luck for us; she is just what we've been prowling about after. You lower the boat there, take two men, and go investigate her; she looks likely to me."

The mate pulled off from the steamboat with a tow-line, and reached the schooner, after a hard pull. The three men were soaked with the icy water, and gladly

clambered up the side. When they reached the deck they hesitated somewhat, doubtless inspired by the awe which is certain to take possession of a man on board a deserted ship. By the light of their lantern, the ship was seen to be abandoned, as the skipper had declared at first sight.

The mate fastened the tow-line, and took his place at the wheel of the schooner. The other two men hoisted a lantern, as a signal that all was ready, and prepared to help in managing the ship.

The real struggle now commenced. The engineer labored with the engine and put on every available pound of steam. Slowly, very slowly, the steamer began to forge ahead. The barometer began to fall, and the storm threatened to increase any minute. The tow-line tightened, and, with a jerk, the schooner lunged into a head-sea. The high crests rushed the full length of the deck, and almost swept the helmsman from his feet.

The two vessels were now under way, but the motion was slow and hardly perceptible. The engine clanked and screeched; every ounce of steam was on, and, every minute, the storm was increasing. The engineer gave up hope, came to the skipper, and told him that the engine could hardly take the steamer to port, much less the schooner in tow. The captain ordered him to mind his machinery; he would attend to reaching port. Through an open door the skipper, at the wheel, could see the engineer shoveling coal constantly; the ruddy glow from the open door of the firebox was reflected on the chest of the fireman, exposed by the open flaps of his flannel shirt. The skipper gazed at the perspiration standing on the man's forehead, and then looked down on himself, clad in oilskin, up to his ankles in the icy water, with the spray frozen upon him.

As the boat rose on a wave, he could hear the buzzing of the propeller, as it

rose from the water. It seemed as if one out of four revolutions missed. Still the tow-line held, the schooner followed, and the fishing-steamer remained together. To the mate on the schooner it seemed a perfect marvel that the old "loose-jointed, rickety hulk," as he styled it, remained intact.

The hours wore by, with no change, except the gradual progress of the two vessels. The skipper remained at the wheel, and the engineer continued to stoke his fire. The weather remained clear, and the captain could ascertain his whereabouts easily. He realized that he was approaching the most dangerous part of his course. A large reef lay a short distance from the entrance of the "Roads," and, at about that point, the storm would strike the ship on the quarter, and make him exert every power, to bring the two ships through safely. He consoled himself, however, because, when he reached this reef, he would be almost home.

The reef was reached, and the waves had even more power on the ship than the skipper supposed. The schooner became unruly and threatened to break its line. The waves dashed over both vessels, and now began to enter the engine-room. The shallowest part of the reef now came, and there were many doubts in the skipper's mind as to whether the schooner could safely pass over. He was beginning to take heart again, when a huge wave swept over the ship, and threw him against the rail. He was some time getting up, and, when finally he did rise, he found himself unable to stand. He sank down on the seat beside the wheel, but he said nothing, and kept a firm grasp of the spokes.

In a few minutes, he was all right again, and he guided the ship, after that, to keep the water from passing over the entire deck. He was successful in averting the great strength of the storm, by heading into the breakers; but he was running

upon the reefs, where he feared every minute the schooner would ground.

When he was attempting to ease away from the shallow water, a large wave swept over the boat. The captain gripped the wheel and held on firmly. The wave passed over, and swept on toward the schooner. The engine gave a thud, a clank—and then stopped! The water was flooding the engine-room floor, and had reached the engine itself. The captain stared ahead, but never moved.

A cry from the schooner aroused him, and he looked around, in time to see the vessel, low down in the water, lurch sideways upon the reef. That moment, the engine started, and sent the steamer ahead into the breakers, with a bound. The tow-line tightened, and, with a great jerk, wrenched the ship from the reef. A large hole was left in the side, where it had been thrown upon the rocks. The mate sent the two men to patch it up, and to work the pumps, while he grasped the wheel.

The reef was now passed, and the steamer entered the welcome protection of the "Roads." The captain surveyed the small ship with pride, and then cast a backward glance at the schooner.

The old fishing-steamer dropped anchor where she had ridden the night before, and the captain helped his mate over the side, and greeted him with these words: "Don't ye like the way this 'ere hulk be patched together? At least, ye said ye didn't t'other night. Mebbe ye'll have changed your mind now. This ship 'll stand anything you or I ever see, and she's mine, now; and ye helped ter make 'er mine, too. You're deserving of one like 'er yourself."

We want verse; we need it more than money. Needing some? Yes; but you can keep the pace. *Will you?*

The Storm

[FROM VIRGIL]

Æolus, king of the stormclouds, master of
winds and of tempests,
Bribed as he is by Queen Juno, thus carries
out her petition.
Striking with spear point turned, the cave
where the winds are imprisoned,
Lo! through the gash in the mountain,
like a mighty assaulting column,
Out rush the winds with deep howlings, and
blow o'er the land in a whirlwind.
Now they have swooped on the sea, and
together the South wind and North
wind
And the tempestuous African wind up-
heave the blue depths of the ocean,
Rolling up over the shore huge waves with
a booming terrific.
Now comes the shouting of men and the
creaking and groaning of hawsers.
Suddenly clouds and sky and the dolorous
day have all vanished,
Snatched from the sight of the Trojans, and
darkness broods over the waters.
Thunders resound in the heavens, and the
skies flash out in red fury;
Everything threatens disaster and imme-
diate death to the Trojans.

D. S. E., '10

Spring Ballad

Johnny is chasing a bumble-bee
In the blossoming fields of May,
Up in my window, thoughtfully
I list to his eager play.

But the bee flew high
And the bee flew wide,
In vain poor Johnny sought it.
Hark! hear those screams!
Now I plainly know
That little Johnny has caught it.

—'09.

When Nat Went to Town

By HELEN F. KENT, 1911



HERE will be a meeting of the Ashley Club in Room A to-day at half-past one. I should like to have all the members present."

The speaker was the president of the Ashley Club, in the Faulkner Boys School. The mid-year vacation of two weeks, regularly kept at this school, was near at hand, and, consequently, it was necessary to have a farewell meeting to settle accounts, and to make plans for the annual masquerade, to be held in February.

Promptly at half-past one, the meeting opened. Various business matters were settled first, these taking nearly an hour, and then, while the treasurer collected the unpaid dues, the boys were free to talk over anything else that interested them.

"I think it's right mean of Nat Colburn not to come this afternoon," said Frank Everett, indignantly. "He might have known that we needed his ideas to help us out."

"Yes, I don't see why he had to go to town so early," put in another boy.

"He ought to be present at the last meeting, anyway," said another. For Nat Colburn was the leader of the club, and his unique and original ideas were always hailed with delight by his comrades.

Then the discussion changed to the subject of the masquerade, and soon the meeting broke up, and the boys passed in groups down the long corridors to the main hall, from which their rooms led.

A group of seven boys, among them the president and secretary, stopped at the door of the president's sitting-room, and continued to talk about costumes which they should wear.

Suddenly, during a pause in the conversation, Frank Everett, turning around, happened to notice that the door of Nat's sitting-room was ajar.

"Say, fellows," he whispered, "Nat must be back from town early to-day."

At this, all turned and saw the partly opened door.

"That's so," replied Ted Freeman, "let's go in and give him a good lecture. I think he really needs it."

The others agreed to his suggestion, and tiptoed across the corridor. Frank Everett peeped into the little sitting-room, but he quickly drew back his head. There was a look of blank astonishment on his face.

"What did you see, Frank, a ghost?" asked Merton Brown, the president, laughing.

"Sh—sh!" whispered Frank, cautiously. "Boys, what do you think? There's a girl in that room!"

"No," said Merton, astounded, "surely you're joking."

"Go and see for yourself, then," replied Frank.

"Nonsense," said Ted Freeman; and a like exclamation was uttered by every other boy.

But, one after the other, they peeped into the room and saw a girl—yes, a girl—with her back turned towards them, apparently reading very industriously. A look similar to that worn by Frank on his discovery now spread over every face.

"Say, Frank," finally whispered President Merton, when, after a longer look than any of the others, he was satisfied that his eyes did not deceive him, "we'll all pack into my room, across here, and you keep guard. If you see or hear that Nat's in there, signal to us, and we'll all be over there in a moment."

With these directions, the others repaired to Brown's apartments, while Frank stood guard at Nat's door. In about three minutes, he signaled frantically, and the boys crowded out very quietly.

As soon as they came within a safe distance, Frank exclaimed: "Boys, it's Nat himself!"

Such a jostling and crowding as there was then, and every boy tried to get a look for himself.

"It can't be possible that it's Nat," said Jack Warner.

"And that doesn't look like false hair," exclaimed another boy.

"I do wish he'd turn round a little, so we could get a better view of his face," whispered the president; and, just then, the person turned, to directly face the door, and, although all uttered exclamations of astonishment, they were fully satisfied that it was Nat.

At this, Merton Brown accidentally rattled the door knob. The figure looked towards the door, and, seeing the boys, appeared surprised and startled.

"Now's our chance!" whispered Frank. "Come on!" And the crowd trooped in, led by the president.

When the girl saw them boldly entering, she started to speak, but Merton, seeing her intention, spoke first.

"You needn't offer any explanations, old chap," he said, "we see through the trick."

"But, excuse me—there's some mistake——" began the "girl."

"O yes, of course, there's some mistake! I suppose you're not *you* at all! Is that it?" interrupted Jack Warner, and "she" was hailed from all sides by a chorus of sarcastic questions and remarks.

"Come, Nat, tell us how long it took you to prepare your make-up," asked another.

"Is that the costume you intend for the masquerade? Say, Nat, you certainly make a fine looking girl!" was a still further comment.

"But if you'd only let me explain!" cried the figure, in consternation. "I'm Nat's twin sister, and——"

"A pretty story, certainly," put in

Frank Everett. "How long since these rooms have been under your supervision? Perhaps you can explain the disappearance of Mr. Colburn, the former occupant of this establishment?" And, with this excellent speech, Everett regarded the "girl" with an air of superiority.

"Yes, that's most as good as 'Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other,' " said Fred Hallack, and the rest laughed at his witty remark.

"You see," "she" began again, "you take me for Nat——"

"Which is the most natural thing in the world, since, in reality, you are the dear boy himself," interrupted Ted Freeman.

"Oh, if you'll only give me a chance, I'm *sure* you'll understand," cried the "girl," sinking into the large Morris-chair again, with a despondent air.

"Well, there's no reason why we shouldn't sit down, fellows," said Merton, and the seven big lads disposed themselves comfortably about the room; three on the couch, two on the rug before the fireplace, and another in the one rocking-chair which the room contained. Jack Warner had the audacity to sit on an arm of the chair which "she" occupied, although his reason for this was best known to himself.

"Spout away now, Nat," said Brown.

"'Beth,' if you please," came from the Morris-chair.

"Why, what a pretty name!" said Jack Warner, with mock gravity.

"Well, Nat was to meet me at the station, and he was not there in time. Knowing where Faulkner Academy was, I came out. I saw Mrs. Faulkner—the superintendent wasn't in—and she told me to go to Nat's rooms and wait until—Oh! Oh!"

And here the tears, which had been very near the girl's eyes, were forced to come, for Jack had just then given her long braid of golden brown hair a vicious pull, expecting it to come off in his hand. To

that young man's dismay, this did not happen.

At the cry from the girl, so unlike Nat's voice, the boys sprang up simultaneously, while, at the same moment, the door opened suddenly, and there stood an exact duplicate of the person sitting in the chair, save for the dress and the hair.

Then, seeing the circumstance at once, every boy took to his heels, and, in less than three seconds, the room was empty, except for the brother and sister.

"Beth!" cried Nat, with an affectionate brotherly greeting. "Before I say another word, I want you to tell me the meaning of this."

And while Beth related the incident so well as she could, from beginning to end, Nat laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and, finally, Beth joined him.

When things were straightened out—how Beth's train from the girls boarding-school, twenty-five miles away, had been early, and the surface-cars had delayed Nat—he said: "You know, I had arranged with Mr. Faulkner to bring you here to supper, and then we were to start right off for home, because it's fully three hours on the train from here. Of course, Mrs. Faulkner didn't know anything about it, and the fellows, seeing you in my room, took it for granted that I was back, and that it was my costume; and we can easily see how the rest of the story comes in."

And here Nat went into another hearty fit of laughter, which Beth echoed.

Suddenly, realizing that it must be late, Nat glanced at his watch, and, seeing that it was almost five, he suggested that they go down to supper.

As they descended the front stairs, the group of fellows, who had bolted but a short time ago from Nat's room, stood at the bottom, each with a sheepish, half-ashamed look on his face.

But Beth and Nat were smiling, and, seeing this, the others began to brighten.

"In behalf of my comrades here—," began Merton Brown, in a formal voice.

"Oh, cut all that oration out," interrupted Nat. "We're prepared to forgive all of you, without any further explanation. Now 'it is to laugh!' " And laugh they all did once more.

After he had introduced Beth to his friends, they proceeded to the dining-hall, where many were the comments on the striking resemblance of the brother and sister; for by this time the incident had spread over the whole school.

After supper, when the two were ready to start, a large crowd had collected at the door to see them off.

While Nat was saying good-by to many, Jack Warner drew Beth aside, and, presenting her with a box of chocolates, he contritely said: "I'm awfully sorry I pulled your hair this afternoon."

"Oh, that's all right! I know you didn't do it intentionally," said Beth, quickly.

And he added softly, as Beth turned to join Nat, "Beth really is a pretty name."

Then the president spoke to Beth, saying, "I invite you to be present at the masquerade next month, but, Nat, I strictly forbid dressing in girl's clothes, lest more complications arise."

All assembled then gave three rousing cheers for the two, and, after they were gone, when Merton and Jack Warner were going down the hall together, Jack said: "If Beth is as jolly a girl as Nat is a boy, we will have no reason to be sorry we made her acquaintance."

Before taking your pen to write a story be sure you have a strong, clearly conceived, logical plot; otherwise your story will not be successful.

Is *your* class well represented in these columns? Why not make it a matter of competitive pride?

Oh! The Women

BY FOSTER DAMON, 1910

SHE was a most proper girl. So confidential! One Christmas evening, she told me that she never would kiss a man outside of her family, unless she was married to him—or possibly to seal her engagement, don't you know! Of course, when she told me that, I felt sure that I must be progressing favorably; all the more, as she seemed disappointed during the entire evening.

After that I increased the number of my calls from one to two a week. Each time I was sure to bring her a bouquet or a box of candy, which is the proper thing, according to all novels. Once she gave me a neat hint to come three times a week, but I managed not to take it, as even *my* purse is limited. Still, she smiled at me every time, and, although she had a rather foolish laugh—a giggle, you know—it disappeared beneath her correspondingly great powers of conversation.

As for me, I played upon the pianoforte quite a little. How many "Love Songs," "Nocturnes," "Come Into the Garden, Maud's" have I sung to her, into all of which I put immeasurable pathos. How many are the evenings in which our two souls rose above all earthly cares into infinitesimal melody. Ah! I sigh to think upon it.

But hear of my downfall! One evening I was obliged to delay my semi-weekly call, on account of a theatre party—all foolishness, you know. As the flowers and the candy were ordered, I called the next evening, instead.

What was my surprise to find my beloved alone with a rival! Her parents had gone to see the latest comic opera—I think it was called "The Happy Widow"—while she—alone with a man!—how very improper! Now I knew that I must soon

make her a statement of my passions and a proposal of marriage. Still, never could I forget that terrible evening when, moving on the sofa nearer the light, I heard her infant brother cry out from beneath:

"Well, what do you think of that!"

This evening she seemed a little cross—it must have been the effect of my rival—nevertheless, she smiled and was just as loquacious. Women are such peculiar creatures! She asked me to play something, and I was delighted; for my opportunity had come. I carelessly remarked that, as she had heard me so often, wouldn't Mr. Caring play instead? But no, Mr. Caring did not play. First blood to me, you see!

Soon I was pouring forth my soul, fraught with multitudinous cares and desires into "Love's Butterflies," hoping all the time, however, that her small obstreperous brother would not interrupt from the upper regions, as before, with: "P'raps it was a dead man, a *dead* man, a *dead* man!" to the tune of "Ach, du lieber Augustine!"

Then I was requested to play "Hia-watha"; but they don't have that at home at all, and I suppose it can't be much good. Besides, I've never heard it anywhere. I played instead that good old "Melody in F" of Rubinstein. Before I began, she remarked that they were going just outside to test the hammock, which was new—it was a shame to waste the moon, anyway—but they could hear me plainly through the window. So I played the "Melody in F."

Then I started to join them, but Miss Winthrop—for that is her name—wanted to know if I couldn't play the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Of course I could! And I did.

Next Mr. Caring asked for some "Faust"

music, which I gladly furnished. I played the entire overture. Next came "A Moli les Plaisirs," which was followed by selections from the famous waltz. Then I sang Siebel's eternal "Faites Lui Mes Aveux," which I performed with all the ardor of youth. Next—I was bound to show them I knew the opera well—Faust's "Salut!" and, just as I was about to ask them if they wished for anything from "Il Trovatore" Mr. Caring asked for some Wagner. (He pronounced it as it is spelled.) I started on my favorite selection

from "Tannhäuser" called "P—sch—psch," —er, the one, you know, where it works up and up to the climax. Awfully pretty!

Well, I started out soft and low, trying to illustrate the old, old story as I was now experiencing it. Gradually, I made the melody grow louder and stronger, until I came to the note which expresses utmost ambition and desire, when I heard something through the window, like sucking lemonade through a Huylerian straw, like the twitting of little birdies in their nest.

What was it?

Bob and Jim, Wreckers

By WILLIAM ADAMS, 1912

THE C. W. Bryce, a tramp-steamer, bound for Pekin with a cargo of pig-lead, had sunk on a little islet off Madagascar. No effort was made by the owner to raise her, and so she lay on the coral, her iron hull rusting, and the lead turning black inside her.

Two years passed, and, in all this time, not a man was seen on the island. A solitary spar, rising from the water at low tide, marked the spot where the steamer lay. At last, one morning a small boat, rigged with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, came around the point, and skimmed down the wind, toward the spot where the ship lay. The boat contained two men, one of whom was steering, while the other was examining a blue map.

"Hurrah, Jim! there's a mast; no, not there; don't you see it, over there where I'm pointing?"

"So it is, Bob; and it must be the one we want," replied Jim.

"Look out, Jim!" yelled Bob, "you'll steer us on the reef, if you ain't careful,"

"Throw a line on the mast," cried Jim; "I'll steer her all right."

Bob did as he was bidden, while Jim lowered the triangular sail, and com-

menced hauling the pieces of a battered diving-suit from a small cabin. The boat swung around and jerked at her head-rope.

"I'm going down first," exclaimed Bob. "Help me on with the suit." Jim did as he was asked. "Where's the belt? Oh! you've got it. All right, put it on. No, it's wrong side out, of course. . . . Well, where the deuce is the other shoe? . . . What! you used it for the anchor and the line broke? Well, you are a nice one, I must say! . . . O well, I suppose a frying-pan tied on will help it some, but it'll be kinder clumsy."

Here further remarks from Bob were cut short by the screwing on of the face-glass.

Bob had dived before; he began to move around, as soon as he struck bottom. He soon came to the old wreck, and fell to examining it. In the dark interior, he waded through a field of seaweed that looked for all the world like a field of oats, waving in the breeze. The fishes, alarmed at his approach, scurried out at the open ports. Bob strode onward, and suddenly stubbed his toe against something.

"Gold!" he thought; and he stooped to pick up a bar. "Looks kinder black,"

he thought, doubtfully, "but I guess that's due to the seawater." So he sent up bar after bar, until his hour was up, and then he rose to the surface. He found Jim gloating over the bars.

"I ain't broke one yet," said Jim. "I was waitin' for you."

"All right," said Bob, when he had recovered his breath. "Gimme the hammer."

A bar was soon broken, and disclosed—base lead!

After a pause, Jim observed, "Maybe it's silver, Bob!"

"No, it ain't. Now, Jim, you kick that junk overboard, and we'll clear out of this."

As the dusk was coming on, two disgusted young treasure-seekers again rounded the point, and were lost to sight. And the seabirds chuckled as they roosted on the old spar.

A Twilight Visitant

By LILLIAN BOGGS, 1912



WE were sitting before the open fire, discussing basketball. Suddenly, my friend asked whether I had done my Latin for the next day.

"Shades of Julius Caesar! Done my Latin! Why, no!" I exclaimed. "When are you going to do yours?"

"Why," she said, "I'll have to go right home now to do it."

"I wish I might never need to translate another word of Latin," I said.

She left me, and I picked up my second book of Cæsar's Commentaries. But, instead of studying, I sat gazing into the fire.

The December day was drawing to a close; as darkness gathered outside, the fire burned low, and the deepening twilight was relieved only by an occasional flicker from the embers in the grate, and by the light of a street lamp, on the opposite wall.

I was just dozing off when I was startled by a creaking of the floor. Glancing hurriedly around, I descried a tall, gaunt figure, in a Roman toga. The figure advanced from the opposite corner of the room. As he crossed the line of light from the street lamp, I could see that his lower jaw had fallen, and that there was a wild, vacant look in his eyes, as in those of a madman I once had seen. His toga was

stained with blood; I could see dark objects projecting from his shoulders and breast, and, even as I looked, one bony hand reached to his heart, and withdrew one of these objects, which I now saw was a dagger, dripping with blood.

I could feel cold shivers running up and down my spine, my hair slowly began to rise, and, trembling from head to foot, I covered my face with the open book, to shut out the awful sight. Hearing no sound, at length I peered out. Close beside me stood the apparition. I summoned courage enough to gasp out, "What do you want?"

A deep sepulchral voice answered from the folds of the toga: "I am come in answer to your summons."

"I did not call you!" I managed to gasp, through my chattering teeth.

"You," and I could feel the chill of his breath, and could detect the odor of damp earth in his clothing, "called for the ghost of Julius Cæsar; I am he. I walk abroad in the night, in search of my enemies. Those who pierced my heart with their daggers have long since gone beyond my reach. All who are unwilling to read my commentaries are now my enemies; for such, the dagger of Brutus is reserved. Prepare to die!"

Dropping on my knees, I begged for mercy, and the ghostly voice replied: "I will spare your life on one condition—that you will translate a new book of my commentaries every month. When those already printed are finished, I will bring, every month, in the dark of the moon, a new commentary. These books will describe all the wars which have taken place in the world since my day. This

list will disclose to you the magnitude of your punishment."

Thereupon, he drew, from beneath his toga, a roll of parchment.

Trembling, I shrank back; but the sepulchral voice again sounded: "The dagger, or the parchment!"

In terror, I took the roll, and immediately fell in a swoon. The next thing I knew was a dash of cold water on my face, and a voice saying, "She'll be all right, now."



School Notes



It is interesting to note the manner in which the birthday of a great man is observed the world round. All nations do him honor, but, as is natural, that nation where his natal day is most celebrated, is the country where his native tongue is spoken. There have surely been but few men who have been more justly named great than John Milton, and therefore England, his native land, and America, England's offspring, have lately been ringing with the praises of the famous Poet and Puritan. Little did John Milton dream, that, three hundred years after his birth, in the Assembly Hall of the Newton High School his birth would be celebrated and his works praised. On the Wednesday morning of his birth-week, after the three upper classes had assembled, and the opening exercises had been held, Mr. Adams gave a very clear and compact account of the great poet's life. This was followed by a talk on "Milton, the Poet and the Man," by Mr. Thomas. After describing Milton's character, and the place he holds in literature today, he gave Milton's own definition of great poetry—it should be "sensuous, simple, and passionate"—and then went on to show how all truly great poetry must and does fulfill this standard of measure. Then Miss Esther

Pratt gave an excellent recitation of Milton's "Sonnet on His Blindness," after which the classes adjourned for study or recitation, as fate and their programs willed.

At the first meeting of the Debating Club, nothing was accomplished but the election of this year's officers: Charles Hawes, '09, president; Albert Pickernell, '10, vice-president; William H. Carey, '09, treasurer; Paul Smart, '10, secretary. About twenty boys attended. At the second meeting, held at the close of school, Tuesday, Dec. 22d, there was a much larger attendance, and Kenneth Douglas, '09, and Raymond, '10, were chosen temporary captains of the Senior and Junior Debating Teams. The constitution was read and accepted, after some discussion, with the understanding that, as occasion arose, it might be amended. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Thurber offered some very helpful suggestions. It is to be hoped that every boy, in the three upper classes at least (for Sophomores will this year be allowed to debate), will take an interest in the club. The meetings hereafter will be much more interesting, and some good debates are planned to lead up to the selection of a Debating Team, perhaps, to debate with other schools. E. S. Noyes, '09.

BASKETBALL

The morning before Christmas, a team of High School girls played a team of Alumnæ, and the school won by a score of 16-12. The victory seems all the greater as it is the first time since 1902 that the Alumnæ have been beaten. The regular school team has not yet been announced, but a team was picked for the game.

Newton.	Alumnæ.
Goals.	Goals:
Mary McClure.	Mrs. Palmer (Mary Perkins).
Katherine Tewksbury.	Elinore Johnson.
Rachel Whidden.	Edith Caverly.
Guards.	Guards.
Virginia Tapley.	Ruth Burns.
Anita Tarbell.	Louise Woolworth.
Emily Wellington (G. Flanders).	Claire Small.
Centres.	Centres.
Marian McCarroll.	Helen Chapin.
Marian Whitley.	Elsie Harrington.
Gertrude Lynch.	Dorothy Kendall.

Points—Newton 16, Alumnæ 12. Umpire, Miss Shepardson. Referee, Miss M. Tapley. Time, three ten-minute periods.

Two Freshmen teams have been announced and as are as follows:—

First Team.

Goals, Emily Clapp, Jessie McCarroll, Alice Shumway (capt.). Guards, Dorothy Bell, Ruth Anderson, Nina Granger. Centres, Leslie Bancroft, Dorothy Fairbrother, Winifred Adams.

Second Team.

Goals, Mabel Pratt, Dorothy Wellington, Ernestine Hunt. Guards, Frances With-erbee, Mary Robbins, Mildred Taylor. Centres, Hazel Snyder, Lillian Boggs, Dorothy McClure.

The arrangement for publication of the staff has been changed with this issue to meet stricter requirements of good form and taste. By the present method, all that write stories are justly represented by their full name being printed above their work; those that do not help have no representation. This is now recognized generally as the fairest and most modern method.

Monthly, the query has reached us, from one quarter or another, "Where are class notes?" Monthly, with a self-complacent smile, and an ill-concealed assurance, we have levelled a confident digit at the six—yes, six—names adorning an inch of our six-inch staff column, and have fondly hoped that next month, at least, these six would do a sixteenth of the monthly work. That is all—except that we are still hoping. *Where are class notes?*

Hereafter, all stories will be punctuated, so nearly as possible, according to a uniform standard, approved by a majority of careful writers. Efforts to observe this form will be appreciated by the editors.

We suggest that it is for the good of our several school clubs to make it part of the secretary's duty to record the meetings for publication in *The Review*.

One Wednesday morning during early December the school was treated to an address by Mr. Frank A. Day on "The Best Things in Life." Mr. Day spoke very favorably on topics that vitally concerned his audience.

We should like to hear more speakers; we would consider it a privilege again to listen to Mr. Gorham.

The discontinuance of a published literary staff is a direct move toward democracy. We wonder if "the people" will appreciate it.

"Oh, my friends! there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed.

"Ahem!" spoke up an old lady in the audience. "I'd like to know where they sells 'em."

A minute's success pays the failure of years.—*Robert Browning.*

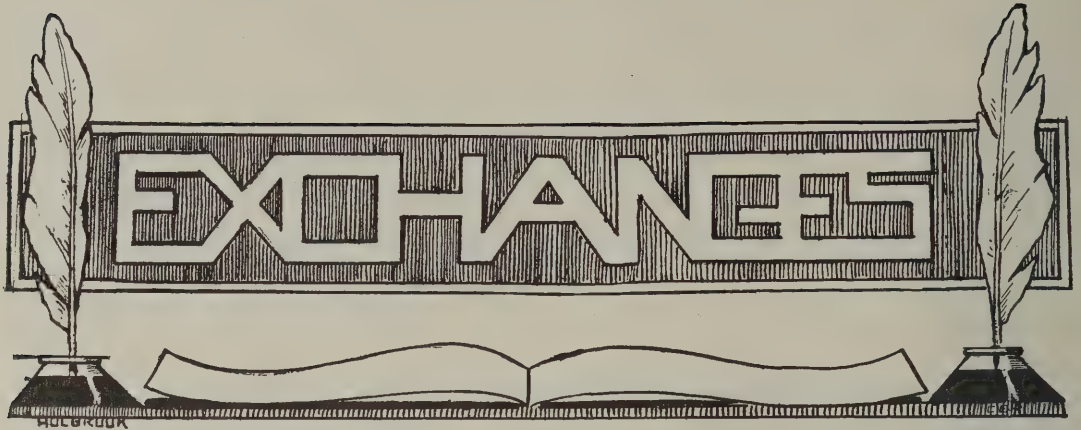
In Memoriam

EDWARD PETTEE YOUNG

CLASS OF 1912

FEBRUARY 21, 1895

DECEMBER 10, 1908



Our number of exchanges for this month remains the same as for last, but we have received some new ones, and miss a few of our old ones. We trust they will appear next month, and that we may continue to augment the size of this department.

The Commerce Caravel is a flourishing magazine, with plenty of "go" and a healthy atmosphere about it.

Mirror, your numbers are steadily improving.

Providence Student, for a paper of your circulation you ought to be a far larger periodical. You can expand in nearly every department, with the possible exception of your exchange column.

The Vail-Deane Budget contains in this month's number a fine story entitled "Playing the Game." In fact, the literary standard of this paper is exceedingly well kept up throughout.

The Red and Black is to be congratulated upon the large number of exchanges.

The writer of "A Modern Duel" in The Sagamore evidently has an extensive knowledge of fencing terms at his command. "All for a Lark," in the same paper, is a good story, too.

Recorder, isn't your exchange column a little short?

Lasell Leaves, didn't you make a mis-

take in referring twice to the Bates Student in your exchange column?

The Grotonian is blossoming out with some very good verse, but we fail to find an exchange department.

No jokes, Vexillum?

The exchange department of the Megaphone manifests great care and thoughtfulness in its preparation.

We are glad to welcome such a dainty paper as "The Oak, Lily and Ivy" to our numbers.

Can you not improve the appearance of your paper, Hood River Mascot, by using the old English print less?

Do you not have an exchange department, Reveille?

A long story or two would greatly add to the interest of the Parrot.

Pat—"Phwat are yer charges fer funeral notices in yer paper?"

Ed.—"Fifty cents an inch."

Pat—"Good Heavens, an' me poor brother was six feet high!"—*Ex.*

As Others See Us.

The November edition of the Newton Review is a very entertaining publication, and with such a hard working staff there is every indication of improvement.

—*Megaphone.*



Miss M—"What happened to Sir Thomas à Beckett at his death?"

Forté (after long hesitation)—"They buried him."

Miss B—"Where did Webster die?"

Leland—"In bed."

Miss S—"Marie reste maîtresse de la maison."

Miss H., translating—"Mary rests on a mattress in the house."

From girls of all the classes

Comes a chorus sweet, but glum.

Behold the song of the masses:

"Oh! The man behind the drum!"

Mr. M.—"Can you make the distance between N. H. S. and the Newtonville station equal to the distance between the N. H. S. and the Boston station?"

Class—"No!"

Miller—"Yes!"

Mr. M.—"How?"

Miller—"Move the station."

Mr. M.—"Well, Reynolds, what do you need to prove your circle theorem?"

Reynolds—"A piece of string, sir."

Oh, what is so rare as an "A" in French?

Then if ever's the time to crow,

Then lessons to you, are oh! what a cinch,

But mind you, look out, or you'll fall down below!

In Latin (speaking of Cæsar's good characteristics): "Cæsar never lost his head in a battle."

Proctor, translating French—"Il remit sa schlitte sous le hangar"—"He replaced his sled on the hanger."

See the snow-flakes cold and round,
They are falling to the ground.
White and cold and starry-ray'd,
They are not a whit dismay'd.

The little flowers all so sweet
Are tucked up gently in this sheet
Of brightest crystal, pretty sight,
Some of which fell in the night.

O pretty snow, too soon you'll melt!

I love you; you are soft as felt.

'Tis sad that you must go away

And cannot stay with me to play. —'12.

Miller—"How many cubic inches in a cubic foot?"

Miss L.—"There used to be 1728."

Miller—"Well, how many are there now?"

Teacher—"Who was Herodotus?"

C-a-k—"He was a historian who wrote about the Persians."

Teacher—"Of what nationality was he?"

C-a-k- (doubtfully)—"I think he was English." —"Nemo."

In writing hits it is well to avoid top headings; they injure the appearance of the printed page: use side heads instead.

Physiology teacher—"What is bone used for?"

Absent-minded pupil—"Soup!"

"Is music of any practical benefit?" was the question asked by one of a party discussing the subject.

"Well," replied the cynic, "judging from the photographs of eminent violinists, it keeps the hair from falling out!"

If you've read this column every month and chuckled over it, as we know you have, we wish to give you a suggestion: The same people will not always write; it's *your* turn to do something now, and, if you're even a halfway sport, you'll step up and do your part. A man who constantly takes from others, and refuses to chip in a jot, now and then, is a pestilence walking in darkness. Get busy and hustle out some hits!

How dear to our heart
Is cash on subscription,
When the generous subscriber
Presents it to view;
But the man who won't pay,—
We refrain from description;
For, perhaps, gentle reader,
That man might be you!

Senior—"Can you tell me why our school is such a learned place?"

Freshman—"Certainly: the Freshmen always bring a little learning, and the Seniors never take any away, hence it accumulates."

Miss M—announces that she will have to buy an ear-trumpet because the pupils have such gentle voices. Will each pupil give twenty-five cents for it?

Mr. D—"By whom was Achilles killed?"

Brackett, '10—"By an arrow."

Stiles (translating in I German): "Ihm unter Oestreichs mächt'gen Scepter nicht den Frieden—"

"There is no peace under the mighty sceptre of the ostrich."

There seem to be no serious results from the candy sale, although there might have been a chance to recover from the effects Saturday and Sunday, or maybe the candy was pretty good.

Mr. M. (in arithmetic)—"How many know the leap year proposition?"

No one knew, so he proceeded to demonstrate with a smiling face.

There was a young dandy named Clancy,
Whose ties were of pattern quite fancy,

His socks of a hue

Most worthy to view,

So he took up a reef in each pantsy.

Shall we have some verse for our next issue?

Laugh a little for the lady, Noyes!

We beg to announce that since Davis has not been with us for four years, he is ineligible for the position of class grind.

What was the matter with Brookline?

You see, they were Lynched and Dunne for.

Now the marking time is over,

And the reports have come and gone,
What's the next thing on the program,

When the football season's done?

Chorus: "Fussin'!"

Dr. B. (reading roll call)—"Hendrichs!"

Hendrich—"My name is Hendrich."

Dr. B—"There's only one of you?"

Hendrich—"No, there's five of us."

An '11 boy in geometry—"Given the parallel lines A B and C D cut by T D."

For the latest headwear, girls may apply to Miss H—y—en. Styles from the "Merry Widow," "Soul Kiss," "Tete-a-tete."

Mr. M—"What is one of the great wheat producing states in U. S.?"

Forté—"Minneapolis."

Mr. M—"You tell the class, Graves."

Graves—"Texas."

Mr. M—"Back seat for you, Graves."

Miss D—"Have you any Prince Henrys?"

Atkinson—"Yes. Do you want all pink?"

Miss D. (Very much embarrassed)—"Not yet."

Mr. P—"You're a Latin scholar, aren't you?"

Paine, '09—"Well, I take Latin."

I. French. Higgins (reciting)—"Et que les cuisines commencent à sentir bon—"

"And er—a—when the—a—mosquitos began to feel good, that is, to bite—"

Miss M—"What part of a castle did the people live in?"

Miss Duff—"The inside."

WHAT MABEL DID

Mabel went a-fishing,

Mabel caught an eel,

Did she pale or hesitate,

Want to faint or squeal?

Did she lose her iron nerve,

Or fall into the foam?

No, she just threw in the rod

And ran away for home. —'09.

How many noticed McCarthy's admiration of his new wearing apparel?

One teacher considers Birmingham a *cute boy*.

Miss B—"What is a propaganda?"

Ed Noyes—"Masculine of propagoose."

Miss M., in history—"Why does the small size of the board of aldermen make it a more responsible body?"

Whitney—"Because there are fewer to take the blame."

Whit's a member of the J. C. (Juvenile Cynics).

Miss Davidson (reading)—"Yet my heart throbs to know one thing."

Why did you blush, Miss Davidson?

I Cl. Fr. Very, translating—"Ah, my God, what a beautiful mule!"

Miss M—"Do not translate the first phrase. Keep the French words."

Some days later,—translating—"Ah, dame! I can say that I remember the revolution!"

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James B. Goddard

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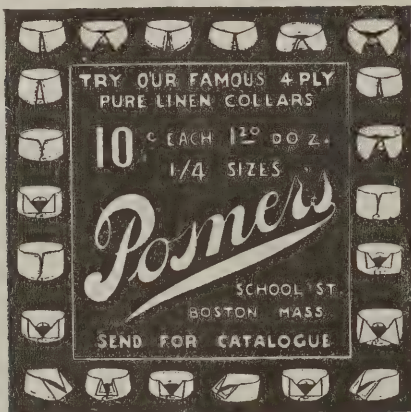
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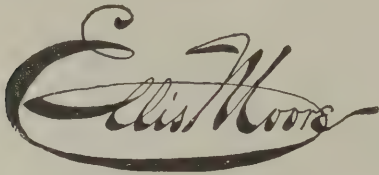
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Vol. XXVII

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No. 5

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THE REVIEW is published monthly, except during July, August, September, by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of THE REVIEW Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents, and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 160 Lincoln Street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in REVIEW box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 32 Washington Park, Newtonville.

Entered at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

We refuse to be responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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Random Shots

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell in the distance, I knew
Not where

Till a neighbor said that it
Killed his calf,
And I had to pay him six
And a half.

I bought some poison to slay
Some rats,
And a neighbor swore that it
Killed his cats;
And rather than argue across
The fence,
I paid him four dollars and
Fifty cents.

One night I set sailing a toy
Balloon,
And hoped it would soar till it
Reached the moon;
But the candle fell out on a

Farmer's straw,
And he said I must settle or take it
To law.

And that is the way with the random
Shot.

It never hits in the proper spot;
And the joke you spring, that you
Think so smart,
May leave a wound in some
Fellow's heart.

L.G.P., 1911.

Nocturne

By DOROTHY EMMONS, 1910

From saffron to purple, from purple to gray,
Slow fades on Mt. Abram the last gleam
of day.

I sit on the steps of my camp on the hill,
And wait for the moonlight so white and
so still.

Far below in the valley I see twinkling
bright
The lights of the village shine out through
the night,
But in on the silence that reigns all around,
Of the life in the valley there breaks not a
sound.

Gradually o'er the fast darkening hills
A pale yellow light the whole eastern sky
fills,
And the silver disk of the bright harvest
moon
Rides out on her vigil that ends all too soon.
Now flows the wide river, its waters all
bright,
A pathway of silver rushing on through the
night,
And the lights in the village go out one by
one.
Thus in silence and peace has the evening
begun.

EDITORIALS

A Universal Duty

WHAT is the duty of a writer of to-day? This question is bound to occur to a thoughtful person, in reading the classics; for, when we have caught a bit of the ardor that has fired the creative souls of our literary masters, we entertain grave doubt of our own meager powers. It is then that we wonder what is left the writer of to-day as his mission in this art, the highest and most potent, that seems already perfectly fulfilled. The query is satisfied by only one response: his position is that of an interpreter; his aspiration must be to view comprehensively, and to understand exactly, the texts that have long been prescribed. In the field of literature, since the days of Egypt, Rome, and Greece, there is nothing absolutely new. The later writer has borrowed from the thought and expression of the remote model, to reshape his work, as it were, so that it may mingle in warm and beneficial confluence with the spirit of the present. Such was the duty of Shakspeare, of Addison, Locke, and Emerson—to neglect a host of others no less skilled—and a duty how nobly performed!

It is well to-day to pause, in the scramble for the weird, the novel, and emotional, and turn aside, for a moment, to contemplate the beautiful, true, and sentient, as found in the delightfully fresh, and gratefully mellow, annals of the interpreters of yesterday. Once we become conscious of the charm and subtle sweetness of their acquaintanceship, we find it impossible ever to tear ourselves entirely away. Indeed, they are destined "to engrave the characters in us." To use a quaintly apt simile, original with Abraham

Cowley in the sixteenth century, they are "like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionately."

It is painful to contemplate the inclination of a cultured and stately society to such distorted pictures as those drawn by the pen of Lonid Andreyev, "the modern Poe," without Poe's illuminating genius, an inclination seconded, and rendered more bluntly evident, in the tendency of the general public to smile on literary atrocities daily executed by a low class of writers. How widely read is the sickly sentimental love story, that boasts nothing higher than romanticism, with an occasional flash of sentimentality—disgustingly poor varnish, to cover a base even poorer! It is useless to cry that the American people have a real desire for such shoddy; there is not a person, that now reads it habitually, who, if occasion should demand, would not readily adapt himself to writing of a better class. Fancy any one of the authors of the productive age just passed viewing with indifference such deplorable conditions.

This lack of taste has its origin in the sensational vulgarities thrust into public observation by the daily press. The reason for this, too, is plain; it would reply adequately to a multitude of questions put to-day. It is cheaper. Sensation costs infinitely less than inspiration. Frank A. Munsey says: "Mr. Carnegie is giving away millions on top of millions to establish libraries all over the world. It is a splendid philanthropy, but in no sense comparable with what he might do for the people with this same money used in establishing a chain of high-grade newspapers. The library reaches but few people; the newspaper all the people. And it is the daily influence of the press that is most potent. Its teachings, whether for good or otherwise, are unconsciously absorbed. With the exception of the

common school, there is no other force that so impresses itself upon our national character."

The duty of the writer of to-day is that of an interpreter; but the man must go a step farther and assume the rôle of a protector. His duty is national; it is more—it is universal. The author, of all men, should step from the army of self-satisfied humanity, to defend the cherished forms of good literature, to preserve entire its ennobling tendencies; to crush out the prevalent leaning to ephemeral work, unclothed by elements of lasting beauty, garnished, in tawdry cheapness, with the morbidly impossible.

Why are our literary works only temporary? Why are there so few that gain world-wide distinction, and receive the reverence paid to sweet and mellow age? It is because popular taste has become perverted by constant contact with the indifferent novel, the questionable magazine, the glaringly offensive daily paper. It is because, in cultivating a taste that clamors for the new and startling, the people are encouraging writers to diverge widely from the simple lines of beauty, of sincerity, and of truth, which alone are recognized by the most exacting of all critics—time. The public is supporting and encouraging such grave conditions by failing to eliminate their obvious source and cause. In accepting, as a matter of course, the "yellow" writing, forced daily on a droning and drowsing civilization, the people are not intentionally vulgar, but they are culpably over-tolerant. The hard penalty for such quiescence of the public conscience is that the literary standard is ebbing, like the water at low tide.

A literary reform must be started by a stringent attack on the daily press, made by the public and for the public, and enforced by popular sentiment. The work can then be taken up by the world of

authors, with a view to raising the standard of all writing.

We, as Americans, advocate freedom of the press. Do we also smile, in smug complacency, on literary licentiousness? "Sooner or later" has become almost a watchword with us. In this case, the word must be "sooner" alone.

Listen, a second, while we make the only boast we shall allow ourselves. The hearts of people in old Newton High are where they ought to be; the spirit of our thousand members is loyal by inherence. What did it cost to find this out? Two parts of guessing and ninety-eight parts of appeal, straight from the shoulder. It brought results, it will always do so. Let us be helped! and lo, we are helped.

We are unable to speak publicly of the kind letter of criticism for the New Year's Review—which, by the way, was dictated in Wall Street—just received from Mr. Carl Holbrook, because our former editor, in becoming modesty, contrived to have every word of this message copyrighted. However, if the people are very good—especially in the matter of hits, verse, and stories!—we may prevail on Mr. Holbrook to permit us to publish his comment on our issue for March.

We splash and skip,
We slide and slip,
We grumble, growl, and jaw,
Through slush and slop,
We wade and flop.
O February thaw!

With soaking feet,
We walk the street,
The worst we ever saw.
It is no joke,
To be in soak,
O February thaw!

Ad.

A Modern Knight

[By B. F. H., 1909

THE great hall, filled to its utmost capacity with wildly enthusiastic spectators, was fairly tense with excitement. The annual class meet, the socially athletic event of the year, was fast drawing to its close, and with what a result! The despised Freshmen were tied with the crestfallen Seniors for the largest number of points, and but one event, the thirty-yard low hurdles, remained to determine which should bear away the title of champion.

The very idea! That the insignificant little "greenies" should for a moment menace the high hopes of the cock-sure Seniors—the thought was ridiculous! And yet that was exactly the state of affairs. And, worse than that, the Freshmen counted on winning this last event, as either Prentiss or Barrett, the two men from their class who were entered, were considered by unbiased authorities better than Joe Enworb, the only Senior hurdler.

No one realized the drift of public opinion better than the unfortunate Senior himself. As he leaned disconsolately against the end of the grandstand watching the preparations for the last event, his heart rebelled that he should be called upon to endure the disgrace and ignominy of failing to win for his class, in its extremity. If he lost, as he doubtless would, the whole force of contempt and disdain would be hurled at him, not at his teammates, who had failed to come up to expectations in the earlier events, and who were just as much to blame. What wouldn't he give to be anywhere but where he was! Suddenly, an expression of pain passed over his face, leaving a little wan, pathetic smile. What would Marion Ward think? She wouldn't understand — she couldn't understand—she was only a girl!

She doubtless would put him down as a faint-hearted craven, a traitorous—

"You don't look a bit happy, Joe. I've been watching you for five minutes, trying to imagine what you were thinking about," came a dainty voice beside him.

Joe started, flushed slightly, and, with averted eyes, asked, in a low tone: "Well, did you guess?"

"No, that's just the trouble," was the laughing reply, "so I came over to ask you."

"Marion," he began, standing straight and defiant, his eyes flashing, his low voice tense with feeling, "it's just this. In ten minutes or less, I'll be the most utterly despised fellow in this school. And why? Just because I can not accomplish the impossible. Those Freshmen are faster than I am, and I know it. I'm twenty years old—too old to be in high school, I know; but I have n't had the advantages that most of those here have had. I had to work, till I was seventeen. But I'm almost through now, and, next June, I go back to my old place, to begin at fifteen dollars a week. It seems a beastly pity that my last act for the class, the dear old class, must be to lose for it the championship. But such is life; I'll do my best and then——"

"But isn't there any chance that you can win?" asked the girl, betraying her sympathy in her voice.

"Not one in ten," was the brief, discouraged reply.

Suddenly, impulsively, she detached from her coat a little bow of crimson ribbon, her class colors, and then, looking up at him shyly, said in a low, embarrassed tone: "Will you—will you wear my colors—in the race? Even though I am a class below you, I do want you to win—so much."

A happy, but half-incredulous expression crossed Enworb's face as he replied, slowly: "If you're not afraid I'll disgrace

them, I'll wear the colors of my lady fair."

"And I shall expect nothing but victory for my—my knight."

A figure appeared around the corner of the grandstand, drawling mechanically, "Last call for the low hurdles!" A quick glance of understanding flashed between the two, and then Joe made his way to the start.

"I must win! I've got to win! There's no 'can't' about it. I've simply got to, now. Wear her colors to defeat—never! She said I'd win, and, by all that's holy, I will!"

Bang! Four white-clad figures shot from the mark, and advanced, stride for stride, toward the first hurdle, hardly seeming to touch the floor. As they reached it, and rose in the air, they seemed like four perfectly working parts of one beautiful machine. On they sped, crossed the second hurdle, and swept across the finish line, to all appearances side by side.

The spell which had held every one speechless was broken. The hall sounded like some huge hive, with its honey-gathering tenants busily, noisily at work. "Who won?" was the question on every one's lips, and no one seemed able to answer it. Even the judges seemed unable to decide, as they gathered at the finish, and consulted with one another. Finally, one of them stepped forward, and, amid a deathly silence, drawled:

"Thirty-yard hurdles—won by Enworb, 1909; second——"

He got no further. A roar, as of a tremendous cataract, dashing itself against jagged rocks, broke forth. Order became chaos; despair turned to wild joy; every one seemed happy—except the Freshmen.

And the lad who had brought all this about—where was he? Not waiting for congratulations, he had hurried to the dressing-room to don once more conventional apparel. For something told him that, somewhere out under the trees, some one was waiting to tell him how glad she

was that he had won—some one whose words would mean vastly more to him than the congratulations of all the multitude about him. Nor was he mistaken. As he sauntered out into the crisp, cold moonlight, he caught sight of a figure, almost concealed in the shadow of a tall elm, and, in a moment, he was beside her.

"O Joe, I'm so glad, so glad!" she murmured.

"Are you?" he asked; then, taking a step toward her, he continued, in a voice husky with emotion, "Marion, I have just won a great victory, but it is as nothing beside a victory I long to win. Can't you guess what I mean?"

Marion smiled rather coyly, in her hesitation, and finally said:

"Well you know, Joe, that to the victor belong the spoils!"

THE COQUETTE

Look out!

Those black and flashing eyes mean trouble,

Even if they seem to bubble
Over with affection.

Beware!

That teasing, sidelong glance should warn you,

That some mischief will befall you,
If you do not heed it.

Take care!

That manner is a close forerunner
Of a deadly crash of thunder.
So beware the consequences.

Ay, beware!

—'09.

"Now, remember, Bridget," said the mistress, "the Browns are coming to dinner tonight."

"Leave it to me, Ma'am; I'll do me worst. They'll never trouble you again!"

That Little Blue Necktie

By DOROTHY MONRO, 1910



ONLY a necktie; yet what a time of excitement it enjoyed! This particular tie was presented by Aunt Jane to her favorite nephew, as a Christmas gift. Aunt Jane rather dreaded boys, with the exception of the aforesaid nephew, for they were so apt to rush in upon one unexpectedly, and then they used that odd language of theirs, the slang language, wasn't it? It was so confusing; she couldn't understand it. Once, when she heard George Thompkins dash in and call loudly for some one to "get a move on," and "come off your perch," she hastened to the head of the stairs and implored: "Boys, I beg of you, don't annoy the parrot." Edward had never ceased hinting of that unfortunate occurrence.

And it was Aunt Jane who had chosen the blue necktie for Edward. Blue! O a vivid blue, an appalling blue—a blue that struck wonder in the hearts of beholders. Edward had manfully concealed his emotions at sight of it, thanked his aunt, and worn it two or three times when in the house. He felt repaid by her flattered look, but was highly unprepared for the next shock. She had *hoped* he would wear it to school! Again he donned the cerulean tie, and endured the jeers of his fellows with outward calm and inward rage; and, after two or three scuffles, "sporting" it in solitary splendor, till noon, when—O unlucky chance!—he overheard Mary Eastman remark to a friend that she wondered if Ned Field was meditating suicide, or merely used his personal raiment to express the lamentable qualities of his inner being. Stung by the wicked chuckles which followed, he marched home, and wrenched it off, declaring with evident sincerity, that he'd "be hanged if he wore

that rag again." Then he stormed out of doors to vent his feelings on his horse, in a mad canter.

The whirlwind having passed, the house became very still. Mother was away, Aunt Jane calling with a friend, and no one about but the dog, who trotted to the different rooms, searching for amusement. In Aunt Jane's room, all was in tidiest order, for that worthy lady left no speck of dust visible. Gyp sniffed, and sauntered to the playroom where "the kid" reigned, a four-year-old being whom *he* hated, mother and Aunt Jane adored, and Edward tormented.

After chewing some worsted reins, "killing" a fur coat, and growling at a Teddy bear, Gyp entered that wondrous region known as "Ned's room." It was a very curious place, even to a dog, and, much puzzled as to where he should begin, Gyp turned and saw, dangling from a chair, a plaything! Such a nice one for a puppy, too! and, ecstatically pulling it down, he ran, a blue and brown streak, toward the stairs. Then he stopped and began to bark, for the ever-ready-to-play George Thompkins was coming in, calling for Ned.

"Hello, Gyp!" he said cheerfully, "what you got there?" and, as he caught sight of the color, a long laugh echoed down the hall. "Ah, Gyp! Want some fun, old boy?" And, at Gyp's joyful bark, the two entered Ned's room, where George proceeded to adorn the fated tie with large letters in red ink, as follows:

"For Neddie Field, from Auntie.

"Christmas, 1907."

Then, draping it tastefully across the mirror, he and Gyp pranced gaily out for a romp in the snow.

Half an hour later, Mother and "the kid" returned, and were met by Papa. "The kid," as he had been "an angel" all day, while his mother was shopping, was rewarded with candy from Papa, and was now spoiling for a rumpus.

Toiling up-stairs, he saw Ned's door open and cautiously entered. A hasty glance showed that lovely "boo fing" hanging temptingly near, and "the kid" *must* have it, whether or no. Near by was a table, cluttered with mysterious objects, of value to their owner only. So Bob, for such was his name, clambered up with the aid of a chair, and, in his endeavor to reach the object of his desires, overturned the inkwell. Scarcely noticing the dark puddle it made on table and floor, the baby stepped squarely into the inky stream, and then on to the bureau, which, alas! had a white cover. (Really that cover had no *business* to be white!)

Gleefully Bob pulled, and down came the tie, accompanied by two dead beetles, an old riding-crop, a baseball cap, and a gentle shower of dust; for woe betide the maid who dared dust that room without His Lordship's approval! Mother and Father had remonstrated, but, preferring not to frequent intelligence offices so often, had let the matter drop, to Ned's secret exultation. Hence the dust.

Bob, descending with his prize, heard an only too familiar voice, and, to avoid the fraternal wrath, slipped hastily under the bed, and secreted himself in the darkest corner. Enter, His Lordship. Discovered the inky lake; also the marks upon that outrageous cover. Profiting by previous encounters with "that kid," Edward made for the bed, and a kicking, struggling Bob was pulled out, feet foremost, by his energetic brother, and carried to Mother for punishment. Only on reaching his mother's door did Ned discover that the object so tightly grasped in Bob's hand was his hated necktie. Ignoring it, he

told his tale of woe, and was assured that Bob would "never do it again."

Mother was concerned lest the tie was injured, but a smile hovered around her mouth, as she saw Ned's hopeful look. On examining it, she looked reproachful. "Ned, how *could* you?" she began, but laughed at her son's expression when he grabbed it, read it, and vanished. Determinedly he marched down the hall, flung it down the back stairs, and fled to his room.

The tie, left to its own devices, dangled on the railing, and, noiselessly sailing through space, alighted on the head of Aunt Dinah, with difficulty wending her way over the stairs, with a basket of clean clothes. A shriek, a bump, and a crash, and laundry and laundress rolled into the kitchen, at the feet of the astonished cook. The family flew to the rescue, untangled the wailing Dinah from two table cloths and a sheet, and heard her tale.

"De Lawd hab marcy! Ah was a gwine up de stahs, an' down drap sumpin' on ma haid. Seem lak it wor a sperrit, on'y so curly an' long Ah 'spected for sho' it wor a snaik; an' Ah cain't stan' snaiks no how!"

She renewed her yells when the "snaik" was discovered hanging around her neck. Ned hastily concealed the beinked portions of the tie from the gentle gaze of Aunt Jane, and carried it away in disgust. All at once, he was possessed of a brilliant thought. He slipped out of the back door, carrying the azure hoodoo by finger and thumb, and threw it into the ash barrel.

O my readers, the end is not yet! All night it lay peacefully in the ashes, and was the first thing to enter the cart of "Jim Dumps," the ashman, so named by the school children, both for his occupation and solemn countenance.

He paused, extracted the tie, brushed it free from ashes, and put it into his

pocket, remarking with a grin that he "guessed Tom would enjoy it."

At night this jaunty tie was pulled out before the admiring eyes of a pale little boy, crouched in an old chair near the stove.

"Here, sonny," remarked Jim, "I found this to-day. Kind of pretty, ain't it?"

The next day, Ned was the recipient of a lumpy package and the following letter, addressed:

"Master Neddie Field, Town.

"Dear Master Neddie:—

"My father found yur tie and gav it to me i saw yur name so i says it is not mine for to kep and i send it back and it sed Christmas 1907 so i no it is new.

"Yours respectfully,

"TOMMY JONES.

"P. S. My father gets the ashis frum yur plase."

And in the package lay that little blue necktie!

Two Versions and an Aversion

By MARY P. DAMON, 1909

TERENCE was in love. He had come to this conclusion while sitting before the open fire, in his little den. Having no interesting book at hand, he had allowed the room to deepen from twilight into darkness, except for the wood fire, which cast strange shadows on the wall. He was becoming tired of the life which he led; that is, he was wearied by it, bored by his friends; and even his favorite meal at the club had failed to act as a solace to his feelings. Why did he not marry and settle down? The thought came to him suddenly. Many of his friends had deserted the bachelors' club, to which he belonged, and certainly they were much happier than he. Why not follow their advice? In a flash, it came to him that he was in love. Why else should he be bored by his favorite amusements of every day life, which he had hitherto lived for? His bowling, polo, everything, bored him. He was certainly in love. That was the trouble. Now, who could the girl be? Why, Miss Larkin, of course. She was the prettiest and most popular girl that he knew; and she had always been partial to him. To be sure, he owned several automobiles and a yacht, but that ought to make no difference. He was sure she *liked* him, but as for love——!

Terence began to take a new interest in life. Turning on the electric switch, he sought the bookcase, glancing over the titles in search of a volume of poetry, thinking that it would suit the occasion. Here it was, an old volume, yellow and worn—a first edition, bought at an auction sale. He hastily turned the pages, seeking something suited to his frame of mind. Why, here was a torn leaf! What poem could have been so ruthlessly shattered? He read the fragment left upon the page: "The love-light lies in a woman's eyes."

The sentiment caught his fancy. Did Miss Larkin love him? Why not go and see? Here was written a belief of the poet, a married man, probably, who knew more about women than he. He would call immediately on Miss Larkin, and, if he saw any signs of a love-light in her eyes, he would ask her to marry him.

Inspired by his resolution, Terence hastily smoothed his hair, changed his stickpin, and bundled into his heavy overcoat, for it was cold outside. But nothing could chill his ardor, and he quickly called a taxicab.

An hour later, a disconsolate figure sat again before the den fire. It was most strange, Terence thought, that Miss Larkin had refused him. He had found her at

home, and had enjoyed an extremely pleasant evening. In her eyes, he had been sure that he saw what he most desired. Not being naturally demonstrative, he had proposed marriage in the most formal way possible, that she might not become embarrassed. When he mentioned that he had seen the love-light in her dark blue eyes, she had hidden her face in her hands; but her curly head had shaken a decided "no."

Yes, he was at home again. Perhaps things were better as they had turned out. Getting married really must be somewhat of a responsibility. Terence wondered

who was the author of the ridiculous poem he had found in the old volume. Reaching for the book on the table, he again turned the pages to find the poem, when a torn leaf slipped to the floor. Why! it was the piece from the torn page which he had missed before! He fitted the fragments together, and read the lines, now complete, first slightly puzzled, and then in growing astonishment.

"Well," thought he, "that poet certainly knew more about women than I!"

Again he read the words of wisdom: "The love-light lies in a woman's eyes; and lies, and lies, and lies!"

The Wreckers

By MILDRED CLARK, 1910

IT was a terrible night off the desolate coast of Labrador. The wind howled and whistled, hurling itself against every thing in its path. The waves, driven forward by the relentless force of the blast, beat themselves into a fury of foam, at the foot of the high, bleak cliffs. The woods and rocks trembled and echoed with the terrible crashes of thunder, and the dazzling flashes of lightning lit up a landscape wild and bleak in the extreme. It was a night to inspire terror and awe.

A promontory, the summit of which loomed dark against the angry sky, jutted far out into the sea, ending in a series of jagged, submerged rocks, over which the waves broke, almost two miles from the shore. The nearly bald face of its summit was thinly covered, in places, with gnarled trees, and rough, low bushes.

On this night, a light shone out over the wild sea, vanished, leaving everything dark, reappeared, and vanished once more. It flashed out as regularly as the lamp of any lighthouse. Could there be a beacon light on this rough coast?

On the dark top of the cliff, an immense old tree, gnarled and crooked from long exposure, stood, conspicuous among the smaller trees. One of its limbs, large around as a man's body, swayed dangerously with the terrific force of the blasts, which even made the big tree tremble. Directly beneath this limb, was a large barrel, from which a bright light shone out, through big square holes cut in its sides. A rough, wooden crank, rudely attached to it, was revolved by a man. Several other men stood together not far from him. All of them were clothed in rough hides and furs of animals, rudely sewed together. Their hair and beards were overgrown, and their eyes, fixed upon the sea, gleamed with an evil light. The barrel revolved evenly, under the exertions of the man turning it. The knotted muscles of his arms and back tightened and relaxed in perfect rythm, but his eyes stared fixedly upon the booming sea. These men appeared more like animals than human beings, and seemed a fitting part of the howling wind, the dashing waves, and the beating rain.

The object of the excited scrutiny of these wild men was apparent—a ship, far, far out to sea, laboring under the storm with the greatest difficulty. The light on her bow showed her whereabouts. Every now and then, it disappeared, as the ship plunged into the trough of the waves, but always to reappear to the anxious gaze of the men.

Soon, the unfortunate ship began to show signals of distress. The boom of a cannon sounded above the noise of the elements. Another and another reached the straining ears of the wreckers, for such were these men. The survivors of some shipwreck, they had had the greatest difficulty in keeping alive, and had constructed this rude light to lure ships on the rocks, that they might receive the articles that would wash ashore from the wreck. No ship had appeared for weeks, and therefore they were especially anxious to secure this one.

The ship was fast advancing towards the light, supposing it to mark the entrance of some harbor, in which she could take refuge from the storm. One of the wreckers now got up, and fed the light with oil and fat taken from seals. Then, returning to his place, he kept his feverish gaze fixed on the ship. The boom of her guns could now be distinctly heard, above the roar of the storm. She must soon run upon those submerged rocks of the far protruding point, and the wreckers would seize their prey.

But the storm was increasing. Blast after blast shook the gnarled old tree, under which the light revolved. The heavy limb swung dangerously over the light, creaking and groaning, like a human being in mortal agony. Nearer and nearer came the ship, lured to its dreadful fate by the treacherous light, and driven forward by the heavy wind.

Suddenly, there was a lull in the storm, as if it were gathering for a final outbreak.

The ship was fast advancing towards the jagged rocks. Then the storm broke with redoubled violence; a terrific blast, followed by a succession of smaller ones, shook the heavy limb, which, giving up the unequal struggle, broke, close to the trunk, and, with a crash that could be heard above the roar of the storm, fell upon the treacherous light, crushing it to bits, and striking terror to the hearts of the wreckers.

The wind blew, the rain beat, the sea roared and boomed, and the storm raged; but a disaster had been averted on the bleak coast of Labrador, and a ship and its crew returned home in safety, to tell their loved ones the story of the mysterious beacon.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

I stumble slowly as a snail

That creeps along o'er dale and hill,
Through books galore, to no avail,

For other thoughts my brain will fill—
Of football, baseball, and the track—
Unheeding knowledge that I lack.

Continuous as the stars that shine

The books before me lie;
They stretch in never-ending line,
A picture like a sigh.

Ten thousand see I at a glance,
Yet pass them by and go to dance.

This pile of books, this large array,
May make some persons dance with glee,
No boy I know could e'er be gay

In such a gloomy company.
I gaze—and gaze—and study not.
What pleasure by it e'er was brought?

For oft when at my desk I sit
In vacant or in pensive mood,
My thoughts from lessons gaily flit
And reach a higher altitude.

And when the teacher calls on me,
She writes beside my name an E.

G. A. C.



School Notes



Wednesday morning, January 20th, the three upper classes gathered in the Assembly Hall and heard an unusually fine address by Mr. Gorham of the School Committee. His subject was the "Balanced Life." He spoke of the faults of an unbalanced life and of the danger of over-emphasizing any one side of character. A man who gives thought and time only to acquire book-knowledge, leaving out altogether the physical side of existence, can not do so much or so good work as a man who develops his character symmetrically. The man who tries only to develop his physical side is in just as bad a position, for he is incapable of mental exertion, and can find no station of employment higher than that of a common laborer. Mr. Gorham also spoke of training ourselves to do things we know to be right, even though they may not be what we desire to do. Above all, it is important to do them cheerfully. We are always glad to hear Mr. Gorham, because he always has something worth hearing to say. We hope that another opportunity for him to speak may be offered before long.

E. S. N., '09.

DEBATES

There was a meeting of the Debating Club in the hall January 12th, at 2.15 p. m. There was no business, as a debate had been arranged between the Juniors and Seniors. The subject was, "*Resolved*, That the army canteen should be restored." Noyes, Warren, and Douglas debated for 1909 (affirmative); Wilson, Raymond, and Smart for 1910 (negative). Mr. Thomas, acting as judge, gave the decision to the Juniors.

After the debate, Mr. Thomas gave the club a few helpful words of criticism. He emphasized three points that lead toward power to debate successfully: First, the practice of team work: the captains of each team should prepare an outline showing the course the debate will take and the features to be emphasized. Second, the ability to take up the argument of an opponent, and, without minimizing its real value, to prove that it is wrong. Third, the desirability of dispensing so far as possible with papers; they are at best confusing, and if poorly handled, may ruin the force of an otherwise good argument.

On January 15th a debate was held between the Junior English divisions reciting to Mr. Thurber and Miss Buckingham, in Room 3 the last period. The subject was: "*Resolved*, That the jury system in America is a failure, and should be abolished." Affirmative, Miss Buckingham's division: Smart, Doud, and Miss Gilmore; negative, Mr. Thurber's class: Wilson, Raymond, and Clark. Mr. Adams, the judge, gave the decision to Miss Buckingham's class (affirmative), 104 to 99 points.

The Cercle Français has already held two delightful meetings in the library. The first meeting was held on the afternoon of the second Friday in December, and commenced with a reception of the members. Miss Bruce, President Carey, Miss Tyler, the treasurer, and Miss Ware, the secretary, received; and all who paid their admission fee received a "carte de membre." After the reception, the game, "Le Chat de Mon Grandpère," was played, and many forfeits had to be paid, which caused a great deal

of fun. Miss Eva Sanderson, a member of the club, kindly sang "La Marseillaise," which was greeted with much enthusiasm.

The second meeting of the club took place on January 8th, and was well attended. The library was prettily decorated with rugs and plants, and Miss May received with President Carey. Then Mr. Walton kindly drilled the club in singing "La Marseillaise," the words of which have been learned in the French classes. Following the singing a new game called "Le Mot Caché" was played, which was very interesting; and "Le Chat de Mon Grandpère" was also played again. After that the meeting broke up with the singing of "La Marseillaise."

USHERS

If it is advisable to encourage the parents to visit school on the second Tuesday of each month, as that day has been set aside for so doing, would it not be helpful to have a few ushers stationed at the various entrances to the school?

It has been noted how parents, on entering the school, wander about, in search of certain rooms, not only wasting their own time but that of the teachers also. Surely, if half a dozen boys or girls would volunteer, or should be appointed by a teacher, to stand near the doors and at the head of the stairways to direct people who seem in doubt which way to go, it would be greatly appreciated. Only half a dozen are necessary, and there ought to be enough willing to do this so that the same corps of ushers need not serve twice.

A little courtesy like this will make the guests feel welcome, and the opportunity to visit the teachers might be made a pleasure as well as a duty. E.L.J., 1910.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Last month we celebrated the centenary of Edgar Allan Poe, a man whose works are beginning to be appreciated by more and more people throughout the world.

I heard this remark made by a girl of the school: "Oh! the books written by those old writers, such as Poe and the rest, are so dull! Why couldn't they have written something exciting?"

Exciting! It was evident that the girl who made that statement was not at all acquainted with any of his books. Modern detective stories fall into shadow beside the gruesomeness of "The Pit and the Pendulum." Where can we find among the later books such stories of hidden treasure, to delight the heart of the youthful treasure seeker—for we all must have been through that stage—as in "The Gold Bug"?

Ah! yes, my patient reader, it will pay you to read Poe; yea, an hundredfold it will pay you! Eden, '09.

We have many things to consider in accepting an article for publication in any particular issue, not the least of which is the question of space. Two things, however, always make for early publication: the correct counting of words, and the proper endorsement. Fold and endorse Review contributions as English themes, adding also the number of words.

N. H. S. RECESSIONAL

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

My little pony, strong and bold,
Aid in my many stiff exams;
Because you in our hands we hold,
We now avoid those all-night crams.
My trusty trot, be with me yet,
Lest I forget. Lest I forget!

Report cards now are come and gone
A new term now brings on its work,
My trusty trot still gallops on,
Whene'er I wish my work to shirk.
My trotting horse, you're not "to let",
I need you yet, I need you yet.

A. S. R., '10.



We are rejoiced to announce that our numbers have been swelled this month by several new exchanges, and that the general character of all our magazines is steadily improving.

Welcome, White and Blue! You give many promises for improvement in the future.

The Educator, a new magazine, has certainly made a most auspicious start.

The Recorder we may always depend upon for a goodly supply of jokes.

The Penn Charter Magazine is a thoroughly praiseworthy periodical. It is well balanced and in good taste, and gives evidence of great literary merit.

It is our opinion that the Parrot is capable of expanding in all departments.

Distaff, you have a well developed exchange column.

Congratulations, Red and Gray (from Fitchburg), upon your large number of advertisements!

The Greylock Echo has plenty of school spirit and "go."

The Mascot is vastly improved this month. It has a tasteful cover, and the print is larger and more attractive.

A few jokes would improve the general tone of the Pinkerton Critic.

Is there any especial point, Red and Gray (Lynn), in continuing articles on a

page in the back of your paper? In a large magazine this is allowed, but we think it preferable not to break up stories in a school paper.

We had hard work to find the exchange column in the Grotonian, this month, as the alumni notes covered so much space.

Commerce Caravel, you do well to have so many cuts. Few school papers have any at all.

For a paper of your circulation, Minute Man, you ought to be a larger magazine.

Messenger, is your artistic standard as high as it should be?

M. P. S., can't you help out your exchanges by making short criticisms of them, instead of merely acknowledging the receipt of them?

Why not some good long stories, Student? There are many fields to choose from, and plenty of inspiration.

The Christmas number of Lasell Leaves is good reading, and of attractive appearance.

We refer the Tattler to the above remark on M. P. S.

We enjoy having the Tripod among our numbers.

"I'm sorry to waste this," said Jacky, as he spread the jam over the cat's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."—*Ex.*



BASKETBALL

The regular school basketball team has been chosen and it has been decided that the places will best be filled as follows:—

Goals—Katherine Tewksbury, Mary McClure, Rachael Whidden. Guards—Emily Wellington, Nita Tarbell, Virginia Tapley. Centres—Marion McCarroll, Marion Whitely, Gertrude Lynch.

On Saturday morning, January 23, the Newton girls team met a team from Wellesley High in the Drill Hall, and defeated them by a score of 20-5. Both teams were exceedingly quick, and altogether it was a clean, well-played game.

HOCKEY

In a decidedly one-sided game Newton took Dorchester High into camp by the score of 7-0. The fast Newton forwards literally swept Dorchester off the ice and scored almost at will, while the Dorchester team work was inadequate to the task of successfully penetrating the Newton defense. Hopkins was the star, having three goals to his credit. The score:—

Newton High.	Dorchester High.
Gorham, f.	f., Batchelder.
Hopkins, f.	f., Sawyer, Cooney.
Woods, f.	f., Mulhall.
Washburn, f.	f., Diran.
Kelly, c. p.	c. p., Dike.
Paine, p.	p., Rooth.
Jackson, g.	g., Rumney.

Goals made by Hopkins 3, Woods 2, Washburn, Gorham. Referee—Palmer. Umpire—Gill. Time—20-min. halves.

Newton, 3; Cambridge, 3

In the first league game of the season Newton and Cambridge Latin played to a 3-3 tie. Cambridge Latin is considered one of the fastest teams in Greater Boston, but Newton is no aggregation of loafers, and the game proved to be a "hummer." At the close of the regular playing time the score stood a tie of 3-3, and five extra periods failed to change it. The deciding game will be played on Saturday of this week. The score:—

Newton High.	Cambridge Latin.
Hopkins, f.	f., Webb.
Washburn, Adams, f.	f., Hursh.
Gorham, f.	f., Sweet.
Woods, f.	f., Davis, Wright.
Paine, Kelly, c. p.	c. p., Graustein.
Slocum, p.	p., Merrill.
Converse, g.	g., Harrington.

Goals made by Washburn 2, Woods, Hursh, Webb, Sweet. Referee—Clifford. Umpires—Johnson and Boynton. Time—Two 20-min., two 5-min., three 2 1-2-min. periods.

A CORRECTED PROVERB

It's not the one who rocks the cradle,
As the ancient proverb goes,
Who holds the modern world beneath her
look.
But it's the one that wields the ladle,
As everybody knows,
The monarch of the kitchen: it's the cook!

G. A. C.



Burr, '10 (translating Latin)—“‘Regia Juno’—Kingly Juno.”

Latin translation in Room 10—“Bronze boards.” Show us some!

Miss G—“If Harrington should take a baseball bat and hit you on the head, what would be the result?”

Wright—“A bump.”

II. Cl. Fr.—“You have taken me by the roots, already.”

Who’s a turnip?

Miss F—“Pratt, what is the first thing that you notice on the Bohemian?”

R. Pratt, 1912—“He has on trousers.”

Miss S. (translating in II. Latin)—“‘Ad imos pedes’—To the depths of her feet.”

Mr. T—“What case is kiss in?”

Miss B—“The objective case.”

Mr. T—“Yes, it is rather objective sometimes.”

Miss M—“We’re going to the hall this morning, and we are going very quietly and without communication. Now, Beatty, how are we going?”

Beatty, '10—(Silence.)

Miss M—“Beatty, *how* are we going?”

Beatty, '10—“Why, er—er—by the stairs.”

Adams, '10 (in French translation)—“‘Ivre d’esperance’—Drunk with hope—‘Mme. Benoit fut au salon avant elle’—Mrs. Benoit was in the saloon before her.”

Why, Adams!

Miss O’Grady (holding pin in her mouth and trying to fix her collar, suddenly drops pin)—“Oh! I must have swallowed that pin!”

Rita (in a good-natured way)—“Never mind, dearie, here is another.”

She (after being kissed)—“Well, I like your cheek!”

He (after slight hesitation)—“Yes, and I like yours, too.”

Miss F. Whelen appropriately concludes her running high jump out at gym. by a shower of combs and hairpins of which Miss Shepherdson is the good-natured recipient.

Mr. T—“Class, what is the synonym of fall down?”

Bright Student—“Get up!”

Stranger (visiting in N. H. S.)—“What is that dreadful racket going on down stairs?”

Smart Sophomore—“Oh, that’s the Geometry class in Room I. dropping perpendiculars.”

Damon (translating in Room 24)—“She, er—a—she, er—er—she—”

The eternal Feminine!

Hall (translating) — “‘Oscula libavit natae’—He kissed the pretty lips of the sailors.”

R. (holding up his hat to Douglas)—“I say, Ken, this dip looks like a soup-plate.” (Jams it on his head.)

Douglass (turning)—“Nevertheless, it holds mush.”

Mr. A. (giving out topics) — “Topic 5 will be [terrible explosion outside] ‘Earthquake and Hellic Revolt.’”

Chamberlain (explaining a trigonometry problem, from a diagram)—“The ship is supposed to be at C.”

“Well, where would it be? On land?”

Mr. D. (translating in Cicero)—“‘Practice at the bar’ (let there be no mistake in the meaning)”

Miss C—"Where was Magna Carta signed?"

Clay (muttering)—"Down in D——'s back yard on 'Cheesecake Brook.' "

Lost—My gum.—Donahue.

"'Doch wohin, sag' ich ihr, das Ihr geflohn'—But where shall I tell her you have fled to?" (Vinal, translating I. Cl. German.)

"'Son mouchoir était pétri en tous sens'—Her handkerchief was kneaded in every sense."

(Kneaded and needed.)

Whaley (to Shedd at Read Fund lecture)—"What are you thinking about?"

Shedd—"Snoo-o-o-o-r!" (Meaning a loud snore.)

Miss M. (reciting in 3d Gen. English)—"And Poe was assigned to Battery H with the other corpses."

Miss M. (in City Government Class)—"The meter system reduces the waste."

Davis—"Get a line on that, girls!"

Ted is such a nice, thoughtful boy!

There was a brave fellow named Cæsar;
He was very warlike, this geezer;

He defended his home,

By fighting for Rome,

This terrible wild-tribe teaser.

Converse is enjoying a beautiful hunting season; his specialty, you know, is trailing the little dear.

Heard in Latin '10—"He saw Priam, his arms gone, holding out his hands."

Mr. D—"I am wrong, and Wright is right."

If your hit isn't printed, it is because there is another just a little funnier, or because it is saved for another time. We are able this time to give base-hits both of quantity and quality; hats off to democracy; don't let this proper spirit die! This is the whole secret: Begin early, and keep up the good work!

Alumni Notes

Mr. Fritz Ely of Phillips-Andover has left that institution to accept a business opening.

More than 100 former pupils of the Newton High School attended the first reunion of the class of 1908, held December 28th in Players' Hall, West Newton. Following a reception by the class officers, there was dancing. The matrons were Mrs. J. B. Stewart and Mrs. Whitley. The committee of arrangements was headed by Clarence Stewart, president of the class in the senior year.

Miss Margaret Hatfield, who is a member of the senior class at Smith College, will have one of the character parts in the coming dramatic production of "The Royal Family."

Mr. Kenneth Churchill, of the freshman class at Bowdoin College, has been elected a member of the Massachusetts Club.

At the recent annual meeting of the Technology Alumni Association, Mr. E. H. Huxley, '95, was elected a member of the nominating committee.

Mr. Edward K. Hall of Beaumont avenue was among the guests and speakers at the meeting and banquet of the New York Dartmouth Alumni Association.

Mr. Harold H. Burton, who is a member of the senior class at Bowdoin College, has been elected a member of the recently organized student council.

Mr. Harry E. Whittaker of Hunnewell avenue has been elected a member of the athletic association committee at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Whittaker is a sophomore at the institute.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—*Samuel Johnson.*

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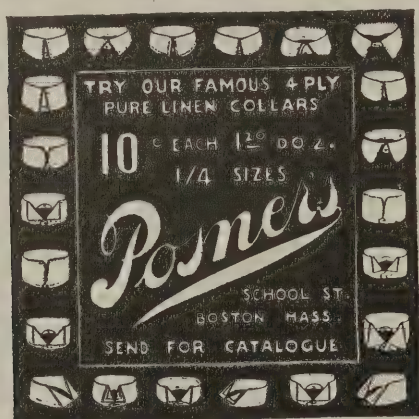
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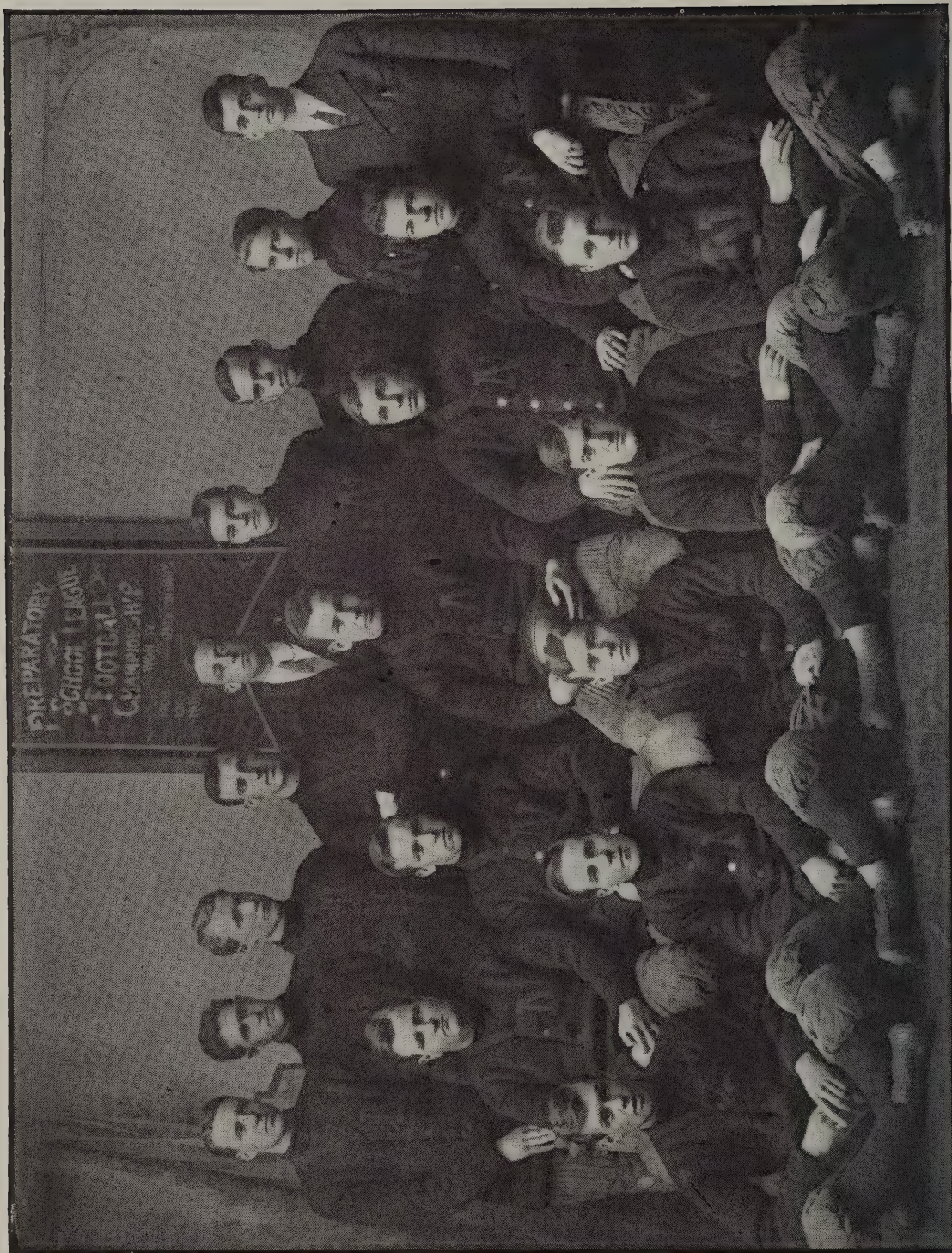
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH, 1909

No. 6

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THE REVIEW is published monthly, except during July, August, September, by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of THE REVIEW Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents, and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 160 Lincoln Street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in REVIEW box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 32 Washington Park, Newtonville.

Entered at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

We refuse to be responsible for the opinions of our contributors.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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Broke

I was discussing literature
With a maiden tall and fair,
Who said, "Isn't Tennyson's 'Break, break,
break,'
The saddest poem anywhere?"
Then mournfully feeling my empty purse,
I said, "To me it's no joke,
But the saddest one is the poem of life
Entitled, 'Broke, Broke, Broke!'"

A. S., 1910.

The Bells

(With apologies to E. A. Poe)

Hear the children passing by, passing by,
What a happy light is in each eye!
What a twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, in the
wholesome air of school.
And, when bells around them tinkle,
Then the feet, they twinkle, twinkle
To obey the well-known rule,
Keeping time, time, time,
On a sort of Runic rhyme
To the buzzing conversation that continu-
ally swells
Above the bells, bells, bells,
Above the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the
bells.

Now the moments quickly fly, how they
fly!
And a sadder look comes in each eye,
There's a patter, patter, patter, in the
rooms and every hall,
There's a rushing and a clatter
And another patter, patter,
And the heartless clock ticks on the wall,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that discordantly
now swells.
It's the bells, bells, bells,
It's the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the bells.

M. N., '09.

EDITORIALS

IN an enlivened and enlightened age, like the present, all people, even preparatory school students, think a deal, and speak frequently, of freedom, "broad-mindedness," liberality. Their utterances, however trivial in themselves, voice a unanimous approval of the idea of mental expansion. It is excellent fortune when this point of view not only is encouraged by the faculty, but constitutes a part of its own platform.

Sometimes our School is criticised by good people that have not caught the restive spirit of these progressive times—persons that feel this broader consideration of education to be an unseemly revolt against custom, which should be re-proved on principle. We, the people of Young America, can not agree with these critics. We are inclined to accept the theory of our teachers, and to co-operate with them in demonstrating the efficacy of their policy and our own. It is in the interest of the opponents of this worthy doctrine of freedom, rather than for personal satisfaction, that we shall point out one argument for freedom in preparatory school training, if not the strongest, certainly the most practical and conclusive.

What is the result of such a method; what sort of men does it finally place in the world? Not men that act by formula—think alike, speak alike, work alike: not men that need to feel constantly the chafing of the harness, in order not to break away from law. This lamentable type of citizen is too frequently the product of the old restrictive education. An institution like Newton, with ideal surroundings, genial teachers, liberal views, and a general atmosphere of healthful occupation, turns out a fresh, solid Amer-

ican—a man of steady skill, and firm conviction; of strong courage in the right, and strong opposition to the wrong. There has never been graduated from our halls a shirk, a milksop, or a mollycoddle. Newton men make good. Why do our men succeed? Because, by casting aside the rusty chains of excessive caution and restraint, the Newton system develops in students three essential features of strong character: self-confidence, self-reliance, self-control. In having a faculty that appreciates and promulgates such principles, we are fortunate. It is of little use to cry that they are wrong; yearly, we are proving that they stand in the right. Somewhere, Emerson tells us that the secret of education lies in respecting the pupil. Is it altogether strange that the great seer's words ring true?

To be really complete, a school paper should contain something more than jokes and fiction, and it should hold something more than the thought of the editors; it should maintain a column representative of the thought of the whole school. What subject? Any subject you choose; but let it interest you, first of all—let it be honest and sincere—or it will never interest others. We are going to set apart a portion of our School Notes column after this for such use, and we feel confident that the space will be well employed. Is the school willing to justify honest confidence? Not one, you know, but every one—that counts! Contributions must be brief.

The school has done remarkably well in our last three issues. There is, however, an unsuspected way in which we might increase the size of *The Review* and so greatly enhance its interest. Yes, you've guessed: more subscriptions. Well, are you a hustler? Fifty cents from *New Year's*. A bigger, better, brighter *Review*—that's our ideal, and we want to reach it—*don't you?*

ADDRESS BY ROBERT LUCE, ESQ.

"Genius is not inspiration but perspiration." This was one of the sententious remarks, a quotation, by the way, from Thomas Edison, with which Robert Luce, Esquire, enlivened his speech in the assembly hall Wednesday, February third. Mr. Luce's speech was full of valuable suggestions—conclusions drawn from a lifetime of observation; and it needed only the vigor and cogency of his delivery to make it one of the best messages that it has been our good fortune to enjoy.

One of the first things that Mr. Luce emphasized was the theory, or perhaps more accurately the truth, that the acquisition of principles, not facts, is the real purpose of education; for, though the facts slip rapidly away, the principles, classified and neatly stored in the warehouse of the mind, are ready always for inspection and selection, like a fine set of tools. With principles alone, is the student armed to encounter the great engagements of life. The problem of modern education is to avoid the bewilderment of the pupil by forcing upon him a tremendous array of facts, and to teach him, rather, the purpose of learning, the most expeditious method of acquiring knowledge, and its real, practical use.

Here Mr. Luce paused to lay open one great flaw in the reasoning of too many youths of to-day—the happy but treacherous confidence that each possesses in himself the secret formula of getting rich quickly and with the least possible inconvenience. There can be no more grievous error. "There is no short cut to success" is probably the truest maxim that ever hard experience has coined. Patient, persevering toil is the only tool with which true success has ever been wrought. Assiduity—sitting right down to it, and sticking till the job is done and polished to a finish—that is the secret of success.

Mr. Luce's final word was a suggestion as to a primal purpose of education: to make good citizens. Not only to produce honest voters, upright officials and law-makers, but especially law-abiding people. To be good citizens, in the full sense of the term, we must be able to discriminate, and to uphold the unwritten law as well as that prescribed in the book of statutes.

To sum up: Our lives must be guided not by petty facts, but by broad, human principles. If we are wise, we shall place our faith in perspiration, leaving inspiration to take care of itself. To be good citizens, we must respect law, written and unwritten, and we must train ourselves to appreciate and to promote order in the community.

LINCOLN DAY EXERCISES

On February twelve, the assembled school was treated to a fine address on Lincoln by Dr. Alexander Mann, of Trinity Church, Boston. Dr. Mann talked for about an hour on the salient features of Lincoln's life. He mentioned a few facts of the boyhood of the martyred President, spoke of his first three books, the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress and Æsop's Fables, and then spoke of his magnanimity, his humor, his patience, and perseverance in later life.

He showed the dreadful fact of Lincoln's assassination in a softer light than usual when he said that it made his memory only the more sweet, and endeared him the more permanently, in the hearts of all Americans.

Noyes of 1909 rendered a selection from Lincoln's second inaugural speech, and Smart, of 1910, gave the Gettysburg address. Miss Helen Ganse recited Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain!"

Who Stole the Curls?

By DOROTHY MONRO, 1910



ONE warm June afternoon, Mrs. Field sat by her sewing-room window, darning the ever present pile of stockings. As she rocked slowly back and forth, she read, for a second time, an open letter, which she had received a few minutes before. Smiling quietly, she replaced it in its envelope, just as the screen door banged, and Ned dashed up-stairs, whistling "Harrigan."

"Say, ma!" he called from his room, "ask Pat to get Fleetfoot shod, will you? I can't stop."

"Why not?"

"Going in swimming."

"Alone?"

"Nope; George 'n' Fatty White, 'n' Blink Howard 'n' Jack 'n' me."

"Be careful, won't you, and do get home early, for I have some errands for you to do. And, *Edward*," her voice rose as he started for the stairs, "Cousin Mabelle is coming to stay with us for a few days, and I want you to meet her on the 5.07 train to-night."

"Cousin Mabelle? Who the dickens is she?" asked Ned, bouncing into the room.

"Perhaps you don't remember her; she was here eight years ago when Aunt Ellen was married. Now, Ned, I want you to promise me that you *will* behave while she is here; for I don't want her to go away and give wrong reports of you," said his mother, anxiously; for she was a little doubtful as to the peace of the household during the expected visit.

"Yes'm," answered Ned meekly, as he tweaked the parrot's tail, and escaped from his mother by sliding down the banisters. Ten minutes later, he was with the "bunch" in Sawyer's Creek, unmindful of errands and train.

As the 5.07 train pulled into the station, Ned looked anxiously for a "tall young lady, with dark eyes and hair, and carrying a bag with a kitten in it"; for Mabelle had written that she would bring her "dear little kitten" with her.

But no one answering to that description appeared, and Ned, concluding she had missed the train, sat down to wait for the 5.15, which she probably had taken.

"What a guy!" he thought to himself, as a woman hurried past him, her silk gown rustling, and her blond hair piled and twisted under a beplumed hat. She stood talking with the station agent, so close to Ned that he overheard snatches of their conversation.

"They'll sure send some one to meet you, ma'am," said the man, respectfully, "I see their dog-cart outside 'bout a quarter of an hour ago."

"How far is it to Mrs. Field's?" she asked him.

Ned jumped. A quick glance showed a tiny kitten held in her arms, but—her hair! He approached the young woman, cap in hand, and, with his most gallant air, asked if this were Miss Mabelle Brown. "I'm Ned Field," he added.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "so this is Ned. I am your cousin Mabelle. So glad to see you, dear." And she rustled to the dog-cart.

All the way home, Ned puzzled about that hair. "Ma must have made a mistake," he thought. But only as they reached the house did a light dawn upon him. "Peroxide!" he murmured softly.

Cousin Mabelle had arrived, bag and baggage, and the family had, for forty-eight hours, lived in an atmosphere smelling of violet powder, rustling with silken skirts, and jingling with jewelry; for Cousin

Mabelle was a devoted follower of Fashion.

"Oh, Edward!" she called languidly, as he passed her door one afternoon, "would you mind doing an errand for me, dear? Of course, little boys don't mind running about"; and she bestowed upon him a smile so condescending that he vowed—*revenge!* "Here is the list," she went on, "and please don't take very long, for you see I simply *must* have these things for the concert this evening."

"Oh! there's my dear, sweet Fluffy," she simpered, as her gray kitten trotted in. "Come here, lovey."

"Miaow-ow-ow!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ned, in an *almost* natural tone, "I must have stepped on her toe. Poor kitty!" He stroked her carefully, as he carried her to Mabelle, dumping the kitten in her lap with a final stroke, ending in a vicious pinch on the tip of her tail.

"Miaow-ow-ow!"

"Good gracious, Neddle! whatever *can* be the matter with the dear?" inquired Mabelle.

"Tell you what, Cousin Mabelle, I guess she's hungry. Want me to take her down and feed her?"

"No, dear, you run and do my errands, and I will see about Fluffy's milk"; and she fell to caressing the kitten, while Ned walked leisurely toward the village, with George Thompkins, to whom he confided his burning desire to "get even" with that "painted fashion plate" and "her old cat." "Jiminy!" he concluded explosively, "I'd have fed it 'Rough-on-Rats,'—I would."

When he returned, an hour and a half later, he was met by his mother, and he knew by her expression that he was "gwine see stars, in *dis* yer' house mahty quick," to quote old Dinah, the laundress.

"Ned," his mother began, "how could you delay so when you knew Mabelle was in a hurry?"

"Well, I had kind of a scratch on my foot, so I couldn't run. Got it last time we were in swimming."

Mrs. Field suppressed a smile. "But you could have walked more quickly, and you have been gone more than three times as long as necessary. I am very sorry for this, Ned. You may go to your room and I will see you later."

He gave vent to an exclamation.

"Edward!" came a voice from the library, which made him jump, "do as your mother tells you, sir!"

Grumpily Ned ascended the stairs and sought his room. As he passed the playroom, he spied a huge rag doll lying forlornly in a corner; for, now that Bob was four-going-on-five, he scorned playing with dolls, and turned his thoughts to the more exciting pastime of scalping fierce Indians, generally known as Nurse and Bridget. A happy thought came to Ned, and he carried the old doll to his cousin's boudoir—which she had vacated in a whirl, after a hurried dressing for the concert. Ned leaned out of the window and gave a low whistle. In an instant, George appeared, around the corner, demanding, "What's up?"

"Sh! come on up!"

So George, with the skill born of long practice, ascended the woodshed roof and climbed to Ned's window. From there, he proceeded to the front of the house, and he and Ned, in ghoulish glee, decorated the unhappy doll with rouge, pearl powder, a silk kimona, and, as a lasting touch, a frizzled "rat" of blond hair. As a parting insult, Ned pinned one of his cousin's calling cards to the doll's flabby hand, and, propping it in a chair, they both fled to Ned's room. Locking themselves in, they held "high jinks." For safety's sake, George soon descended, via the woodshed, and sought his own room, and he and Ned telegraphed back and forth, eagerly watching for the return of Mabelle; for they well knew that

then the paternal wrath and slipper would be raised against one, if not both, of the offenders.

About midnight, their long watch was rewarded, and Mabelle rustled up-stairs, talking in her lively manner with Ned's mother. Silence: then, a ringing shriek.

"Oh! that awful boy! My powder and my hair! Oh dear!"

Ned chuckled and went through in pantomime, at the open window, his idea of Mabelle's grief, to the great enjoyment of his companion in evil; for, being opposite, George could see Edward Field, senior, striding down the corridor in a determined manner. He could only guess at the knock that came, for Ned stopped short, made for the bed as if shot, and a prolonged snore was carried over to George's window by the evening breeze.

At that precise moment, Mr. Thompkins, hearing inexplicable sounds of glee from his son's room, ascended the stairs, and, strange to say, he too heard a long, gentle sn-o-o-ore.

The next morning, two disconsolate boys met at the "Creek," discussing the events of the evening before.

"And what do you suppose they've gone and blamed me for now?" Ned asked in disgust.

"What?"

"That old powder-mill swears I stole her yellow curls. She says she had a string of them on the mirror last night, and that I took them."

"Did you?"

"Did I? What do I want of her old hair? Probably it was Bridget or Dinah."

But trout proved more exciting, just then, and, after a long, lazy day, with a catch of three small fish, they sauntered homewards, though none too anxious to arrive.

Mrs. Field came to meet them.

"Oh, gee! Probably it's her teeth gone this time," groaned Ned.

But he was agreeably disappointed, for

his mother was smiling, and she called out, "Ned! George! I have found the thief."

They started on the run, and, as they reached the porch steps, there sat Gyp, the little brown puppy, ecstatically chewing a tangled yellow mass of something that had once been curls.

"Remember, Ned," Mrs. Field said to him, a day or two later, when Mabelle had gone, "this doesn't excuse you from the other affair, though I admit Mabelle is rather hard to get on with."

That night, when all the house was still, a ghost-like figure in white, hopped down-stairs and met an excited little brown dog, beating a joyful tattoo with his tail. The two scrambled back up-stairs and snuggled down under the bed clothes together.

"Gyp," murmured Ned, pathetically, "are you one of those 'angels unawares' that mother talks about? Just supposing they had thought to look under my bureau before you did! Gyp, you're a darned good dog!"

ADVICE

Take one long sash of moonlight cool
And spread it o'er a purpling pool

Of water deep and gray.

Dispel all thought of time to come,
Forget indeed all Christendom;

Drive all dull care away.

A rippling breeze waves o'er the land;
Across thy cheek there blows a strand

Of hair that's softly gold.

Close to thy lips there steals a hand

Whose light touch leaves thee quite
unmanned;

Then in thy mind, rest this command:

Be bold, my friend, be bold!

When a man sees a football match for
the first time, he thinks it is two baseball
teams having their inning with the umpire.

Ad.

The Rivals

By PAUL H. SMART, 1910



THE great log-drive, which had covered the Tusket River since spring, was held up at the foot of the Canan rapids. For several days, the force of drivers remained inactive, on account of this log-jam, which blocked the immense chain of logs stretching for miles up the river. The Company was losing money every minute that the jam held, but the men were perfectly satisfied with the existing state of affairs. They had toiled since early March, always on the move, and now several days' leisure, with settled quarters, was, to say the least, agreeable.

On the evening of the third day of inactivity, most of the log-drivers were engaged in playing cards or gambling, about one large pile of blazing logs, which was surrounded by numberless small white tents, the quarters of the men.

The gambling continued until late in the night, but, as it progressed, a certain atmosphere of suspicion was noticed by the men. This feeling in a way possessed the whole group, but a careful observer could see that it existed chiefly between two young men, who were lying opposite each other, with the fire almost squarely between them. As the night wore on, they kept regarding each other with dark, threatening eyes. It was a common story that these two men came from rival families of the same village, but there was more cause than this for the ill feeling that any one could see existed between them.

The older of these two, McDevitt, was generally regarded as the most reckless man in the camp, and every one expected that, when the bosses called for a volunteer to cut the log which was holding the jam, McDevitt would be the first man to re-

spond. He held a reputation which many men would envy, but it was generally believed that as soon as he was hurt, trying to accomplish some of his exploits, he would sober down.

The other man, glaring at him across the red embers, possessed no reputation for daring enterprises, but, on the contrary, he was quiet and unassuming.

As the fires were dying, the stakes began to increase, and the two men lost heavily on account of the troubled condition of their minds. They watched each other's every move and almost never did either take his eyes from the face of his enemy.

One of them sighed, got up, and slouched off into the shadow of a nearby tent. The other, casting his eyes about suspiciously, walked off in the opposite direction.

The night before, the younger, Alliston, had gone to the village to see a girl with whom he had become acquainted during the prolonged stay in their present quarters. He had not been received with the usual pleasant greeting: she had treated him coldly, and, in her eyes, there was a mocking twinkle. Alliston had come to tell her of his growing love, but there was something forbidding in those dark eyes: he felt that he was out of place, there in her company, and hastened to withdraw. Even then, he was allowed to go without the usual friendly invitation to come again. His heart was beating rapidly, for he saw clearly that some person stood in his way. It was not so two nights ago; but now—He could not understand the situation. What influence so great could change her in two days?

As he was leaving the street in which her house was situated, a tall figure passed him. Absorbed as he was, however, he did not even look up, but hurried on toward the

river, feeling in a mood to throw himself in to cool off and forget his worries.

All the next day, he pondered about his trouble. He remained by himself, and not until evening did he seek the company of his fellow log-drivers. As he was playing cards, he happened to look at the man opposite him. Their eyes met, and suddenly Alliston felt that that man, McDevitt, was his rival in love. There was a look in his eyes that denied the necessity of words to tell the secret. He had been too absorbed to notice the man the night before, when he had passed him, but there was no mistaking him now. From the moment Alliston read the look flashed him by McDevitt, he knew that they were mortal enemies. This hatred grew every moment that they remained together, or in the same vicinity. It grew as only hatred born of love can grow. Surrounded by primeval forests, by half-civilized, coarse men, there was nothing to soften their hard feeling. It grew fierce and bitter, until it knew no bounds. It possessed the hearts of both men, turning them against each other, and making them bitter against the world.

In the ensuing days, neither of them journeyed to the village, but their thoughts were always either there or upon each other. All preparations for cutting the logs that were holding the entire mass back had been made, and, on the eighth day of inactivity, the bosses planned to call for volunteers to cut the jam.

On the appointed day, all the drivers, and over half the villagers, assembled to watch the breaking of the jam. Alliston and McDevitt were with the rest of the men, but their hatred kept them apart, and they did not join in the discussion about the way in which the jam should be broken. Alliston raised his eyes to the river bank and saw there the girl whom he had gone to the village to visit. He quickly lowered his eyes and turned away.

In doing this, he looked squarely in the face of McDevitt, who was glowering at him in rage and contempt.

Everything was ready, and the manager stepped forward and called for a volunteer to cut the two jamming logs. The whole crowd turned toward McDevitt, but he did not say a word. The crowd murmured. The manager called out, "McDevitt, will you break the jam?" McDevitt's thoughts seemed far away; he did not move.

There was a slight stir among the crowd, and Alliston stepped forward with his ax. Rushing far on to the perilous jam, he began to hew the two logs which were holding the whole mass back. With ringing blows, he cut the two immense timbers apart. The pile loosened, began to move, and rushed on with the river. The jam was broken. With the first loosening of the mass, Alliston had sprung aside, leaping from one to another. He climbed up the bank and watched the great rush below. McDevitt remained in the rear of the crowd, always keeping his eye on his enemy.

The jam was broken, and also the period of inactivity. The men were set to work poling the logs along, and keeping the channel clear. Alliston was stationed below the rapids, in mid-stream, to keep the logs moving. He leaped from one large trunk to another, his spirits always as light as his agile body. He had broken the jam, and she had been watching!

He looked up, and saw, coming across the logs, McDevitt. Conflicting thoughts crossed his mind. He prepared himself for a struggle, as McDevitt neared him, and he saw the look of cruel, bitter hatred in his face. McDevitt leaped two logs at a time, and, uttering a guttural sound of suppressed rage, he flung himself upon Alliston.

The two grappled and swayed, for a moment, but their weight was too great for a single log, and gradually they began

to sink, until the log rolled under their feet and they went beneath, into the gurgling water, still desperately clinging

to each other. The logs came together, with a low, ominous boom, and river and logs rolled on together.

The Greendale Burglar

By FLORENCE G. NELSON, 1910



ONE hundred dollars reward is offered by the citizens of this town, for the capture of, or information leading to the capture of, the person, or persons, responsible for breaking and entering, with criminal intent, four houses in this vicinity."

So read the glaring placard, posted above the door of the Greendale postoffice. Mrs. Barrington, a frail, tired-looking woman, scanned the notice wistfully, as she passed the place on her way home from church.

"One hundred dollars," she said, slowly and impressively, addressing her daughter, an attractive girl of eighteen; "one hundred dollars, Rose; just think what that would mean to us. Why! it would more than cover the interest on the mortgage, and there would be enough left to get you a new dress, so you could go to the Warren ball, after all. Folks say Mrs. Warren has engaged a caterer and a decorator from Paxton for the occasion, and that it is sure to be the biggest thing of its kind Greendale has ever seen. I declare, 'tis a shame you can't go, when all the other young folks will be there—and you wanted to go so much!"

"Oh, not so very much, mother," Rose answered, bravely, trying hard to speak cheerfully. "If I were only sure that we should be able to meet the interest on the mortgage in time, I wouldn't mind so much about the other; but it would be perfectly awful if we had to leave the old home now, after so many years."

"It certainly would," her mother agreed, sorrowfully, "but let's try to think of something more cheerful; it's three months yet

before the money is due, and who knows but something may turn up before then?"

"Who knows, indeed," laughed her daughter, her mood suddenly changing, "the unexpected always happens; perhaps we'll capture that burglar yet! The Brown's was the last place he visited, and that's not so far from us. He may conclude to favor us with a call, if he learns that father is to be away to-night. It might be well for us to load dad's old shotgun and sit up to wait for him; for we could never forgive ourselves, if he should come and not receive a suitable reception."

"That's hardly likely, with Sultan around," Mrs. Barrington responded, with a faint smile. "I pity any burglar he catches; I fear there wouldn't be enough of him left for us to claim the reward."

Thus jokingly she dismissed the matter, and, a few moments later, she had forgotten all about it.

She thought of it again, however, that afternoon, as she watched her husband disappear round a curve in the dusty country road; and, although she would not have confessed it, even to herself, the thought made her nervous and uneasy. Their home was situated in a lonely spot, near the edge of the village, fully half a mile from the nearest neighbor; and, as the afternoon wore away and the evening shadows began to gather, the possibility of a call from the burglar somehow seemed greater than it had earlier in the day, and, incidentally, more unpleasant.

Both she and her daughter retired early that evening, after seeing that the windows and doors were safely locked and bolted;

but, long after Rose's regular breathing told she was in dreamland, her mother tossed restlessly, starting at every sound. At last, she fell into a light slumber. It seemed to her that she had been asleep but a few moments when she was awakened by the old clock, in the kitchen beneath her, as it slowly and solemnly struck the midnight hour. Suddenly, she discovered that she was thirsty, and resolved to go down-stairs to get a glass of water. She got out of bed as quietly as possible, in order not to awaken Rose, who was sleeping with her, and, slipping on a dressing-gown, crept down the broad staircase. But, at the foot of the stairs, a sight met her eyes which brought her to a sudden stop.

For the dining-room door stood slightly ajar, and from it a bright shining ray of light stole out, and stretched itself across the dark hallway, directly in her path. She immediately realized its import, and, for a moment, stood staring fearfully at it, as if rooted to the spot. Then, blowing out the candle she held in her hand, she glided quickly and noiselessly across the hall and peered cautiously into the room. There, with his back to her, a masked man was bending over the sideboard, from which he was dexterously removing, piece by piece, the old-fashioned silver, which had been an heirloom in the Barrington family for generations. Beside him, on the table, lay his revolver, the muzzle of which glittered in sinister fashion, under the rays of a lantern, while an open window, in the rear of the room, showed how he had gained an entrance.

As Mrs. Barrington stood, half-fascinated, watching the thief at work, she cast about for a way to trap him. For the presence in her house, just at this time, of a criminal for whose capture a reward of one hundred dollars was offered, seemed to her almost providential, and she resolved that he should not leave the place free. A

moment's hasty thought determined her course of action, and, once decided, all fear seemingly left her. Calm and self-possessed, she retraced her steps across the hall, as silently as she had come, and, opening the front door, she hurried out of the house and across the lawn to the kennel, where Sultan, the great Newfoundland, lay asleep. The dog, disturbed by her approach, uttered a low growl, but, recognizing his mistress, quickly subsided. He rose obediently, at her whispered command, and, wagging his tail, prepared to follow her. Back to the house, and into the hall, she led the way, the dog pattering softly after. Once inside, Sultan pricked up his ears and was all attention. It was evident that he had a suspicion, and Mrs. Barrington feared lest he should voice his indignation, and so betray their presence. But the intelligent animal seemed to realize the need of secrecy and maintained absolute silence. He paused to sniff here and there, as he followed his mistress along the hall to the dining-room door, which she pushed softly open, disclosing the thief, still intent on his work.

On catching sight of the burglar, the dog's aspect suddenly changed, and he became, in an instant, the very embodiment of fearful ferocity. With teeth bared, and muscles tense and rigid, an evil glow in his eyes, the great animal stood eyeing his victim. Then, with a mighty bound, he flung himself upon the unsuspecting man and felled him to the floor. The angry oaths that burst in a rapid torrent from the startled thief, as he struggled vainly to rise, quickly changed to a cry of mortal terror, on realizing that he was helpless, in the power of the infuriated beast. Indeed, he had good cause to fear; for the dog's fighting blood was aroused, and, had not Mrs. Barrington rushed up, and by sheer force dragged him away, he would have throttled the man.

"Don't you dare to stir!" she cried,

imperatively, as the burglar, released from Sultan's hold, made a motion as if to rise. "If you do, I'll set the dog on you again."

The man did not judge it prudent to disobey, and there was a moment's awkward silence, as all three stared steadily at one another.

Then the burglar, who had been fidgeting uneasily under Sultan's gaze, broke into a whining appeal: "I wish you'd let me off, lady," he began, "I've never done no such thing as this before, and I promise yer faithfully I won't again, if you'll only call off your dog, and let me go."

He paused for a minute, as if waiting a reply, but, receiving none, nothing daunted, he began again. "I've a wife and six children—"

"Be still!" Mrs. Barrington's voice rang out sharply, and there was a note of finality in it which the burglar seemed to understand, for he immediately relapsed into sullen silence. Laying her hand on the dog's head, and pointing to the thief, Mrs. Barrington cried, loudly, "On guard, Sultan! On guard! Do you understand?"

The dog looked up into her face, with bright, intelligent eyes, and moved a step nearer the shrinking man. Then, turning to the burglar, she said: "I'm going now to get the proper authorities to take charge of you. The dog won't hurt you, so long as you keep still, but," with a grim smile, "I wouldn't just advise you to try to escape, while I'm gone."

A few moments later, she was speeding alone, through the darkness, down the lonesome country road that led to the sheriff's home.

"You're sure Sultan won't let the man escape?" questioned the official, after hearing her story, as he prepared to accompany her back to her home.

"Yes, indeed," she answered, confidently. "Now I've given him the word, he'd watch

forever and a day, if necessary. Sultan's thoroughbred!"

Sure enough, when at last they reached the house, they found the dog still standing guard over his prisoner, who, seeing the hopelessness of resistance, submitted quietly enough to the handcuffs, which the sheriff snapped on his wrists. Then the burglar, much to Sultan's chagrin, was led away.

"There are a good many people hereabouts who will sleep easier now, that they know this rascal is safely cared for," the sheriff remarked, as he took his departure. You've done us a great service, Mrs. Barrington, and I guess you can claim that reward any time you want to." When, at last, tired but happy, Mrs. Barrington again sought her chamber, she found Rose still soundly sleeping, and left her so.

"You may hitch up old Bess after breakfast, Rose; we're going over to Paxton to-day, to get the material for your dress. It's high time we started making it."

This was the announcement with which she startled her daughter, the first thing next morning.

"But," began Rose, surprise and pleasure mingled in her tone, "where are we to get the money to pay for it?"

Then, for the first time, she learned the history of the previous night's events.

OLD AGE

Thou, hoary reaper, with thy rusty blade!

Mow me not down until my day is o'er,
Lest I too light have glimpsed into life's
glade,

Too greatly moved in life's tremendous
roar.

Sweet, sweet old age! when all that's past
is good,

Now may I pluck the ripe fruit of life's
tree;

Nor yet regret the ground where once I
stood

In contemplation of Eternity.

The Watch on the Rhine

By CHARLES D. KEPNER, JR., 1911

HANS, don't ask me more about the villagers now; it's getting so late. Listen! the old clock is striking twelve already, and we have been lying in bed since——"

The speaker made a sudden pause, and gazed out of the window overlooking the historic Rhine.

"What's the matter?" asked his bed-fellow. "Have you forgotten what time it was when Uncle Joseph drove us to bed with his fancy palm cane, or do you see your great-grandmother's ghost, floating around the old castle walls?"

Fritz kept on gazing into the darkness, to the delight of his cousin Hans, who kept constantly plaguing him, declaring that he must have a nightmare.

"Say, Hans," he broke out at last, "do you see those black specks on the river? What do you think they are?"

"Your imagination," retorted his friend. "Surely you must be dreaming."

"No, I'm not," replied the other, "look again. See! they are growing larger. I think they are French boats."

"You are right; there is certainly something on the river. But what would the French be doing there this time of night?"

"That's plain enough. They must be going to make a midnight attack on the village across the river. We must warn the inhabitants. Quick!"

Instantly Fritz sprang out of bed, pulling the covers from his perplexed companion.

"Here!" cried the latter, "what are you doing? Don't you know it's cold?"

"And don't you want to save your countrymen?" asked Fritz.

"Sure; but hasn't Rheinlan posted sentinels, during the war?"

"Only a few. The war is quiet, now, and, besides, Schwartz, the guard, is prob-

ably filling up on Rhenish wine for Christmas. Put on this old fur coat and those shoes, if you want to come."

This was quickly done, and they tore down stairs and out into the darkness.

"Off with her; one, two, three," whispered Fritz, as he shoved the Schönbergs's skiff into the river. "You row the right oar. Now for Rheinlan!"

Away flew the little boat, and on came the French. The boys did all in their power to escape detection. They headed their skiff down stream to keep from sight of the French; but in vain. They were seen; for one boat was fast pursuing them.

"Let's make for the opposite shore, and run through the woods to Rheinlan," suggested Hans.

"O no; we can't do that. See!" and Fritz pointed to a second boat which was getting between them and the shore. "Perhaps we can yell loud enough for some one to hear; we certainly can't get away otherwise."

"Yes we can," replied the undaunted Hans. "One of us must swim ashore, and the other can stay here to fool the enemy. Which will you do?"

"Stay here. I can't swim twenty strokes."

Hearing this, the hardy German dived so carefully into the almost frozen Rhine that he was not seen by the enemy. Fritz cast an anxious glance into the black water, wondering if his cousin would ever reach the shore; but he did not have time to think about Hans' fate, for the next minute he lay unconscious in the bottom of the skiff, stunned by a sharp stone.

Hans was right in believing that, if one boy was captured, the French, thinking him to have been alone, would believe all danger of detection past, and this would

allow the other boy to reach Rhein an unmolested.

The French colonel landed his little army a half-mile below the town, and sent out a small detachment to attack in the rear, ordering the commander to gag everybody he met, and to attack the unguarded village the minute the moon rose.

"Well, d'Albret," he said to his chief advisor, the veteran of many a hard fight, "I guess we've got them this time; there couldn't be a better night, and every one

is resting for Christmas, except this young rascal. He'll wish, before many hours, that he hadn't chosen to-night for a boat-ride. Isn't that so, boy?" he added, casting a triumphant smile on his bruised captive.

The smile was short-lived, however; for suddenly fifty flashes lighted the sky, followed by fifty deadly volleys. In five minutes, the village was alive with musketeers, and, after a brisk skirmish, the would-be victorious army was on its way to prison. Hans had done his work well!

The Simple Secret

By ELWYN B. DRAPER

WRITING with pen alone is like speaking only with the tongue: the former is readily executed by the trained monkey—the latter is the proud accomplishment of the parrot. However, "real literature, like real anything, is art." Successful writing is not the work of the head alone, nor entirely of the intellect: it is "the product of mind and heart," skillfully blended in a perfect whole.

In just a few words, let us suggest the way to write a story that will merit swift publication in *The Review*.

1. **The plot** must be something that interests the writer, so that he can throw his whole mind and heart into its development. It must be perfectly clear and definite in mind, before he tries to write, or he will fail because of weakness and obscurity.

2. **The introduction** must be carefully calculated to arrest the reader's attention and at once arouse his interest. This is essential: the editor's judgment of the whole story depends on the quality of the first and last few paragraphs—their brilliancy and the perfection of their relative

interest. The introduction is rendered most effectively in the form of bright, breezy conversation; in any case, it should have the nature of an appetizer for all that is to follow.

3. **The body** of the story is chiefly taken up by the development of the plot by means of successive crises, or points of interest, leading to the climax, or the point of the story itself. This plot development must have life, action, crispness, sparkle. It must amply justify the promise of the sprightly, convincing introduction. It must be vigorous and progressive.

The body of the story also necessitates the disclosure of character. Characters should be allowed to reveal their own personalities by *action* and *speech*. Passive characterization, like indirect discourse, is apt to be unconvincing, unless in the hands of an experienced writer.

The action of the body of the story leads naturally and unfalteringly to the climax, the point of the whole story; after that is made clear, generally in one or two strong paragraphs, often in one short line, the reader's interest falls, and the story must directly end.

4. **The conclusion** is usually accomplished in one paragraph. A long, rambling conclusion, like a similar introduction, is fatal in the eyes of any editor.

We shall conclude these few comments, which we sincerely hope may prove helpful, by a brief extract from the pen of Frank A. Munsey:—

"The essential thing in good literature is to have something to say, and to say it simply and clearly—to say it with courage and conviction, and in your own individual way. Put fancy into it, put intensity into it, put honesty into it, and you will come pretty close to producing something that people will wish to read.

"The best way to tell your story is to plunge right into it, and let the atmosphere take care of itself, which it is sure to do in good time. The closer you can write to the way you talk, or the way you should talk, the closer you will come to interesting the reader and to attaining a good literary style.

"If you try to be literary, you will be nothing; if you try to be simple and direct and earnest, you may be literary.

"You can not produce literature with the compass and the square. Neither can the chemist give you a formula for it. It is not a question of so much atmosphere with certain other ingredients to a given quantity of idea. Literature must be in the theme itself as well as in the handling. You can not write poetry about a rotten log or found literature on a cow pasture."

A Broncho's Philosophy

What are you and I
But a stew and a fry—
A broil and a sizz
And a scramble for biz—
And six feet of earth
When we die?

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

Exchanges

Before proceeding with individual criticisms we wish to make a few general remarks. In one exchange for this month—which shall be nameless—we have found six errors, typographical and grammatical. This carelessness is unpardonable in a high school periodical, and we wish to warn our contemporaries against it. Too great pains cannot be given to proof-reading. Glaring mistakes such as we have seen in the above-mentioned paper, lower its literary standard immeasurably, and spoil its fair name. Let us, then, beware of faults in punctuation, spelling, grammar, and type.

The "Holten" is indeed ambitious in printing an article in German. In this respect it is worthy of emulation. Articles written in a modern language are wholly suitable in a school paper.

The stories in this month's "Megaphone" are harrowing in no small degree. Its "local" and "alumni" columns are as excellent as usual.

In the "Crimson Tatler" from Allen School, we find a most thrilling and romantic story,—and an exceedingly brief exchange column.

"Radiator," can't you get a more cheerful cover?

Expand in your exchange department, "Oracle."

The cover of the "Mirror" this month is infinitely more pleasing than previously. We still think this paper might expand.

"Red and Black," we are always ready to receive you. Your departments are excellently balanced, and you are most artistically arranged.

We have read the exchange column of "The Imp" through, but notice no adverse criticisms. Don't be afraid to speak your mind, "Imp."



School Notes



THE DEBATING CLUB

February 16, a meeting of the Debating Club was held in the Hall. The second debate of the year took place between the Juniors and Seniors. The subject was, "Resolved, that United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people." The Juniors (Smart, Burr, and Raymond) had the affirmative, while the Seniors (Mahoney, Draper, and Hawes) defended the negative. Each speaker was allowed ten minutes. Mr. Thomas kindly consented to act as judge, and gave the decision to the Juniors, making the second of the interclass debates won by 1910. After the meeting Raymond, '10, resigned his position as temporary captain of 1910, and Smart was elected permanent captain. Draper was elected permanent captain for 1909. Wilson, '10, was appointed chairman of a committee to look over the constitution, and see about arranging a regular school team. Mr. Thomas then told the club about arrangements which were being made for a debate some Wednesday morning between the two best teams which the club could form. The fellows are all willing to work and anxious to keep the kettle singing. PAUL SMART, *Sec'y*.

The January meeting of the German Club was put into the hands of Miss Schwatz, Miss Gustin and Brackett, '10. Their program was as follows:—"Erlkönig," Miss Clark; vocal solos, "Signore Alberti Pickernello"; story of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Miss Pratt; selection from same, Damon. Miss Chase played parts from ten German compositions, and Miss Damon, '09, having

guessed all ten and their composers, received the prize. This was followed by "The Princess Who Wouldn't Laugh," a story dramatized by the artists. Those taking part were: Misses Clark, Fogg, Gore, Emmons, Boyden and Breed, Warren, Lord, Birch, Damon and Snow. The play was a grand success, and the meeting by far the best this year.

GERTRUDE FORD, *Sec'y*.

The one February meeting of the Senior class was held in the assembly hall. It was voted to spend \$2.00 for entry fee to athletics and \$9.40 for outfit for the track team. It was further voted that money left should go towards football caps. The whole meeting was taken up with the discussion of class finances.

The first Senior assembly was held at the North Gate Clubhouse, West Newton, on Friday evening, Jan. 29. There were twenty couples present, and the dance was a great success. The matrons were Mrs. R. S. Gorham and Mrs. E. F. Woods.

At a meeting of the Junior class early in January, the four officers were present! At 1.30, January 29, the Juniors held a second meeting for the purpose of making an assessment to meet the coming expenses of the year. Less than half the class were present. O Juniors! where is your class spirit?

"THE RED CRESSET"

In Room 14, you may find a well stocked vehicle of English expression that holds a deal of genuine delight. It is *The Red Cresset*, and its proprietors are Third Classical French and Greek. The editorial shows care and thought, as indeed

do all the contributions. "Will not more of us," the editor urges, "after using this opportunity as a stepping-stone, loyally contribute to The Review, and thus bring the name of 1911 to a place of honor among the other classes?"

There you are—class spirit, unselfish loyalty, true pride in intellectual endeavor—that's the tone of this little paper. Godspeed, *Red Cresset*, Godspeed!

The school enjoyed exceedingly the Wednesday morning service of February 24. The piano playing by Miss Chase and the violin selection by Miss Ivy were exquisite. Pickernell's singing was keenly appreciated. A splendid innovation; let it continue!

The French club held its February meeting, we presume, with the usual program; we have received no report.

Please give us all the class notes this month!

Poetry and Prose

My Lady was singing a beautiful tune,
And her voice was high and clear,
She sang by the light of the yellow moon,
To Sir Oswald, standing near.

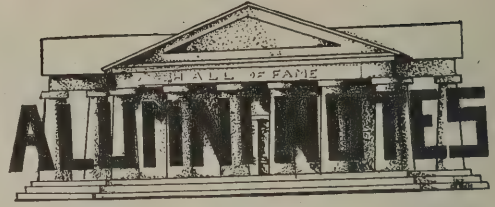
Then Oswald joined in the chorus sweet,
And the song wafted up to the sky,
But the man in the house across the street,
Turned in his bed with a sigh.

He sighed, for he knew they would keep
it up,

In spite of all he could say,
Till the first streaks of dawn, or a wander-
ing pup,

Should frighten those cats away.

G. F., '09.



Mr. David B. Waters, '11, has been chosen treasurer of the Fulton Debating Society of Boston College.

Miss Katharine H. Ames of Highland street, the president of the freshman class at Smith college last year, has been recently elected a member of the Phi Kappa Psi society.

Mr. Charles Thornton Davis, one of our older alumni—N. H. S., 1880—has received fresh honors in his chosen profession, having recently been appointed by Gov. Draper as judge of the land court. Since his admission to the bar in 1886, Judge Davis has been in practice in Boston and Worcester.

Miss Ida Ayres, of the class of 1892, died recently in the West Indies, where she had been living for her health. Miss Ayres was her class historian. After leaving the High School she took special study courses in the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and then, for five years was "literary editor" of the Boston Daily Advertiser. Since then she held the position of supervisor of drawing, in the Porto Rican school system.

Edward K. Merrihew was a member of the Harvard relay team which recently defeated the B. A. A. on Irvington oval. He also participated in the Harvard-Columbia relay race, held in New York, and in the annual indoor track meeting of the Boston Athletic Association at Mechanics Hall.



S. S. in IV. Ger. A—" 'Er winke leise seinem Kamaraden'—He winked softly to his comrade."

There is a young senior named Frank,
Who enjoys sitting on Crystal bank,
With his heart in his hand,
(My! but he has sand!)

This ardent young senior named Frank.

Lord in II. German, translating—"We all sat around the table and chatted with the cigars."

You should choose your associates carefully.

Miss C. (in history)—"Cimon hung his bridle from the Acropolis."

Blanpied—"The man and woman were united by matrimony."

Miss J.—"No, they were united by the minister."

Mr. Walton (teaching Freshman class in singing)—"No chord is right without mi (me) in it."

From a Senior!—"The speech starts in telling us that the soil of America adheres to us, and that it is our duty to live up to it."

Miss Heebner—" 'Rome et mon âme me suffisaient'—Rome and my friend were enough. [After reflection] Oh, my soul!"

Hiltz, '09, spells ballot for Mr. T—"B-a-l-l-e-t."

O'N—, '09 (reading in English) "'..... Shall I go on?'"

Mr. I—"No, you may stop."

H. (translating)—"'Biensûr jenesuis pas un aigle, comme dit ma femme,'—Certainly I am not an *angel*, as my wife says!"

One morning the school was started

By the sound of the "fire gong" loud,
In alarm we made for doorways

And rushed out, a maddened crowd.
"But where," we asked, "is the fire?"

And no one could make reply
'Till we noticed Barrows' bright stockings,
So red they illumined the sky.

—1912.

Miss G., Room 10—"What are some English derivatives of ostrum, a couch?"

Wright, suddenly inspired—"Ostermoor mattresses!"

The class is convulsed.

Less confidently, "Ostrich!"

What a bright class!

On February 16, the members of the debating club addressed the audience as "Ladies and Gentlemen!" for the first time. One or two forgot to do it, thereby arousing indignation.

ROOM XXIV

Years ago in à la française
Lived poets, three in all;
Today those men of fancy
Serve to decorate our wall.

Corneille with petit goaté,
And millinery queer,
Combined with his sad expression,
Forms a contrast rather drear.

Molière he was a lady's man,
I can see it in his eye;
And Racine, upon the left hand,
I bet was pretty fly!

With moustache curled,
And hair unfurled,
These three great men of the old French
world,
Look down from off their shelves.
What do they see?
Posterity.
What, jolly?
No! Golly!!

—'09.

Selections, and their applications:—

1. I was only teasing you.—Miss P.
2. Your excuse is out of season.—Mr. M.
3. Always in the way.—Jackson.
4. Are there any more at home like you? —Mac.
5. Who said chicken?—Mr. Marshall.
6. I open the door for you to go.—Miss B.
7. Two little girls in blue.—The Cotton sisters.
8. Just because she made those goo-goo eyes!—Miss W-n.
9. They were all doing the same.—Last hour Wednesday—Room 1.
10. If time was money, I'd be a millionaire.—Loomis.

Miss C. (in physiology)—“When I was riding on the train yesterday, I passed an unusually good-looking house, but the back yard was filled with bedposts, and various articles of that sort——”

McCarthy—“It must belong to a junk dealer.”

The following resolutions have recently been made:—

1. Jackson—To stop(?) smoking.
2. Loomis—To stop matching pennies.
3. Miss W-n—To stop “making eyes.”
4. Donahue—To stop using slang.
5. O'Neil—To always know his psychology.
6. Mac-n—To “lay off work.”
7. Crocker—To stop swearing.
8. Barrows—To quit grinning.
9. Miss C-n—To cut out winking.

Neagle, II. French—“Place a stone around our necks, and place us in the river.”

O Cæsar, 'tis of thee,
Book most hateful to me,
Of thee I sing.
May you soon fade from sight;
I wish with all my might
You'd vanish in the night.
Let freedom ring!

A gentle hint to our delinquent subscribers: Man is but dust. Dust settles. Are you a *man*?

How about it, Gordon?

Mr. M—“Name some of the most important things for which lumber is used.”
Miss Ryan—“Coffins and caskets.”

“.....All Gaul—Gaul as a whole—is quartered into three halves!”

Mr. Adriance—“Where did Alex. go from Abela, McMullen?”

McMullen—“Didn't go any where except when he died, then he——” (roar of laughter).



ATHLETIC NOTES

Annual Indoor Meet

Before a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators, the class of 1909 won the twentieth Annual Indoor Meet of the Newton High School Athletic Association, held in the Drill Hall, Feb. 20, 1909. The annual indoor meet always seems to arouse more enthusiasm and class spirit than any other athletic event, and this year was no exception to the rule. Furthermore, the excellence of the performances more than merited the applause they evoked.

The feature of the evening was the breaking of the record in the 1000-yard run by Capt. Mahoney, who lowered the mark 3-5 of a second. "Dan" followed his usual tactics by allowing another to set the pace through the first few laps, and then shooting ahead towards the end. However he was hard pushed by "Wuzzy" Warren, who loped along too close to his heels for comfort. McClure, '11, finished third.

In the 600-yard run Rider, '11, proved to be the "dark-horse" and captured the event in good style. He took the lead at the start and held it safely throughout the race, finishing well ahead of Tucker, '11. Third place went to Hawes, '09.

The 300-yard dash was a pretty sprint with Leonard, '09, capturing it rather easily. Mahoney, '09, and Wilkins, '09, finished in the order named.

Leonard also won the 30-yard dash. Second place seemed almost a tie between Wilkins, '10, and Weaver, '10, but the judges decided in favor of the latter.

The shot-put was won by Allen, '10, with the very creditable distance of 37 ft. 6 in. No one knew before that Allen was a shot-putter (we doubt if he knew it himself), but he conclusively proved that he was. Converse, '09, won second place and Fripp, '11, third.

Nagle, '10, won the high jump with little difficulty, only being forced to clear 5 ft. 2 1-2 in. for the honor. C. Moore, '11, won second prize. But third place was not so easily decided, as there were several bidders for the position. After a jump-off it was declared a tie between Allen, '10, Wright, '10, and Hickox, '11. Each of these was awarded 1-3 of a point for his trouble.

The 30-yard low hurdles were captured handily by Clancy, '10, S. Moore, '09, taking second and C. Hawes, '09, third.

In the class team trials the sophomores easily defeated the freshmen and the juniors had little trouble in finishing ahead of the seniors. The final was a pretty race and was won by the juniors.

The summary:—

30-yard dash—Won by J. Leonard, '09, E. Weaver, '10, second, W. Wilkins, '09, third. Time 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

1000-yard run—Won by D. Mahoney, '09, H. Warren, '09, second, H. McClure, '11, third. Time 2m. 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. (New record.)

Shot-put—Won by R. Allen, '10, F. Converse, '09, second, F. Fripp, '11, third. Distance, 37ft. 6in.

30-yard hurdles—Won by W. Clancy, '10, S. Moore, '09, second, C. Hawes, '09, third. Time, 4 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.

600-yard run—Won by S. Rider, '11, K. Tucker, '11, second, C. Hawes, '09, third. Time, 1m. 29 $\frac{3}{5}$ s.

Running high jump—Won by N. Nagle, '10, C. Moore, '11, second; Allen, '10, Wright, '10, and Hickox, '11, tied for third. Height 5ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

300-yard run—Won by J. Leonard, '09, D. Mahoney, '09, second, W. Wilkins, '09, third. Time, 39 s.

Class team final—Won by '10 (A. Johnson, capt., W. Clancy, S. Wood, R. Allen). Time, 1m. 39 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

Table of Points

	1909	1910	1911
30-yard run	6	3	0
1000-yard run	8	0	1
Shot-put	3	5	1
30-yard hurdles	4	5	0
600-yard run	1	0	8
High jump		5 $\frac{2}{5}$	3 $\frac{1}{5}$
300-yard run	9	0	0
Totals	31	18 $\frac{2}{5}$	11 $\frac{1}{5}$

Preparatory Meet

The fourth annual indoor meet of the Preparatory League resulted in a victory for Brookline High with 32 points; Newton High was second with 21 points, and Cambridge Latin third with 10. The meet was a spectacular one, and close finishes were the order of the day. Brookline presented an even, well-balanced team, and won on account of this, despite the brilliant flashes displayed by Newton and Cambridge.

In the 40-yard dash, after several preliminary heats, the field was narrowed down, and Shedden (B), Leonard (N) and Close (C) finished in the order named.

Hodges (C) drew the pole in the 300-yard run, but Leonard was too fast for him, taking it on the first corner and maintaining it the full distance. Hann (B) took second place and Hodges (C) third.

The start of the 600-yard run was a good deal of a "rough house," in which

Rider (N), Whitney (B) and Close (C) were knocked down, seriously delaying them. McGrath (B) won the event, with Hartley (N) second; and Whitney (B) managed to pull up to third place.

The 1000-yard run was the star event of the day, bringing together, as it did, the three captains of the respective teams. It was a spectacular event, and one not soon to be forgotten by those who saw it. Whitney (B) ran a wonderful race, finishing in the excellent time of 2 m. 28 4-5 s., thereby bettering the League record made by Daniells in 1906 by almost 10 seconds. Close (C) came in second, and Mahoney (N) did not finish far behind the Cambridge captain.

The 30-yard hurdles were captured by Dunbar (B), Moore (N) taking second place, and Hawes (N) third.

The high jump brought out some good competition, and showed some excellent performances. Chandler (B) easily took first honors, but second place was a tie between Dunbar (B), Johnstone (B), Barrows (N) and Nagle (N). The points were divided equally between them.

The shot-put was won by Graustein (C), with Allen (N) second and Gallert (B) third.

The relay race was keenly enjoyed, but Newton had little difficulty in carrying off the victory.

The summary:—

40-yard dash—Won by Shedden (B), Leonard (N) second, Close (C) third. Time, 5 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

300-yard dash—Won by Leonard (N), Hann (B) second, Hodges (C) third. Time, 37 $\frac{4}{5}$ s.

600-yard dash—Won by McGrath (B), Hartley (N) second, Whitney (B) third. Time, 1 m. 24 $\frac{1}{5}$ s.

1000-yard run—Won by Whitney (B), Close (C) second, Mahoney (N) third. Time, 2 m. 28 $\frac{4}{5}$ s. (New record).

30-yard low hurdles.—Won by Dunbar (B), Moore (N) second, Hawes (N) third. Time, 4 $\frac{3}{5}$ s.

Running high jump—Won by Chandler (B); Dunbar (B), Johnstone (B), Barrows (N) and Nagle (N) tied for second place. Height, 5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Shot-put.—Won by Graustein (C), Allen (N) second, Gallert (B) third. Distance, 37 ft. 5½ in.
Relay race.—Won by Newton High (Hartley, Warren, Mahoney, Leonard). Time, 3 m. 21 s.

Table of Points

	Brook- line.	New- Cam- ton. bridge.	
40-yard dash	5	3	1
300-yard dash	3	5	1
600-yard run	6	3	0
1000-yard run	5	1	3
30-yard hurdles.....	5	4	0
High jump	7	2	0
Shot-put	1	3	5
Totals	32	21	10

Basketball

Saturday morning, Feb. 13, there was a game in the Drill Hall between the sophomores and the freshmen. The sophomores won by a score of 22-6. Three girls on the sophomore team and seven girls from the second freshman team were given a chance to win their numerals. All the scoring for the freshman team was done by Miss Shumway, who threw one goal from the field, and three free goals.

Sophomores.

Goals—Miss Bouvé,
Miss Paine,
Miss Adams.

Freshmen.

Miss Shumway,
Miss Clapp,
Miss Pratt (Miss Wel-
ington).
Miss Dill (Miss Wither-
bee),
Miss Anderson (Miss
Taylor),
Miss Granger (Miss Rob-
bins).
Miss West,
Miss Newhall, Miss Boggs,
Miss Brown. Miss McClury.

Guards—Miss Prudden,

Miss Stuart,

Miss Clarke.

Centres—Miss West,

Miss Brown.

Student—"I want the 'Life of Julius Cæsar.' "

Librarian—"Too late. Brutus was ahead of you." —Ex.

Teacher—"When is a thing transparent?"

Tommy—"When you can see through it."

Teacher—"Give me an example?"

Tommy—"A knot-hole." — Ex.



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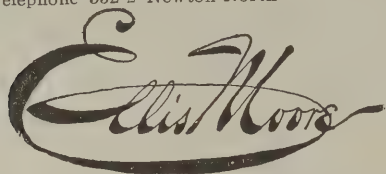
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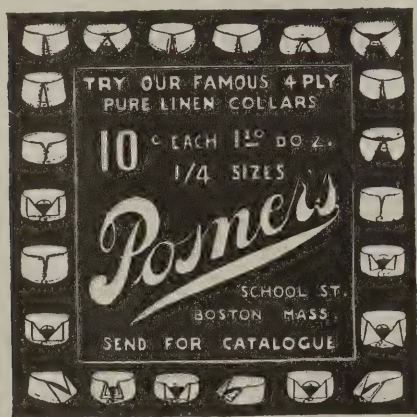
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL, 1909

No. 7

When the Nets Came In

By DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910

Blue rose the hills steep and sheer, like a
wall at the edge of the water,
And on the other side was a world of bright
pink and of opal,
Deepening, moment by moment, till the
sun rose up in red glory,
Flinging its opaline tints on the deep blue
waves of the ocean.
Down on the opposite shore, the Italians
were bringing their nets in,
Dragging them hand over hand, all drip-
ping and tangled with sea-weed.
Flashes of shimmering silver, in the wet,
brown folds of the meshes,
Writhed and gleamed in the sunlight, then
after a moment, were quiet.
Silently, doggedly pulling, the fishermen
strangely were silent,
Quarreling not, nor jesting, nor discussing
the catch of the evening.
Manual only was singing, his voice ringing
strong o'er the water;
"Caroli, oh, Caroli," passionate appeal in
the love song,
But in each listening heart was the selfsame
question repeated:
"Has the fellow no feeling?" and a frown
settled over the faces.
Tragedy had come to the village. The
grandchild of aged Juanita,
Pepita, sweetest of maidens, had vanished,
as if by some magic;
Pepita, loved by the village, but lately
betrothed to Manual.
Always when Manual went to place his nets
for the morrow,
Pepita walked on the white sands, and over
the water had floated
Back to where she was standing, his beau-
tiful voice, singing love songs.

Then, there had come a sharp quarrel. No
more came the maid to the village
Till one evening of moonlight, the eve of
the reconciliation,
Pepita walked with Manual on the red,
brown cliffs near the ocean.
When he was setting his nets 'neath the
light of the stars and the moonbeams,
Clearly, across the bay, had echoed his
passionate singing.
Morning found Pepita missing. The vil-
lage was troubled and anxious.
Old Juanita recounted, that, late of that
direful evening,
Nearer and ever nearer, she had heard the
singing of Manual
Up the steep, winding road; then the door
of her house had closed softly.
Believing her Pepita safe, she had thought
no longer about her.
That was the end of her story, and inquiring
looks bent on Manual.
But grief so heart-breaking was his, his
search for the maiden so eager,
Guilty he could not be, and he was removed
from suspicion.
Day after day crept onward; a sullen, ill-
boding spirit
Settled down over Manual, which drove
his companions all from him.
Only at night in his boat, and again in the
early gray morning,
Just as the nets were pulled inward, did his
voice ring out o'er the water.
Now, as the sunburned arms tugged at the
net, ever higher,
Higher, clearer, and sweeter, his voice arose
as he labored.
Heavy the nets were with plunder, quick
and hot came the breath of the fishers.

Sweat stood in beads on their faces, while
 ever the net was pulled nearer.

Already its silver freight gleamed white on
 the ocean's blue surface.

One mighty pull and the scurrying fish in
 their prison of meshes

Flopped on the yellow sand, but ever the
 net dragged.

"Tutto intono canta, amore, amore, amore,"
 Strong rang the voice of the singer, and the
 bodies swayed rhythmically with it.

Then, all at once, they were rigid. The
 song died on the lips of the singer.

Surrounded by shimmering silver and
 gleaming green of the sea-weed,

Down 'mongst the tawny meshes, a glim-
 mer of red, a white something!

Eagerly now tugged the fishers. The net
 was soon spread on the seashore.

Quickly the meshes were cut, and Pepita
 lay there before them!

Pepita, white and still, in the warm, bright
 light of the sunshine.

Clasped in her stiff little fingers, was the
 fan with which she coquetted

On that well remembered evening. The
 eve of the reconciliation.

Falling upon his knees, a fisherman kneel-
 ing beside her,

Drew from her lifeless breast, a dagger of
 intricate pattern.

"Manual's!" shouted the men, and turned
 as one man to destroy him.

Manual, however, had fled. When the
 first red gleams had been sighted,

He had known what the net held, what
 made it so sagging and heavy.

Loosing his hold on the cords, he had
 fled up the steep, rocky pathway.

High on the cliff, above, the men saw him
 stand for a moment;

Then, he had disappeared, behind the steep,
 blue barrier.

When they had lifted Pepita, and taken
 her back to Juanita,

Search was begun after Manual, but never
 again was he heard from.

Now, when they tell the tale, the fishermen
 glance o'er their shoulders.

Some of them even affirm that on still
 moonlight nights they are able

To hear the pleading refrain, "Caroli, cedi
 Caroli."

Faint and distant it sounds, but sweet and
 clear it re-echoes,

As in the days of old, when Pepita stood
 on the seashore,

And Manual, setting his nets, sang her his
 passionate love songs.

A Tropical Sunset

BY BERNICE E. DAVENPORT, 1910

Many of the most beautiful sunsets I
 have ever seen occurred in the tropics in
 June or July. I remember one in par-
 ticular, because of the exquisite mirage
 which preceded it. We were in Burmah
 and were spending a few months in our
 bungalow by the sea. When the sun was
 beginning to sink, and the red-gold rays
 were just touching the water, and the sky
 was streaked with beautiful pink and
 purple clouds, there suddenly appeared
 like a vision a lovely mirage, which looked
 like an island city far out on the horizon,
 and reminded me of a picture of
 one of the cities of Judah, in the olden
 times. The palms were waving in the
 breeze, and the sun's last rays glistened on
 the white domes and minarets. Just out-
 side the white gates of the city, the
 drivers of a caravan were watering their
 camels. I could almost hear the barking
 of the dogs. But as I looked at the scene
 at the well, the vision faded slowly from
 view, and left me alone with the beauty
 and mystery of the night.

EDITORIALS

SOME of us keep off the grass because Papa has always told us to, others of us have a moderately developed taste for the æsthetic and so allow the humble green to grow; the rest of us find it helpful to preserve a sort of mental boggy—the board fence or the village policeman.

“The rose-tinged future” has become pitifully hackneyed. We venture that next year’s Review will be silvern: the true metal, with a high polish and an honest ring. Editor-in-chief, Paul H. Smart, Business Manager, Chauncey Doud. The School and your wits be with you!

“A man’s reach should exceed his grasp, or what’s a heaven for?” There is nothing more significant than a long reach. Then, too, as Browning offers us the prospect of a few odd thousands of years in which to attain the final objective, we do not have to fear that our present aims are too high.

Of course, there are only a few of us that have gathered in knots (bow, four-in-hand, or otherwise) in the dear old corridors—poor, imposed-on corridors!—but suppose we all move on.

Narrow precepts and the boarding-school are responsible for a long and bitter word in the English language, invidiousness, which is the most expensive of aristocratic indulgencies.

The “last lap” has something the nature of a spring-board; you run, you jump, you dive: will you come up?

And now cometh baseball. Every one keep Bucking and don’t allow the bleachers to warp from want of sympathy.

People that are generous in painting their neighbors with a thick coat of calumny not infrequently stint themselves.

A genius is a man that works to a satisfactory conclusion the problem of his own life.

Any man that thinks he is very much better than other men—isn’t. *Elbert Hubbard.*

We might devote the entire May issue to watered excuse.

A DIAMOND

There is a human quality that springs like a green shroud over a breathless desert, without which all is void. It is human sympathy. It is never found where it is loud professed; rather, it is found where it is least suspected, in the humble hearts of men that have learned to respect, to honor, and to love, their kind. However cramped the object, in body, in mind, or in spirit, however low, however exalted, it seeks the latent good and holds it to the light; it sweetens, purifies, refines. It is seldom found, for we are selfish. The power of sympathy is far-reaching and terrible, for, as it seeks ultimately the true and beautiful, it revolutionizes society, and marks precisely what is coal, what flame—resolves all things into the temporal and lasting. This evolution, if we observe it carefully, will enable us to peep beyond the gate of outward form, into the radiance of intellect and soul. Then, we realize that sympathy, which alone shows man to man aright, lends to us the key of heaven. Heaven! vain word, unless it signifies the realm where abide sheer intellect and heart, with one passion to crown them, true love, broadly and deeply human. Love of life, love of work, and love of fellow-man—these three insure a perfect charity.

Marthy Malvina's Easter

By DOROTHY MONRO, 1910



MARTHY Malvina sat on the doorstep in the bright April sunshine, wriggling her little brown toes in the dust. "Abe," the scrawny kitten, hopped back and forth, playing with an adventurous toad. A few crocuses nodded to her from their tomato-cans, under the kitchen window; a lame rabbit solemnly regarded her from his cage; and the toad jumped backwards and forwards before her, begging protection from the blows of the kitten. She paid not the slightest attention to all this, but sat motionless, her glittering eyes gazing far into the distance, out over the clump of berry-bushes, and down the hill to the busy town below.

"Yas," she murmured to herself, "ah's sho' goin' git even wid dat good fer nuffin' niggah, yo' jes' bet." A little frown grew between her brows. "Huh! tinks he's jes de on'y stun on *dis* yer beach. Ah's gwine show *him*." And she emphasized her remarks by pounding the soft earth with her heel.

"Marthy," called a deep voice from the kitchen, "ain' yo' mos' done wastin' de day-time out dere? Yo' doan' yern yer sawlt yo' lazy Picerninny."

Marthy, roused at last from her reverie, hopped up from the step, and, hurrying into the kitchen, presented herself, meek and submissive, before her mother.

"Ain' yo' heah me w'en Ah call?" her mother asked grumbly. "Dere's Mis' W'ite's washin' ter be took, and Ali's got ter hab dese yer tings frum de mahkit." She handed Marthy a long list. "Doan' yo' dawdle now," she warned, as Marthy glided out of doors, deposited the washing on a rickety cart, and scampered off, the wagon jolting merrily behind her.

As she trotted along, her brain was busy,

trying with all its might to solve a very hard problem. Just why the teacher had chosen to distribute to each pupil one of her plants, to care for during the two weeks' Easter recess, Marthy could not tell. Just why she herself had been absent from school on that particular day, with the earache, she could not tell, either. She only knew that fate had been unkind, had singled her out for persecution, and had allotted to Jeff Johnson a brilliant red geranium.

Ever since the day of the spelling-match, when she had failed utterly, and he had gone above, he had been her sworn enemy. To be surpassed by a mere boy is bad enough, goodness knows, but to have that boy taunt you afterwards, is torture.

"Ho, ho!" Jeff had yelled derisively, "yo's a niggah an' yo' can't spell chickun; ho! ho!" And now he had proudly marched home, bearing that red geranium. It was a thorn in Marthy's side. She never had cared particularly for geraniums, they were so stiff, but now she would have sacrificed her dearest treasures to obtain one.

A chuckle startled her, and looking up, she beheld Jeff, riding in state upon a load of lumber.

"Ef dar ain' mah fren' Marthy, sho' 'nuff!" he exclaimed, in feigned astonishment. "Yo' ain' see mah new flow'r has yo', Miss Marthy? Doan' spose you'd luk at hit, sposin' Ah bring it out? Ho! *yas* yo' would; yo's a *girl*, yo' is, an' dey's natchally cur'us. . . 'Bout what ain' none o' dere *biznuss*," he added with a grin, as the wagon turned up a side street.

Marthy walked on, viciously jerking the cart behind her. As she passed a florist's window, she caught a ravishing glimpse of masses of beautiful bloom. She drew a

deep sigh. Who would not, when the desirable was at hand and unattainable? What did it matter, anyway? Supposing she *was* wicked, a flower or two couldn't be missed. To-morrow she would go to that fairy shop where flowers lined the walls. Yes, she would, too; and she would get a *pink* geranium, and that Jeff Johnson would just see he wasn't everything.

At bedtime, she hesitated about saying her prayers. "Sposin' de Lord doan' wan' me ter do hit? He can't 'sen' er angel ter stopp me," she muttered, scowling. "Huh! doan' keer. Ah's gwine 'er be wicked, an' Ah can't help hit, an Ah doan' keer, so now!" And with that, she tumbled into bed.

Easter day dawned clear and sunny, and all was bright, and every one was happy—every one but Marthy Malviny, hurrying down the hill and trying to think she was glad she was "gwine 'er be wicked." As she passed the great stone church, she heard a strain from the organ, and stopped short. If there was anything her soul worshipped, it was music. She drew nearer and nearer. Flowers, flower-shop, Jeff—all were forgotten in listening spell-bound in the huge doorway.

Suddenly, a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she was jerked aside by the sexton, as he growled angrily, "Clear out; this ain't no place for a nigger."

Stunned and frightened, Marthy sank sobbing at the foot of the steps, her head on her arms, in utter despair. Could any one be more wretched? As sob after sob shook her thin little frame, she felt a soft touch upon her arm, and looked up. Was it an elf from fairyland, or was it a true live angel that appeared before her? Marthy did not know. She was only conscious of the silky golden curl that swept her cheek, the caress of two little dimpled hands upon her arm, and the wondering gaze of two eyes of heavenly blue, looking pityingly into hers.

"Why does 'ou cwy?" asked a voice, soft as the cooing of doves. "Isn't 'ou happy?"

Somebody, watching with misty eyes, laid a detaining hand on her husband's arm. "Don't, John," she whispered, "watch and see what they will do."

Again came the sweet voice: "Don't cwy, dear, I loves 'ou, don't cwy."

Half fearful, half bewildered, Marthy suffered herself to be led up the steps, and hand in hand, they tiptoed through the wide door, down the aisle, and slipped to a seat—the fair little golden-haired maiden in white, and the mournful little Marthy in her skimpy dress of blue.

The organ played softly, and far away, rose the sound of voices, singing a beautiful hymn. Tears, not of sorrow this time, shone on Marthy's lashes. At the thought of the little fairy beside her, at the touch of the tiny hand, at the sound of the organ, all Marthy's bitterness vanished, and she felt a great peace stealing over her; for was it not given to her to have one glorious glimpse of Paradise?

Late that night, when all was still, the moon shone full into a little attic room. On a rickety chair near the window, stood a stately Easter lily, gleaming in the soft light. Beside it, knelt a little figure in white, her wooly head bowed, her hands clasped around her treasure. And the moonbeams, as they listened, heard this prayer:

"Deah Lord, Ah tanks yo' fo' mah Easter Day. Yo' knowed Ah was a-gwine be bad, didn' yer, an' so yer sent a angul ter gib me dis yer flow'r ter keep me good. Jeff's got ter gib his back ter-morrer, but dis yer's *mine* wha' de lil' w'ite angul gib me, an' Ah knows dat yo' doan' lak us w'en we's wicked, an Ah ain' nev' no moah gwine be bad, wid de lily a-smilin' ter me all de time ter tell me dat you's takin car' on me when hits day-time, same as when hits night."

“Pilly”

By GERTRUDE FORD, 1909



ILLY Vander Schmidt Glottenheimer,” thundered his father, bringing his fist down on the table with a mighty bang, “you go to the country on Vriday! You hear!” and with long, angry strides, he stamped out of the room and down the stairs.

Poor Billy having taken advantage of his mother's momentary absence to crowd the cat into the fast-warming baking-oven, in order to see what would happen, had found out all too soon for his peace of mind, and was now repenting at leisure. For the past two months, his father had been threatening to send him to a certain village, far from New York, to learn the duties of a farmer. He had found that his small son hated the very idea of such a life, and, having made this discovery, used it with almost alarming frequency. But now, tired and cross, after a short night's sleep—he had played skittles until a late hour—he was in earnest, and Billy knew it.

To go to the country! Never again to sit on the curb and munch pretzels! To rake hay, and milk cows, and feed hens! The thought was maddening, and Billy's round Dutch face grew long and tearful. He crouched mournfully in a dark corner of the dirty tenement-landing, and faced the matter squarely. One thing was certain; he *would* not go away. Not, no even if they said he could have “hot dogs” for every meal in the day.

For fully half an hour, Billy sat motionless and silent, unheeding the taunts of frequent passers-by. At last his solemn face grew brighter, and straightening up, he slid down the banisters of the three flights of stairs, and stepped out into the street. He sauntered carelessly around the corner, and finally entered a dirty little drug store.

“Hello, Mr. Schilvensky,” he muttered,

pushing the door to behind him with a pre-occupied air.

“Hello, Pilly, anyding I can do? You vant a drink of vater?” The clerk put down his paper obligingly.

“No,” said Billy, jumping nervously up and down on the big scales. “No, my fader, he's awful sick, and he—he's awful sick.”

“Dot so? Vot you want?” Mr. Schilvensky inquired sympathetically. “May-pee it's a plaster?”

“No, he's awfully sleepy, he is.” Billy pulled off a useless button from the sleeve of his coat, and dropped it into the slot.

“H'm?”

“I veigh eighty-three pounds.”

“But your fader?”

“My fader, he vants to go to sleep, I say.”

“Ve don't sell no lullapies here, and all the cradles is across the street.” Mr. Schilvensky's face twisted itself into a grotesque grin, in the keen enjoyment of this humorous remark.

“Vell, bud he—he vants a pill to put him to sleep. Maypee, I guess, perhaps he vants two.”

“Vy didn't you say so? Vait a minute. Now run along. Tell your fader, sleep tight.”

At last Billy had the pills, and after disbursing his small hoard of pennies, he slipped out of the shop, and around the corner homeward.

Mr. Glottenheimer always came home at noon on Saturdays. To-day was no exception, and, shortly after twelve, he thumped up-stairs, more tired and cross, if possible, than when he had descended them. Billy, on the other hand, was not to be seen until dinner-time. At the last moment, he slipped into his place at the table, and, devoting himself to his plate, endeavored to appear indifferent to

the dark frown that clouded his father's brow.

They had not been seated long, however, before Billy jumped up from his chair, and pointed excitedly out of the window.

"Look!" he cried, slipping the two pills into his father's mug of beer, "Ach, see!"

"H'm," Mr. Glottenheimer grunted angrily, looking at the uninteresting stretch of brick wall that comprised his rear landscape, "maypee it's *Vednesday* you go to the country!"

It was a very unprecedented thing, but somehow Billy's father grew sleepy directly after dinner, and he stretched out on his bed, to indulge in a brief nap.

Mrs. Glottenheimer was only too happy to have a short respite from her husband's continual grumbling. She quietly washed the dishes, and, picking up the baby, went to call on Mrs. Vandolino, who lived three courts below.

But Billy had work before him, for he had decided to devote his afternoon to the comfort and welfare of his father. Moving about as quietly as possible, he carefully pinned a flapping shade to the window frame, drove the flies out of the kitchen, and chased the above-mentioned luckless cat down-stairs. These things annoyed Mr. Glottenheimer, and Billy was wise.

He shined his father's boots, which had been sleepily thrown into the corner, removed a chair that was too delapidated for any use, and performed numerous other little offices. Ordinarily he would have scorned the idea of being so helpful, but now, in the face of such awful danger, he had decided to overlook that point of view, and sacrifice himself for the good of the cause.

Thus the afternoon passed, and Mr. Glottenheimer did not wake up. In fact, he was still sleeping soundly when Billy arose the next morning. It was needless to warn the boy to be quiet, for he moved

about as though his very life depended upon silence.

Irritated by the excessive heat, the baby began to whimper almost as soon as she was dressed. Billy placed a firm hand over her mouth, and, holding her tightly under his left arm, plunged down the stairs, and up the street. He knew well how healthy were his small sister's lungs.

When, at last, Mr. Glottenheimer did wake up, he felt refreshed, and greatly recovered in spirits. He had not slept almost twice around the clock in vain.

He nodded approvingly, as he caught sight of his shining boots, and ate his late breakfast without making a single complaint. But when his wife told him what Billy was doing—amusing the baby, that she might not disturb her father—he actually beamed.

"Pilly's a goot poy," he remarked, as he picked up his hat, "he's a goot poy, and he loves his fader."

He strolled up the street until he caught sight of his small son.

"Hey, Pilly, my poy," he called smilingly, "here's a penny. You'd petter go get you some of them Zuckerplätzchen tomorrow."

And "Pilly" knew that all was well.

The second senior class assembly was held at the Northgate Club, February twenty-seventh, with a good attendance, about twenty couples. Mrs. Herbert G. Pratt and Mrs. Charles F. Hawes were the matrons.

The third senior assembly was held at the Northgate Club on Saturday, March twenty-seventh. There was a large number present, which made the dance a great success. Mrs. E. D. Van Tassell and Mrs. F. S. Webster were the matrons.

WARDE WILKINS,
Chairman Dance Com.

Aunt Samantha's Dance

By DOROTHY W. MACLURE, 1912



ES, Aunt Samantha Briggs was to give a dance. A party was not an unheard of thing, even in Briggsville. The minister's wife gave a tea-party every year, and old Deacon Jones's wife, who was never known to go off her own front porch, since the summer she broke her ankle, had once given a *reception*. Of course every one in town, who was anything at all, had gone to that reception. And perhaps it was from that that Aunt Samantha got her idea of giving a dance.

I shall never forget the sensation those invitations to the dance caused, the morning they were delivered. Si Brown and I had to take them around in Si's new express-wagon that he earned by selling Larkins's soap. I had helped him sell the soap, so I felt a sort of half-partnership in the wagon. We didn't mind doing it for Aunt Samantha, for she kept a jar behind the big clock on the parlor mantel-piece, always filled with red- and white-striped peppermints. Those peppermints tasted mighty good to hungry boys, and Aunt Samantha never begrudged us a whole pocket-full.

Well, by the time I had delivered all those invitations, and got back to the house, I found the kitchen half full of neighborly women, who had just stopped in to see whether Ma knew any more about the dance than they did. You see Ma is Aunt Samantha's own niece by marriage, and they knew that she was more likely to hear about Aunt Samanthas' doings than any one else in town. But Ma *didn't* know anything about it, and indeed no one did, even up to the very night it was to come off.

The invitations said half-past seven, but, as Ma said, every one was so anxious to see what was going to happen that they

started promptly at seven; we were ready on the stroke of the hour. I had on my best suit of clothes and my first long trousers. I can tell you I was mighty proud of myself. I wore my red necktie, the one with the lovely purple dots. Even Sis's pink and blue one couldn't beat it. Si and I were the only ones of tender age (we are fourteen, going on fifteen) invited, so we had been coached days ahead on how to act. Si and I had even practiced how to greet our hostess, how to ask for dances, and the like, in the privacy of the barn. While Si could bow the better, I could give the more appealing glances.

Ma was rather fussy, at the last moment, about how her hair looked. But, after ten minutes spent in assuring her that it was just perfect, we at last started on our way. As we approached Aunt Samantha's house, we caught up with Si Brown and his mother. No lights shone from the front of the house, and we were afraid that we were really too early. Pa consulted his watch and declared that it was twenty minutes of eight, and, late or not late, he intended to go on to the house.

Marching straight up to the front door, he sent three mighty peals echoing through the house. Again and again, he rang the bell, but no one answered it, and finally we trooped around to the back door. Here Ma rose to the occasion, and, stepping boldly forward, opened the door. There sat Aunt Samantha, placidly knitting away at a long gray muffler. We stood spell-bound on the threshold, scarcely believing our own eyes. Aunt Samantha had apparently not heard us, until Bobbins, her great black cat, fearing trouble, arched his back and let out one long mi-ow-w. She looked up, startled; her knitting fell from her hands, and then she broke into one long, tantalizing laugh.

"Wall, I deeclare!" she said, "ye must hev mistaken the date of yer invites."

We looked at one another in amazement. "But I hev my invitation right here," cried Pa. "And me, too," chimed in Ma. Then and there, they pulled them out and read them. Pa's face was the first to fall. He was always the first to acknowledge a mistake, anyway.

"Wa-all, I guess ye are right, Aunt Samantha," he drawled.

Ma's face was an angry purple, but she managed to splutter something about some

people's writing being *very* hard to make out. Si's mother was most crying by this time.

"Yes, Silas," she sobbed, "I guess I *shall* have to get glasses; my eyesight is worse than I realized."

So we sadly retraced our steps, and I'm sure that Ma will look twice at the next invitation she receives. Si and I are really rather relieved to think that we have a whole week longer to practice manners in. Si is happy, in the belief that he will acquire *my* appealing glances, while I am confident that I shall master *his* bows.

A Page From a Cat's Diary

By MILDRED CLARK, 1910



THURSDAY. 7 to 7.15 a. m.: Wake up in nursery. Awful sleepy. Stretch. Hear queer noise at open window. Raise my head to look over baby's crib. See a dove eating crumbs off window-sill. Decide pigeon-pie will make a fine breakfast. Measure the distance. Spring. Oh! horrors! Miscalculated that time. I land on baby's mouth. Yells ensue. Must get that pigeon, anyhow. Jump again. Hang it! I lost him. Pretty near fall out of window. Dig my claws into sill and save myself. Nine lives still with me! Come back into room. Baby yelling a blue streak! Rush out just in time to escape Mr. Jones's bootjack. That hateful baby woke him up, I suppose. Glad I'm a cat, not a baby!

7.15 to 8.00: Go down into dining-room. Frighten canary most to pieces by glaring hungrily at it.

8.00 to 9.00: At breakfast with family. Go up to chair of Thomas Jefferson Jones, who always feeds me on the sly. Gaze at him with my lustrous, yellow eyes. I know he can't withstand them. He gives me a piece of meat. Mrs. Jones detects him and I get nothing more. Stingy thing! She says it spoils my manners.

She must have been reading the Ladies' Home Journal. Anyhow, cats have better manners than some babies I know!

9.10: Go out into the kitchen to eat my breakfast. Worse luck! That beastly dog has bolted it. I'll get even with him.

9.20: Grocer calls with some supplies. Cook goes out and talks with him. With her eagle eye off me, I make a bold dash, steal a chop off the kitchen table, and swallow it—without stopping to Fletcher-ise.

9.30 to 9.40: Lick my chops.

9.40 to 10.00: Hear howls issuing from laundry. Maggie is washing that vile dog. It's balm to my tortured soul to see him in such a mess, his furry coat, he is so proud of, looking as if it had been dragged through a mucilage-bottle. I sneer at him, and daintily lick my paw. He gets mad and makes a jump at me, but Maggie's grip does not relax and he gets a couple of bats for his pains. Thoroughly satisfactory!

10.00 to 12.30: Snooze.

12.30 to 1.30: Make my toilet for the afternoon; incidentally, wash over my left ear to bring strangers, who generally make excitement.

1.45: Go out for a constitutional in the back yard. Look over ground for tonight's meeting.

1.45 to 2.40: Refreshed by airing. Jump on to Mrs. Jones's best spread and take a short nap.

2.45: Awakened by sharp slap on my ears, delivered by with great emphasis by Mrs. Jones. I don't see why she should be so cross. I give her a good scratch for her impertinence. Why, I believe, I'm losing all my rights in this house. I can see now why people advocate suffrage.

3.00: Show myself in Miss Jones's room. She is dressing for company. I told you so! She no sooner spots me than she grabs up a blue ribbon and ties it around my long-suffering neck. I always did hate blue! It makes one feel so melancholy. I bite it. Horrible taste! Finally, I tear it off. More comfortable. In disgrace with Miss Jones.

3.10 to 3.30: Sulk.

3.45 to 4.15: Honk! Honk! how that gets on my nerves! And my! don't I hate the smell of gasoline. Between the baby and that auto, I shall surely go mad. The visitor has arrived. As I live! there is that pesky little dog, Gip, with a pink ribbon on. Pink always did antagonize me. If he takes liberties with me, I'll scratch his eyes out. What happened? Well, what didn't happen! Fur, hair-ribbons, and china, strewn all about. Miss Jones upon the table, bawling for all she's worth, and all on my account, too. She looked so funny I almost died laughing, though I was most grateful for her sympathy.

4.20 to 5.00: Shut up in closet. Yowl as hard as ever I can. No use. They are dead to all decent feeling.

5.10: Liberated at last. Excitement over. Visitors gone.

5.15 to 6.00: Seeing sewing-room door open, I enter. Discover the much-coveted basket of spools unguarded. Have

the time of my life. Leave the room looking something awful.

6.05 to 7.09: Snooze, preparatory to my engagement on the back fence this evening.

6.11: Wake up. Feeling A1.

6.20: Eat my supper quietly. An unusual thing when that dog is around.

7.00: Arrive on back fence. Greeted by members of Club. Night for election of officers. A little disturbance over who shall be president. Squabble ensues. Terrible fight. I do my share. Knocked off fence into ash-barrel. What an ignominious fall! I hereby resign my membership in the Club.

8.00 to 9.00: Lost in meditation.

9.30: Resolve to give up clubs, and to behave like a well-conducted cat hereafter.

9.30 to 9.45: Purr.

10.00: Lights out. And I still have my nine lives!

Alpha, Mu and Omega

By FOSTER DAMON, 1910

The sky above a soft Mongolian gray,

Yet not a gray, but almost blue.

Time, just before the dawn, the break of day,

A perfect stillness o'er the dew.

The gentle splash of hidden waters running
Seems to mingle with the hush.

The trees reveal their pink and white
o'errunning;

There 'gins to pipe one single thrush.

The gentle sloping mountains far away

Recline beneath the clear, soft sky.

A finger of new light, the first of day;

Touches the snowy peak most high.

The sun from the Meridian beats hard

Upon the reddish yellow sand.

The desert stretches cover'd o'er with shard

Behold a fruitless, barren land!

The sky of deepest blue outlines a cliff
Of brown and orange-heated height.
No matter how one seeks, there comes no
whiff
Of coolness. O the sorry sight!

A black speck quivers underneath the sun;
It nears; a traveler doth pass.
He seeks for living green, hard doth he run.
The rock hides him behind its mass.

A roaring, grayish river foameth wild,
With jagged rock-points clutching
through.
The waters howl through a dark arch up-
piled,
The frigid torrents' avenue.

No eye can penetrate that pitch-black arch;
The rising mists enfold it close.
The crashing beats a horrible death-march.
The thickening fog becomes morose.

The gray of after-twilight fills the sky,
And crowns the mountains turreted.
Upon the freshets' banks can one espy
Reeds and fantastic poppies red.

Wouldn't That Be Queer?

By MARY P. DAMON, 1909

When Mother was a little girl, just about
thirteen,
She suddenly began to grow, till people
said, "Why, Jean,
You're taller than your mother is, I really
do declare!"
And she would nod, and bow, and smile,
with such a grown-up air.
Now, I am taller than Mama, and what I
want to know,
Is what will ever happen, if we keep on
growing so?
For if I have a daughter, who's taller still
than I,

And if the world keeps moving on, we'll
soon be ten feet high.
And wouldn't that be queer?

The January magazines are published in
December,
And "Cosmopolitan" and "Puck" are
printed in November;
Now some one soon will come along, with
some new magazine,
And, because he's in a hurry, and because
he's money-mean,
He'll publish it three months before, to
catch the people's eye;
Then, rival printers will be sad, make
"Earlier" their cry.
Now if things keep on just this way, I don't
know what'll we'll do,
For all our magazines will be ahead a year
or two.
And wouldn't that be queer?

When father went to high school, he had
such an easy time
That it seems to us, hard-working folks, it
almost was a crime;
For he prepared for college, without much
fuss or work,
And it really didn't matter if his lessons
he would shirk.
But schools have raised their standards,
within the last few years,
And the work that we're obliged to do,
drives us almost to tears;
But if we're forced to study more, to college
we won't go,
For there'll be nothing left to learn, we
don't already know.
And wouldn't that be queer?

Mother—"What do you mean, Doris, by
wiping away the kiss mother gave you?"

Five-year-old Doris—"I wasn't wiping
it away, mamma, I was only rubbing it in."



A word in regard to covers. (Take notice, "Tattler" and "Critic!") Nothing is worse than an ill-drawn landscape, or a sketch of a "human" which is out of proportion. Plain, effective printing is in far better taste than any amateur attempts at drawing. We wish to congratulate the "Vexillum" and "Grotonian" in finding artistic covers and keeping them, and allowing themselves to become identified with them.

It is interesting to note the difference between a girls' and a boys' school paper, and especially interesting is it to compare—for instance, "Lasell Leaves," and the "Distaff," both managed by girls. Both have excellent editorials, and interesting stories; we notice few errors in either; but as a business enterprise, "Lasell Leaves" is far more successful than the "Distaff," as it has many more advertisements. We would however, criticize the arrangement of stories and poems in "Lasell Leaves." It gives a far better appearance to a sheet to devote the whole page, or as much as is needed, to a story, arranging it, with the title at the top, in two columns, and filling in at the bottom.

"The Magnet" deserves special mention for its tasteful appearance and true literary merit.

Your February number is fine, "Distaff!"

A good story or two would enliven the atmosphere of the "Lookout."

We would warn certain literary aspirants in the "Crimson Tattler" not to soar too high.

We are beginning to tire of the cuts in the "Commerce Caravel." They savor too much of the "Sunday Supplement" style of art.

"The Day of Judgment—in Room 7" in this month's "Vexillum," is cleverly written.

"Grotonian," your Alumni Column is most interesting, but you don't know how we would appreciate comments from the pen of your Exchange Editor.

The serious character of some of the articles in the "Student" is worthy of note. Too few of the average school magazines consider it worth their while to give up a little time and space to contributions of this nature.

Cheerfulness is the very flower of health.
—Schopenhauer.

Teacher—"Translate 'Cæsar traxit tres.'"
Pupil (unprepared)—"Cæsar drew three
aces."
—Ex.



Mr. Thomas—"What is the most notable example of 'pomp and power' that this country has indulged in, in recent years?"

M—'09—"Trusts."

Burr, translating in Latin—"Vittus," "victuals."

Getting hungry, Burr?

(In German) Miss O—"What is the meaning of 'eines solches'?"

Lovelorn Lad—"A soul kiss!"

Miss M—"How can you tell when there is to be a presidential election?"

Miss Coghlin—"Well, every leap-year."

"C'est à faire dresser les cheveux."

Smith, '09, translating—"It is to dress them with hair."

Dunne, reciting English—"Bassanio came to Portia to press his suit."

Wonder if he thought it was a tailoring-parlor!

Miss M—(in history)—"Any question about our advance lesson?"

Miss D-v-i-e-y—"What is our advance lesson?"

McO., translating—"It happened that the moon was—er. . . ."

D., whispering—"Drunk."

McO.—"Oh! full."

Miss B.—"What is the opposite of mahr?"

E.—"Pa."

"Weissfuss" (IV. Ger. A.) translating Cæsar—"The Germans, hearing the shouts of the killed——."

Dunne in history—"Fredericksburg was a defeat for both sides, only the north was defeated worst."

Raymond (in Room 23)—"And the generals, being deprived as to their heads, died."

Miss F. (in room 10)—"I surround myself with a sword."

Mr. A., to Allen, in Latin—"Young man, you've forgotten the 'ante.'"

Mr. M., to F.—(who has just made an unsuccessful attempt to demonstrate a theorem in solid geometry.)—"Do you think you demonstrated the theorem?"

F.—"I had an idea I did."

Mr. M.—"Well, I'm sorry to say that that was the only idea you had."

Fripp III. Fr.(paraphrasing Chaucer)—"His sleeves were bordered with——"

Mr. T.—"Grys! Grys!" pointing to the class.

Fripp—"His sleeves were bordered with grease."

Not a hit left! Now will all our good friends of the past months reunite for the biggest, brightest and funniest Hits column ever? We need them *right now*. Pass along the smiles!

Miss H., translating—"La veille on était deux, le lendemain on ne fait plus qu'un."

"The evening before one was two, the next day one only makes one."

Miss C.—"What objection would you have to the existence use of candy?"

Billy C.—"The price!"

There once was a student* named Warren,
Who studied a language quite foreign,

He would work day and night,

And his meals he would slight,

In pursuing this language so foreign.

Miss G. (translating Latin in Room 10)—

"And they, sailing on the deserted shore."

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Lynch does not resemble Napoleon; he has no Boni-part.

Any young lady wishing to be serenaded can be accommodated at reasonable rates by Pickernell, the up-to-date banjoist.

Miss Goodwin—"Which end of a river is the mouth?"

Dowkontt—"The large end."

"Der König führt in dem Wagen mit den sechs Pferden."

Miss Newhall (translating)—"The king rode in a wagon with six horses."

Miss C. (in the physiology class)—"Where, Miss Uh-l-n, should a house be built, to be most hygienic?"

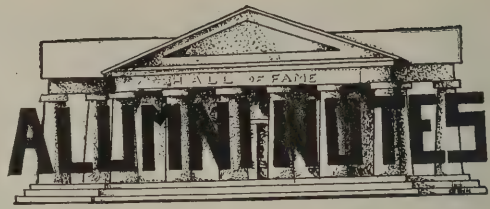
Miss Uh-l-n—"It should be built on gravely sand, and as near the sun as possible."

Going up, Margarette?

Overheard in corridor—"I don't care, it's a lot of old fanatics that want to vote, —a woman's place is home, in the house minding her own business,"—and this from a young lady, too.

Logic—Freshman Brand. If Poles come from Poland, then the people of Holland must be Holes.

*Student in its true meaning, of one *desiring* knowledge.



"Bob" Mahoney, '08, was a member of the Brown relay team which defeated Amherst in the annual indoor track meeting of the Boston Athletic Association at Mechanics Hall. He also participated in the Columbia games held at Madison Square Garden, New York, and at the Regimental meet at Worcester.

In the recent production of the original operetta entitled, "The Rebels," by Radcliffe students in Agassiz House, Miss Josephine Talbot had one of the prominent parts.

Mr. Joseph B. Jamieson, Jr., has been selected as one of the Hardy sixteen at Amherst college, from which eight men will be selected to debate for the Hardy prize.

Mr. Harold D. Billings, who is a member of the junior class at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is one of the institution's star hockey players and will work at goal this season.

Mr. William F. Garcelon has been elected secretary of the Massachusetts Club.

Among the winners at the Harvard Winter Carnival, last month, were Robert Boyden, N. H. S., '06, who won the 880-yard run in the excellent time of 2 m. 10 3-5 secs., and Merrihew, who, in the closely contested interdormitory relay race, insured the victory of his Mt. Auburn street team.

Mr. David B. Waters has been chosen assistant manager of the baseball team of Boston college.



School Notes



The Review is the intellectual endeavor of the People, created by the People, and published for the People: are you a Person? We do not expect to make the May Review a revelation, but all get together and push a little, and we'll make it a representation. Our strongest appeal is democracy.

On Wednesday, March third, the three upper classes assembled in the Hall, where, after the usual opening exercises, they were addressed on the subject, "An American Student's Life in Cambridge," by Mr. Porter, an ex-Bowdoin man, and a Rhodes scholar. The late Cecil Rhodes, as the speaker informed us, left in his will ten million dollars to found two hundred perpetual scholarships at Cambridge, the famous English university, of which number, some eighty-five are awarded in America. Mr. Porter, as his speech certainly proved, was one of the eighty-five picked American college graduates.

He said that he was once asked to give a Sunday evening address in a small town near Cambridge. Some time later, he saw, in a local paper, the following notice: "The pulpit was occupied Sunday evening by Mr. Porter of Cambridge. The church will now be closed three weeks for repairs!"

Mr. Porter then proceeded to describe a typical day in the life of an American Rhodes scholar at Cambridge. To most of his hearers it appeared that the chief occupation of an English student is eating and conversing with his friends around an open fire, an extremely pleasant method of acquiring an education! But, as the speaker next stated, most of the studying is done in the long vacations, so that an English college man really gets in more solid hours

of study than an American. Mr. Porter also spoke of the emphasis laid on individual and universal participation in all kinds of sport.

The whole talk was not only instructive but interesting and humorous as well, and it seemed to be the most appreciated by the school of any heard for a long time.

EDWARD S. NOYES.

Early in March Rev. Stocking of Newtonville spoke on ability, responsibility, personality and individuality.

The third meeting of the French Club took place the thirteenth of February, and the officers received. A game was played in which twelve celebrated personages of different nationalities were represented by members of the club, and as it was Lincoln's birthday, he was the first on the list. Miss Hunt, having guessed eleven correctly, received the prize. After the game, three French Club posters were successfully auctioned by Miss Tyler.

The fourth meeting was held the twelfth of March, and Miss Sleeper received with Pres. Carey. After the reception a very exciting game was played. Cards, on which were painted letters of the alphabet, were auctioned and bought with French money, manufactured out of pasteboard by members of the club. The object was to form French words out of the letters. Apart from being interesting, the game was instructive, and when it was over, every one was quite proficient in making change in French money.

Then Miss Tyler auctioned the poster and the club dispersed, after an enthusiastic rendering of "La Marseillaise."

ALICE WARE, Sec'y.



FIRST ANNUAL GIRLS MEET

The first annual Gymnastic meet by the girls of Newton High School was held in the Drill Hall, March twenty-sixth, 1909, and was easily won by the Juniors. Much credit is due Miss Shepardson and Miss Westgate for the excellent results of their good training. The Seniors were decidedly handicapped by the fact that they have not had gymnasium work this year.

The girls formed in the school-building, and, led by the Seniors, marched out to the Drill Hall, where enthusiastic spectators waited.

The program began with the floor work by the four classes in succession, and went off like clock-work. The Juniors took first place, and the Seniors second.

Then followed the vaulting over the parallel bars, won by Miss Burdett, '10, with Miss Cunningham '11, second. During the vaulting, the hand traveling on the Bom was also taking place, in which Miss Leavens, '12, was judged the winner, and Miss Agnes Warren, '11, second.

Next came the running high-jump, won by Miss Dorothy Emmons, '10, who easily cleared 4 ft. 6 in.; Miss Alice Shumway, '12, was second.

In the balance weighing on the Bom, Miss Deary, '09, won, with Miss Dodge, '10, second. The fall hanging on the Bom was also won by a Senior, Miss Barton, with Miss Smith, '09, second.

Miss Lynch, '10, won the rope-climbing and Miss Crowley, '11, came second. The saddle-vaulting was won by Miss Fuller, '12, first, and Miss Herron, '12, second.

The relay race was the most exciting event of the day, and great was the enthusiasm and cheering of the Juniors when their team won.

Then followed the bean bag race, in which, to their delight, the Juniors again took the honors.

While the points were being added up the Freshmen danced two exceedingly pretty couple-dances, which were greeted with applause. The program closed with æsthetic dancing, gracefully executed by Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors.

The totals for each class were as follows: Seniors, 30; Juniors, 80; Sophomores, 10; Freshmen, 30.

BASKETBALL

During the last month Newton has played two games of basket ball, in both of which our girls have bravely met defeat.

March thirteenth our team played the Sargent School of Gymnastics in the Drill Hall, and was defeated by a score of 17—12. Both teams played an excellent game.

March seventeenth Newton was defeated by Radcliffe by a score of 41—10. Our team had two substitutes, which was rather a handicap. Radcliffe's goal was a marvel.

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THE REVIEW is published monthly, except during July, August, September, by the pupils of the Newton High School, under the management of THE REVIEW Editorial Staff. Contributions are solicited from students, parents, and alumni. Address all communications, written on one side of paper only, to the Editor, 160 Lincoln Street, Newton Highlands, Mass., or drop in REVIEW box, between rooms one and two. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager, 32 Washington Park, Newtonville.

Entered at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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Miss B1—"n—"No!"

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Who reads others' "Reviews."

But how much less have we for him

Who *will* not pay his dues!

A Freshman, to himself (after receiving a theme with these words, "You can write well at times, but this is absolutely worthless")—"Gee! but I got 'A' on that theme in Grammar School."

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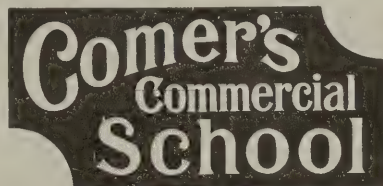
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Newton High School Review

Vol. XXVII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, MAY, 1909

No. 8

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EDITORIALS

IT is of curious interest to note the progress of the ego in the high school pupil. It germinates before entrance, and for a month after admission—on certificate?—lies dormant. Suddenly, the swelling germ becomes a monstrous microbe, which fattens for the rest of the year on fraternal verdance, and culminates in the eruption of the Wise Fool* of the succeeding annum. During the third year, prospect of college slightly reduces the bumptious swelling, although the affliction has been found even then, continuing in an advanced stage. Senior year, the prospect of actual life, the altruistic association of real men and women with wiser men and women, and a "deeper apprehension," the reward of four hard years, serve generally to introduce the student to the proportionate relation of himself to the universe.

The preparatory school instructor must perceive and propagate with warm sympathy the strain of real stuff that is latent in all normal natures, in order that the student in turn, may reverence the manifold perfections everywhere evident to a cultivated mind. Teaching, of all

professions, calls for persons of tenderness, wisdom, nobility, and truth.

In Newton, there is a marked tendency, on the part of both teachers and pupils, to be merry and genial, and, at the same time, simple, sane, and serious. This higher intelligence is not everywhere so pronounced. Let us appreciate its presence, and see that it is in every way encouraged. "Hitch your wagon to a star,"—and head that toward a planet!

Dynamite and little fishes! Look ye around! Point ye! Gesticulate ye! Well ye may—with not a man to lead ye good old Newton cheer! Do the fellows want a leader? Will they yell? Bosh! In the *English* game, they howled like civilized cannibals to the leading of an unbeknown, dropped from a kindly sky—in knee breeches! O ye unkind managers of baseball, wake ye up!

The Waltham game Tuesday (so help us, Weather!) Persons wishing bean-blowers and tiddle-dee-winks outfits will please provide themselves before coming, and then not come. People with impractical jokes, and cat-calls for the opposing team, will oblige the public by omitting their contributions or themselves.

Poor old school spirit, rent like friend Cæsar with his forty wounds, has turned within its grave: the French Club started, debates on record, music in the Hall, monster benefit for the library—but then, why nip the blowing bud with complacency?

It is said that the world is looking for the man with an idea. The man with an ideal has that too.

* See Greek Derivation of *Sophomore*.

C. Q. D.

[By MILDRED CLARK, 1910]



IRELESS operator wanted on steamer Atlantic. Must pass examination." Bob Wayne's heart had thumped. Why not try?

It was all over. He had failed, and his boyhood friend had won. He had not known till now how much he cared about this position. His friend had all the advantages and practice that wealth could give him, while he—Well, Edward deserved his fortune. He had proved himself an excellent operator. With a start, Bob shook off his bitterness. Yet he could not bring himself to leave the ship; something seemed to tell him that he must remain on board. He took from his pocket a month's wages, and paid his passage. After securing his room, he went immediately to bed.

Bob awoke that night quivering with excitement. He felt as if something terrible was about to happen. He rose, and went to the window. A heavy fog rolled in, enveloping everything in its damp folds. He could hear the thump of the engines beneath, in the hull of the boat; the steamer was rolling in the heavy sea. He could distinguish the white caps, and the swish and rush of the water filled his ears, as the ship plowed through the foamy brine. He was keyed up to a terrible degree of suspense. Suddenly, the ship shook from bow to stern. Bob was thrown from his feet against the sharp corner of his bunk. It was some minutes before he regained consciousness. Dazed, he groped his way in the dark, and, finding his clothes, he slowly dressed. He felt around the walls of his room, until he found the door. He tried to open it, but in vain. Something was pressed against it from the outside, and he was a prisoner in his narrow chamber, a prey to the

keenest anxiety and suspense. What had happened? The steamer shook now every minute, rolling, pitching, and pounding. The waves broke against her stout sides, with a force that made the timbers creak. The mingled cries of women and children reached his ears, and he could hear the people crowding along the corridors outside his door. But they paid no heed to his cries.

After what seemed to Bob hours of suspense, his door was broken open, and he perceived the first mate in the doorway, accompanied by two officers, one of them holding a candle.

"That's him!" exclaimed one of the officers.

"Can you send a wireless message?" asked the first mate.

"Why, yes, sir!" stammered Bob, bewildered. What queer thing would happen next?

"Come with us to the operating-room. Quick!"

They hurried along the dark corridor, lighted only by the flickering gleams of the candle, struggling through the crowd, and picking their way among the overturned tables and chairs. Bob, surprised at his own coolness, asked the trouble.

"This boat on a rock off Chatham Bar. Big hole in her. You must send messages of distress. Craine was at instrument when boat struck and received a short-circuit. Half-stunned and unable to work. Said he recognized you while taking examination, and, learning that you were on board, told us to get you."

"Good old Edward," said Bob half aloud. A wave of exultation swept over him. His chance had come! Now they had arrived at the operating-room.

Bob went straight to the instrument and rapped out:

"C. Q. D! C. Q. D! Atlantic run on rock. Latitude, 40:12, north. Longitude, 70, west."

A vicious spark leaped crackling across the gap, lighting the room with its blinding flash. Bob held the receiver to his ear, and soon the answer came:

"We are thirty miles east of you. Keep sending directions.—The America."

Bob again tapped the key:

"Stern settling. Do utmost to reach us. Steer southwest now."

"We are cruising around trying to locate you. Fairly near to you. Ring sub-marine bell.—Celtic Operator."

Bob sent out Celtic's code signal: "C-A-E! C-A-E! Listen sub-marine bell. Give soundings."

The response came:

"Can not hear bell. Ninety-eight fathoms."

"Hear bomb. If it is you, keep firing!—Seneca."

Wayne rapped out the America's signal: "E-T-T! E-T-T! E-T-T!"

"Here," came the answer.

"Hurry! We are sinking fast. Two boats have gone. Pick them up," sent Bob.

There was a silence of five minutes. Then the receiver spoke again, this time from the Celtic. "Have picked up first boat!"

"Second boat safe. Any more coming?" This from the Seneca.

"Passengers all off. Look out for third boat. Ship almost gone. You are on port side. Just saw your rocket.—Atlantic Operator."

All had been done that could be. In five minutes, the boat would be gone. Wayne climbed with the crew into the last boat, and pushed off from the sinking ship. There was a sudden roar, and the steamer disappeared. The little boat was tossed about on the huge waves caused by the terrific suction. They could see the search lights of a big vessel, turning first here, then there, over the sea. Finally, the blinding glare found them, and they were picked up by the Celtic.

Next morning, Bob Wayne was a hero, if newspaper accounts are to be credited, and, back in Boston, a mother's heart was nigh bursting with pride.

The Perfections of Nature.

By SADIE STUART

In the dark and silent watches
Of the secret-loving night,
In the long and wakeful hours
Of the morning's soft, gray light;
In the scented summer breezes,
Ling'ring near some lone retreat,
In the valley and the woodland,
Where the creeping green vines meet;
In the pale, blue, hazy heavens,
In that wondrous dome of space,
The great firmament above us
Where each planet has a place—
Yes, in every phase of nature,
God's perfections we can trace.

In Furtherance of Science

By KAL BURGESS

HOBBS was carrying around the number twelves to replenish the third set of waning dips. Strangely enough, Cramer rose, and opened his mouth and his heart to speak.

"Gentlemen, already impressed with the influence of good table, good wine, good companionship, I am now thrilled with the magnificence of science; for, compared with her, all these amenities wither in the obscurity of the maudlin."

At that moment, the candle before him flickered above its purple shade, and seemed to fire his blond beard and wreath about his face. A decidedly florid face, it was, pleasant enough; but it was necessary to take into account the odd turn of the mouth, and the deep shrewdness of the glance; then, one was apt to pronounce the man a cynic.

"To me, friends, there is something sweeter than comfort, something nobler than friendship, something purer than love; I mean science. Science is richer, truer, more infinite, than all else, and to it, I consecrate my life."

Cramer raised his glass, and all rose. "To my light, my life, my love—to science!" The glasses clinked.

Morgan, broker for the scientist, who was present, found occasion to remark that he believed there was great potency in solemn vows before men.

Some of the few that have been privileged to know in part this history, which, at last, may be entirely disclosed, thought it very strange in Cramer. The Club never knew, or the Club's flat verdict would have been: Hypocrisy, with intent to marry. It was just three weeks after the night of Cramer's fervent plea for science, that he found himself caught in a web, subtly spun, of shimmering hair and twinkling eyes, hemmed round with a pretty smile.

There sat Cupid, gloating amid this insidious glory—odd enough in the guise of a spider! There was a table between them, in the old-fashioned parlor of the Van Horne's summer villa. It was a massive oak table, but it was a smaller separation from womankind than Cramer had vowed to maintain at the Club's annual banquet.

"Have you ever held a hope, Mr. Cramer, a hope almost as dear as life; have you seen that hope broken off and cast aside to die?"

The girl removed a half-blown rose from the vase by the window, and, snapping the slender stem, allowed the bud to fall.

Cramer considered the flower thoughtfully. "Well, of course," he answered, in an apologetic manner, "Ralph is yet young—"

"Thank you; you follow me, Mr. Cramer." Her voice quickened a little, as she continued: "Ralph has been my mother's idol; he has been my father's perplexity; he has been my hope. For a long time, I feared that hope was broken; then, the other night he seemed flushed with new ambition; he denied himself the Club, and worked about the laboratory, preparing tools. The next morning, he hastened to the table with a wonderful story of a dream, in which he saw a momentous work—a plan—design—something about electricity; I do not understand. He has worked hotly since, and, to-night, for the first time, he relaxed and went to his club. Do you think that you can understand?" The voice was gentle, full of a pleading that thrilled him. "The rose has blossomed—is the flower perfect? I want so much to know!"

Cramer thought he understood perfectly, which was taking something for granted. He knew better than she what all the world wanted from the scientific mind, just then.

He knew the long nights of toil, the days of pondering; at last, he had it—he knew that!

This dissipated child, spoiled by an early wealth, had he, too, tried? Tried—that did not matter! Had he won? Cramer was forced to that for the question. This boy had caught him in his scret work, had questioned him diligently. The man of science had replied. Why not? What did the young fool know? Had he, then, remembered? The cold blue eyes were edged with darts of fear, as he turned from the cool air of the window.

"How dreadfully dark! Forgive me, Mr. Cramer, the switch is by the stairway."

As they passed into the boy's work-room, a keen glimmer of recognition spread over the scientist's startled face, and passed for approbation to the waiting girl. He seized a roll of plans, and scanned them with a sharp gaze of comprehension. A. M.—correct; B. F.—correct; all, every detail, as it reposed now in his own laboratory. Then, the worst: K. Y., on which he was working now, done—complete—and that completed all! He choked back the welling tide of grief and resentment, strangled the human within; without, he calmly approved, as befitted a great and genial man of science. At length, he observed that it was almost time for Ralph's return, and begged that he might not rob her of the participation of so great a happiness with her family.

"For you see," he added, as he twirled carelessly the snapped rose she had let fall, "I must heed the call of aspiration that is my own."

Ten o'clock was just the time to catch John Morgan, broker, patent-agent, financier, and member of Cramer's club. Cramer thought of this, as also he thought of the necessity of having some one to steer while he paddled.

In the broker's apartments Cramer refused tobacco, denied wine, and expostu-

lated at small talk. "This is a professional interview," he granted solemnly, by way of explanation.

"Very disappointing—very," murmured Morgan, disentangling himself from a maze of smoke and smile, and sitting down stiffly in a straight-back chair.

"Morgan, I'm dying of perplexity. I'll plunge right in and tell you. Suppose you had been introduced to a girl of high family by her brother. Suppose that, gradually, you had come to hold her in very high esteem—to—er, to love her, Morgan. Then, with your admiration and your love mounting every day, suppose . . . well, that—that her brother came into your house—and stole. . . ."

He checked himself, almost with a sob. "No, no; I forgot myself, Morgan; I was overwrought. Forget what I have said; I can't tell you, or any one. You must forget!"

At the first of those tones of deadly earnest, Morgan's face became alive with interest; his fingers tightened on the chair-arm convulsively. Now returned composure; one might have said his air was that of studied complacency, had there not dominated a tone of petulant disgust.

"The little beast," he murmured; "the shrimp!"

Cramer held out his hand: "A secret," he said beneath his breath; "it is out—keep it in."

"Well, what did the little pig take away?" demanded Morgan, after this ceremony.

Cramer warmed eloquently to the subject near his heart. "He took away the work of long, hard months. He took away a set of devilish hard ideas—"

"Yes, yes; he took the structure of your last invention. But you've got plans; you can prove it. Use nerve; pull the rope over his ears, and then, cinch it!" Morgan cinched the tobacco pouch, by way of illustration.

"That's the point: I had not finished my last move, even in my plans. I had not planned K. Y.; he has completed all."

Morgan leaned forward and rested his head heavily on his stout forearm. "Don't you let him work it! Sweat, dig, toil; but get your rights. Rush out K. Y., in spite of everything, and get your work on patent ahead of him. Get the idea of hustle; why, no man ever did me."

"No man, Morgan, right. I wonder if you've ever taken chances on a woman." Cramer had slowly crossed the room, where he was making a pretense of cutting and lighting a cigar. "No man ever got a chance at the real you. Did you ever suffer from a slight attack of femininity?"

Morgan, in the straight-back chair, which he had retained, started, and a heavy book, sensing, as some books will, an atmosphere of suspense, crashed loudly to the floor.

"Cramer," he cried in a glee full of affectation, "can you keep a secret? It must be kept dark, Cramer—dark as pitch. No; not the name, even to you, till later. And, at the Club, mum as oysters, solitary as clams in New Zealand—there's our program."

Morgan rose to drive home a vigorous conclusion. Rush through that patent; you owe it to yourself and to science. It would never get anywhere with that petty kid, Van Horne. When the youngster sees you have floored him, he will spit out the truth, and the girl will put her sisterly affection in splints! She'll forgive and forget; women always do. Put your whole energy into the patent, leave the patenting to me, and go to Cuba and get a good rest. You must keep your vow; science first, the girl—after. I've a great faith in vows."

Cramer was once more finding the light. "The girl—after." Morgan was right: words, nothing; friends, nothing; love, nothing; science—all!

It certainly was exasperating to Cramer

that, when he had finished the last stroke and had engaged to sail for Cuba, Morgan should be taken desperately ill. He received, however, a brief but reassuring note. The patent should be hustled through shipshape; all must certainly go aright. It ended appropriately, Cramer thought. "You are strong: you are keeping your vow."

As sunset softly carpeted the rearing waters, Cramer felt a kindred rosiness in his own heart. Even at that hour, the scientific mind could scarcely believe. He found himself wondering if this new love, this friendship that had stolen into his lone life, was not, after all, only a bright cover, spread, like the sun's last glow, over treacherous depths beneath.

The climate of Cuba agreed with Cramer immensely. In time, he acquired an interest in medicine. A peculiarly active enthusiasm was his in the current investigation of yellow fever. It became one of his hobbies to declare that the disease was spread by mosquitoes, and he proposed that some day he should be donated a murderer, or heretic—each equally malignant to the Cuban public mind—that he might faultlessly demonstrate his pet theory.

For a month, the man of science had received no word from home. He wrote to Olive Van Horne, and extended her a cordial invitation to reply. He received no answer, which, he decided, was not in the least big medicine for Morgan's advanced ideas. As time went on, and still he did not hear, Cramer naturally decided that the sudden illness of the financier, just before his own departure, must have resulted seriously. He was concluding, for the seventh and last time, that Morgan was undeniably and irretrievably dead when the native postman handed him a riddled packet of newspapers.

Cramer tore the wrapper curiously, and

there—her picture; and beside it a picture of John Morgan. “. . . We're happily married. . . . This, together with her brother's notable success. . . .” The lines blurred, and fused into a gray-white streak. Cramer tossed the paper over the veranda rail and took out a briar pipe that had not been used since he left the States.

It was reported, with considerable speculation, that the Señor in the new bungalow had remained all night on the open porch, smoking rank native leaf, in the rankest of exotic pipes, and pausing now and then to beat a tattoo with the pipe-stem, and hum to the yellow moon.

The next day, Cramer examined the fever sufferers in the hospital. Ward after ward he visited, investigating minutely each case, and noting all down with the exhaustive care of which he was capable.

All night, the lamp in the American's small cottage poured forth its rank fumes, and grudgingly relinquished its paucity of light. All night, Cramer slaved like an engine, pausing only when the perspiration dimmed his eyes—noting, noting, noting, in orderly array, as if this work was to pass to all posterity.

Then, for a week, he rested, and seemed to revel in the balmy air, until Sunday, when he called two native doctors.

“Mayren,” he remarked nonchalantly to one, “I have prepared a careful treatise on yellow fever in all its stages. I want you to send it to its proper address, when the last report that I shall make has been carefully written in.”

The native bowed, comprehending nothing save the surface of the words.

Cramer moved swiftly to the small cupboard, and drew from it a pickle-jar, swarming with vermin.

“Mosquitoes—infected with yellow fever,” he remarked dryly, in Spanish.

The deep-set eyes twinkled, and the odd curve of the mouth set a trifle deeper into grimness, as the natives scampered for the door.

“First indication of correct supposition,” he muttered thoughtfully.

He thrust his hand to the wrist through the slashed cloth cover of the jar. He turned once, and saw the scared faces of the natives, pressed with staring eyes against the pearl screen of the door. He smiled gently, and seating himself at his desk, began to write with feverish haste. That was all; but it was tremendously impressive.

As the last delirium was waning, three days later, Cramer grew suddenly calm, and, raising himself on his elbows, clasped the empty wine-glass that he had requested of an attendant. Mayren, bending low, could make out nothing; the words were thick and hazy; besides, the speech was English.

“. . . Something sweeter than comfort; something nobler than friendship; something purer than love. To my light, my love, my life—to science!”

The glass tinkled, broken, on the matted floor. The feeble spark fell out.

THE SPELL.

Once there was a very wondrous man,
Who climbed and climbed, as only one man
can,
Until he reached the acme of perfection,
With all the world awaiting his selection.

Now, you will call it wonderful, indeed,
In such an one, to wail of discontent;
Possessing every knowledge, every creed,
Still to cry out against the firmament.

The gods were wroth at this bold stranger's
will,
Which stubbornly did moan and struggle
still,
When all seemed his. They changed him
to a pine;
So found a way his longing to decline,
Until one little bird, God's own bequest,
Flew to his branches high and built her
nest.

The Fish Trap

By WILLIAM ADAMS, 1912

THE two boys lay on the warm sand of the little island, which was at the end of a long reef, covered at high tide, but now a half-foot or so above water. Near them, was a stone fire-place; and oyster-shells scattered about told of many previous picnics. Over their heads, the gulls wheeled, aimlessly, you would think, until suddenly one would turn head down and flash to the water, from which it never failed to bring a good-sized fish.

"Don't you wish you could catch 'em like that?" exclaimed Frank, enthusiastically, as he watched the hovering birds.

"Yep; don't they do it nice? But I say, Frank, what time does the tide cover the reef?" asked his friend, Ed.

"Oh, I dunno; two or three hours, I guess. Time enough to have some fun," replied Frank, as he sprang to his feet and shook off the sand. "Come on, lazy, don't go to sleep on the sand."

Ed commenced the process of getting up by yawning lazily.

"Look at the green whale that's floating in," shouted Frank.

"Tell it t' Sweeney," answered Ed, with another yawn. "Say, though, it does look like one; and it's coming closer; tide's bringin' it in," he continued, as he rose to his feet.

The two watched until Frank suddenly shouted, "A wreck, Ed, covered with seaweed!"

"Look, it's grounded at the other end of the island! come on," answered Ed, as he broke into a run.

The wreck bumped twice on the reef, and the third wave lifted and dropped it softly, but firmly, on the rough bar. The deck was the brownish green of the sea-plants that grew there, and that trailed over the side until lost to view, mingled

with the green of the water. Fish swam slowly about in the shade of the hulk. The waves, breaking over what had once been the stern, rolled forward over the seaweed and disappeared, soaked up by the plant-growth, which looked dry the next minute.

As the two boys came to the wreck, both stopped. "Go on, if you're goin'," growled Frank.

"Aw, look at how—" began Ed; but Frank, pushing him aside, gripped the slippery deck and hauled himself aboard.

"Some people," he remarked, as he "squelched" across the deck, "are awfully afraid of gettin' their hands dirty."

"Well, I ain't," responded Ed; and soon both were on deck.

"There's where the main hatch was," said Ed, pointing to a hump in the seaweed.

"Help me pull this stuff off and we'll break the hatch," cried Frank.

When they had pulled off the slippery sea-plants that clung to it, they found the hatch loose. It was soon off, and Frank leaped into the hold. He splashed into three feet of water, which instantly became alive with fish of every description. You may be sure that Frank tumbled out rather quickly.

The hold of the boat was filled with all kinds of fish. As Frank said, they scarcely had room to breathe.

"Regular fish-trap; we can sell 'em at the fish-market," said Ed, at length.

"Let's go home and get our dory and tow the old scow round to the village."

When they returned with the dory, the wreck was as they had left it, except that the tide had nearly lifted it off the reef.

They towed it round the island, which was something of a job, and took it home, where they soon found purchasers for their fish.

After the wreck had been baled out, and hauled upon the shore, they found how the fish happened to be imprisoned.

A leak in the ship, at some time or other, had been patched for the time with a piece of tin. This tin, coming loose, was held at the top by a single nail. The waves, as they rolled against the side, had loosened it, until it was easily moved from outside. Fish, used to nosing in dark

crannies for their food, had pushed aside the tin, and, once safely in, could not get away again. There they stayed, the big fish eating the smaller ones, till Frank and Ed discovered the wreck.

This is the only case of it's kind recorded, and one man of the village exhibits a ring, made from a piece of the back-bone of one fish, as a proof that this story is true.

A Flash From the Abyss

By ALPHONSE DAWDEY

"Who are you? Whence do you come?
—"Out of the depths."—L'Homme Qui Rit.

THAT day, which was a beautiful autumn morning, gay with the falling leaves, a little scholar, with his books under his arm, was very late, and he feared to have an afternoon session. Since he ran to school very fast, however, he arrived just on time, as somehow always before, and was greeted with the blissful news that his French teacher had left. But—"no joys are without alloys:" the new instructor had a very determined chin, and most disheartening goggles.

Imagine his surprise, if you can, when, on his commencing the translation, the teacher cried suddenly: "Monsieur, ce n'est pas là! Qu'est ce que c'est?"

He looked astonished. She repeated: " 'Er!' qu'est ce que c'est? Je ne peux pas le trouver dans mon livre. Ou est ce? Je ne le vois pas. . . . Eh, traduisez, monsieur!"

With a deep sigh he sat down, disgusted with life. He knew that translation so perfectly—had spent at least fifteen minutes on it—but, as usual, something had occurred to make him fail.

The next day he discovered his mistake. But alas! he never could collect himself in time, when called upon, to prevent that horrible, that terrible "er" from escaping

his lips. Whenever he tried to say anything, somehow "er" would always get there first. Habits are never so vicious as when their extermination is attempted. Moreover, the teacher was often exacting, and thus he often failed in class.

And so the school year fled. When called upon to recite, say "La Marseillaise," he would commence: "Er—'allons, enfants—'"

"Mme. Blank! Vous voyez, monsieur, que j' ai perdu mon patience."

And he would sit down, overcome with shame, and evidently fatigue, for he sighed deeply.

However, as time fled, perforce he learned to control his tongue. Then verbs flowed and recitations rattled, which the teacher alone (not even himself) understood. Still that horrible enclitic haunted him, and it seemed as though, every time he opened his mouth, "er" would fall out of it, like toads from the mouth of the ugly step-sister in the fairy tale. Never could he stand up but those two terrible letters tussled with his tongue.

One day his teacher was replaced by a substitute and he was called on.

Slowly he rose, biting his tongue, while his throat instinctively tightened. Very loudly, very clearly, he said:

"Er!"

Then he sat down.



The Newton High School Club, connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has chosen the following officers to serve the coming year: President, A. A. Gould, '10; Secretary, M. C. Sherman, '10; Treasurer, J. Fuller, '11. A new constitution was adopted and a committee was appointed to arrange for the annual dinner the second week in April, at which the retiring president, F. M. Green, '09, will act as toastmaster.

Miss Katherine Ames, who is a member of the Sophomore Class at Smith College, is to have one of the character parts in the coming opera to be given by the students.

Mr. David B. Waters, a member of the Sophomore Class at Boston College, is a candidate for a place in the trials for the coming oratorical contest.

Mr. Frank Carey, who is a student at Amherst College, has been elected one of the editors of the *Olio*, the college year book of the Junior Class.

Mr. Kenneth Churchill, who is a member of the Freshman Class at Bowdoin College, has been elected recording secretary of the Bowdoin Christian Association.

Mildred N. Frost, '10, has been awarded a Wellesley College honor scholarship in recognition of a high degree of excellence in academic work.

Mr. Frank Cary of the Sophomore Class at Amherst college has been elected a member of the Amherst Press Club.

Miss Gladys M. Stevens of Emerson street is to have one of the character parts in the production of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," to be given later by the Gamma Delta Society of Boston University.

Mr. E. D. Van Tassel, Jr., of the Sophomore Class at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has written the music for one of the songs for the annual M. I. T. show which takes place in April.

Word has been received by relatives of Charles J. Leonard that he has left the hospital at Rangoon, India, where he has been ill a month with typhoid fever. His brother, Edgar W. Leonard, has reached Rangoon and they will sail for America as soon as practicable.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Harold O. Hunt to Miss Margaret L. Peebles of Portsmouth, Ohio. Mr. Hunt graduates in June from the Boston University School of Medicine.

A NEWTON HIGH LYRIC.

Are you indeed my little theme,
Which I considered art supreme,
O'er which the midnight oil I burned,
Is't you that now has been returned?
It is. But Oh! How changed thou art,
So splashed with red it grieves my heart.
Thou'd'st pull, I thought an A for me;
If not, at least a high old B.
Instead, what horror greets my sight!
Poor! 47! Correct! Rewrite!

A. S. 1910.

It is by understanding trifles we master the profound, but the mason that spends his prime life adjusting the mixture of mortar eventually joins the bread-line.

The receipt of many unavailable manuscripts this month has impressed us with the advisability of teaching the ambitious novice a few principles of successful writing. The *March Review* is our latest reference. The explanation is brief and simple.



School Notes



TO TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

Two years ago, The Review earned a surplus, which was confiscated by the Ed. and the B. M. We neither condone nor condemn them. We ask, however, that you compare the production of that year in size and tastefulness with recent issues. Does it explain anything? Possibly it suggests that the subscription list at present pays for only five issues of The Review: that for the other four the B. M. has to hustle. The fact is that last year, the B. M. scraped a neat pittance from his own jeans to make it square with the printer; the B. M. this year can't afford to. You got your money's worth in the first five issues, but we are still handing out the goods, and shall to the last cent. Our books are always open to inspection by the faculty. Every cent left, after present bills are paid, will go into the graduation issue. We shall do our best for you; are you willing to help us a trifle? See ad. page sixteen.

A debate was held Wednesday, April fourteen, before the entire school. Subject, "*Resolved, That government ownership of all public transit lines in the United States is desirable.*" The affirmative, Smart and Wilson, won from Draper and Raymond for the negative.

Wednesday morning, April twenty-one, the assembled school enjoyed piano solos by Miss Gerhard and violin selections by Miss Waldo of the English department. The applause gave a true estimate of the appreciation of the students.

The Senior reception was held Friday, April twenty third, with an attendance of

about seventy-five couples. Good weather good music, and good dancing were the features.

GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB.

There was a meeting of the Girls' Debating Club on Thursday, April first, in Room 14. After a short business meeting, a debate was held between the Juniors and Seniors. The subject was: "*Resolved, That vivisection should be prohibited.*" Misses Murphy, Ford, and Thayer debated for 1909 (affirmative); Misses Gilmore, Ganz, and Whitley for 1910 (negative). Mr. Thomas acted as judge, and gave the decision to the Juniors, closing with a few words of encouragement and criticism.

Very few Sophomores have joined the club, and it is earnestly hoped that many more will take an interest in it by joining as soon as possible. Those desiring to do so, will please give their names to Miss Katherine Norton, Room 22.

MILDRED KNOWLTON, Sec'y.

BASKETBALL.

The Newton Girls Basketball team played the Radcliffe Sophomores and was defeated by a score of 22-14.

A series of games was played between the classes, in which the Juniors beat the Seniors, and the Sophomores beat the Freshmen. In the finals between the Juniors and the Sophomores, the Juniors won. Newton played Cambridge Latin and won by a score of 13-4.

HOCKEY.

The spring hockey season opened Thursday, April 29, with about thirty girls present, and everybody was glad to start in again.



Miss M—(to class which is laughing at translation)—“If we begin like this where will we end?”

Class (ensemble)—“We won’t.”

Poor Willie crawled in the refrigerator,
They found him there two hours later.
Then spake the cook, the consarned fool,
“Well it seems to me, you’re pretty cool!”
’09.

Miss C—“How did religion enter into the French Revolution?”

Miss Dame—“Why, er—taxes.”

Miss M—“Smith, what did you get?”

Smith—“Minus a quarter.”

Mr. M—“Hard luck!”

Lives of easy marks remind us,
We can make existence pay.
Let us then be up and doing
Every one that comes our way.

There was a young lady named Fitch,
Who heard a loud snoring at which
She took off her hat
And found that her rat
Had gone fast asleep at the switch.

M. E. D.

Mr. T.—“Browning speaks of a ‘falling sickness.’ Miss Tyler, explain.”

Miss Tyler (hesitatingly)—“I don’t know, but he may mean dropsy.”

Mr. Adriance—“Name the three Persian invasions.”

Adams, ’10—“First, second, and third.”

Hawes—“Say, Ted, why is Miss Mount Ida like a hinge?”

Davis—“Because she is something to adore.”

Miss C—“If you are reasonably sure that the milk of cows may spread consumption, what remedy would you suggest?”

“Kill the cows.”

Heard in IV. German, Room 16: Miss M—“Friedrich Der Grosse spielte der Flute.”

Miss G. (in a stage whisper)—“My, he flirted!”
—Anon.

Miss G—“Name an adjective denoting separation,”

Kep—“He was separated.”

Miss G—“Painful indeed.”

Converse’s version of one of Harry Launder’s songs: “For I could taste D-r’s face for weeks.”

Paine, in Latin—“This legion lacks no one, but some fell from Mars [he meant the Martian Legion] in the same victory.”

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Died some time this year—the Debate with Brookline, beloved offspring of Wilson, ’10, and Raymond, ’10.

Kindly omit flowers.



The time has come when the Exchange editor is afforded an excellent opportunity for comparing first and last issues of various periodicals. Among those in which a most striking improvement is to be noticed, are: "The Mascot," our far-western contemporary, "The Red and Black" and "Grotonian." In these magazines we notice a steady advance in almost every department.

"M. P. S.," for a small paper, you cannot be too careful of your literary standard. In that story in the March issue, "For Her Colors," we are pained to find several glaring offenses in such petty matters as changes of tense in the same sentence. Surely, for a preparatory school, this is unpardonable.

Where is your Exchange Department, "Red and Gray?"

The letter in the "Sagamore" on Debating is of interest to our own Debating clubs.

Photographs and cuts of the home or surroundings of a school magazine are always interesting, "Megaphone." We are also still admiring the length of your Alumni column.

"The Reveille" would seem to be more like a "college sheet" than a literary monthly, although it is published once a month. We are of the opinion that a

story or two would brighten up its literary department.

'Tis not that we love "applied quotations" less, but "appreciations of Macbeth" more, that we would have you give more time to this branch of literature, "Tattler."

"Commerce Caravel," don't overdo in the "cut" line.

Nothing is so helpful in criticizing a school magazine as a knowledge of the school's size. The editor is often afraid of judging the smallness of a school paper wrongly when, if he knew the size of the school, a mistake might be avoided. In the case of the "Student" of Providence, however, when we take into consideration the size of that city, we feel fairly sure in asserting that it would be perfectly possible to enlarge the paper and raise its literary standard.

Your Exchange column, "Medford Review," starts promisingly, but you don't live up to your own ideals as stated at the said start.

The "Penn Charter Magazine" has a decided leaning towards the mysterious in fiction.

"Aquila," do you realize that only through your advertisements is it possible for us to find where you come from? We suggest, that, for the benefit of your exchanges Houlton, Maine, be added to your cover.



ATHLETIC NOTES

BASEBALL.

In the opening game of the season, Newton lost to Volkmann by the score of 5 to 3. La Croix, the Volkmann twirler, held the Newton batters to five scattered hits, while Gaw, though he pitched a fine game, was touched up for a total of ten safeties. Though Newton played a good game in the field, their inability to connect safely with the ball cost them the game.

The score:

VOLKMANN.

	bh	po	a	e
Hyde, 3b	0	2	1	0
Estabrook, 2b	2	0	1	0
Conway, c	0	17	1	0
Brown, cf	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, ss	3	0	1	0
Doten, lf	2	0	0	0
Pushee, rf	1	0	0	0
Kimball, 1b	0	7	1	0
La Croix, p	2	1	2	2
Totals	10	27	7	2

NEWTON H. S.

Donahue, 2b	1	2	1	1
Ryan, c	0	10	2	0
O'Neil, lf	2	0	0	1
Chamberlain, 1b	1	7	0	0
Barry, ss	0	4	2	0
McCourt, rf	0	0	0	0
Sanderson, 3b	0	0	0	0
Frapp, cf	1	1	0	0
Gaw, p	0	0	3	0
Totals	5	24	8	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Volkmann	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	0
Newton	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1

Runs made by—Estabrook, Conway, Mitchell, Doten, Sanderson, Frapp. Two-base hit—Mitchell. Sacrifice hits—Frapp, Gaw. Stolen bases—Mitchell, Doten, Pushee, La Croix, O'Neil, 2, Gaw. First base on balls—By La Croix, 4; by Gaw, 3. Struck out—By La Croix,

16; by Gaw, 10. Double play—Barry (unassisted). Passed balls—Conway, 1; Ryan, 1. Wild pitches—La Croix, 1; Gaw, 1. Hit by pitched ball—McCourt. Time—1h. 40m. Umpire—Hoey. Attendance—300.

Newton, 13; Stone School, 0.

Newton signalized the opening of Claflin field as a baseball park by completely snowing under the team representing Stone school to the tune of 13 to 0. It was a most auspicious dedication for the new field—may it witness many another thrilling victory for the home team! Capt. Donohue and his men put up a fine article of baseball, and had the Boston lads completely at their mercy. While holding the visitors without the semblance of a score the Newton team scored almost at will. When they reached the total of thirteen runs, they thought they had rubbed it in enough and so allowed the Stone team to escape further punishment.

Newton, 8; Rock Ridge, 0.

The Newton team became so enamored of the white-washing business that they applied for and received a contract for a job in Wellesley. On April 19 the Orange and Black aggregation journeyed thither and did a very neat job, this time picking the Rock Ridge Hall team as the victim. After kidding the private-school chaps for nine innings, on a very warm morning, they packed up and came home with a score of 8 to 0 in their favor. The story is easily told—the article of ball served up by the Newton pitching department

was too much for Rock Ridge, while the home twirler couldn't feaze the heavy hitting Newtonites to save his life. Hence the theorem.

Malden, 5; Newton, 3.

The inability of Belding to locate a little, semi-invisible object commonly known as the home plate, proved Newton's undoing in the fourth game of the season. The combination of three free passes followed by some timely hitting put the game on ice for Malden. Though Belding was benched and McCourt sent to the slab, the mischief was done and could not be undone. The Malden runners were only allowed to cross the plate in one inning—the fifth, but the total of five garnered in that session were more than enough to land the victory. "Tip" O'Neil was the bright and shining light of the game. The way he stole bases made the Malden catcher look like a counterfeit quarter. "Tip" made two hits, one a ripping three-bagger, scored all of Newton's three runs, and pilfered five cushions. Rather a good total for one day's work. Capt. "Buck" also did some clever work on the bases.

MALDEN H. S.

	bh	po	a	e
Woolley, lf.....	0	1	0	0
Eberle, cf.....	1	0	0	0
Morgan, c.....	2	16	2	1
Morey, p.....	2	0	1	1
Westcott, ss.....	2	0	3	0
Crockett, rf.....	0	1	0	0
Cosgrove, 2b.....	0	2	1	0
Letherman, 3b.....	0	0	1	0
Woodward, 1b.....	0	7	0	0
Totals.....	7	27	8	2

NEWTON H. S.

Donahue, 2b.....	1	4	2	0
Ryan, 1b.....	0	9	2	1
O'Neil, lf.....	2	4	1	0
Chamberlain, 1b.....	1	7	0	0
Barry, ss.....	1	0	3	1
Sanderson, 3b.....	0	1	1	0
Fripp, cf.....	1	2	0	0
E. McCourt, rf.....	0	0	1	1
Belding, p.....	1	0	0	0
Murray, rf.....	0	0	0	0
O. McCourt, p.....	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	7	27	10	3

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Malden H. S.....	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	0—5
Newton H. S.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0—3

Runs made by—Woolley, Eberle, Morgan, Letherman, Woodward, O'Neil (3). Two-base hits—Westcott, Morgan. Three-base hit—O'Neil. Sacrifice hit—Chamberlain. Stolen bases—Morey, Westcott, Woodward, O'Neil (5), Donahue (2). First base on balls—Off Belding, 3; off McCourt, 1; Struck out—by Morey, 16; by McCourt, 5; by Belding, 2. Wild pitch—Morey. Hit by pitched ball—Barry. Time—2h. Umpire—Laughlin.

Newton, 8; Everett, 4.

Timely hitting and fast work on the bases gave Newton a well-earned victory over Everett High, 8 to 4. A strong wind made hard work for both pitchers and fielders. In the third and seventh innings the home team took to the slants offered by the Everett captain and hammered out enough runs to keep them safely in the lead throughout the game.

The score:

NEWTON H. S.

	bh	po	a	e
Donahue, 2b.....	1	5	0	0
Murray, rf.....	1	1	1	0
Ryan, c.....	1	7	1	0
O'Neil, lf.....	1	1	0	1
Barry, ss.....	1	0	4	1
Chamberlain, 1b.....	3	12	0	0
Sanderson, 3b.....	2	1	4	0
Fripp, cf.....	1	0	0	0
O. McCourt, p.....	0	0	4	1
Wilson, lf.....	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	11	27	14	3

EVERETT H. S.

Brickley, 1b.....	1	6	0	1
Munroe, cf.....	1	3	0	0
Lansing, c.....	0	2	0	0
Vinchise, ss.....	1	0	1	2
Rosenthal, p.....	1	0	1	0
Thomson, rf.....	1	1	0	0
Hoyle, lf, c.....	2	9	0	1
Brown, 3b.....	1	0	1	1
Gardner, 2b.....	1	2	3	0
Hardy, lf.....	1	1	0	0
Totals.....	10	24	6	5

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton High.....	0	0	0	3	0	1	4	0	0—8
Everett High.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	2—4

Runs made by—O'Neil (2), Barry (2), Chamberlain (2), Murray, Ryan, Hoyle, Thomson, Brickley, Vinchise. Two-base hits—Sanderson, Barry, Chamberlain, Rosenthal, Gardner. Stolen bases—Chamberlain, Ryan, O'Neil, Sanderson, Lansing, McCourt. First base on balls—Off McCourt, 3. Struck out—By McCourt, 6; by Rosenthal, 9. Sacrifice hit—Lansing. Double play—Gardner and Brickley. Hit by pitched ball—Sanderson, Ryan. Passed balls—Hoyle 2, Ryan 2. Umpires—Belding and Norris. Time—1h. 40m.



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Teacher industrial school	11
Mill owner	1
Mill corporation treasurer	1
Mill agent	3
Mill assistant superintendent	9
Mill superintendent	11
Mill assistant manager	1
Mill foreman of department	18
Mill purchasing agent	1
Mill auditor and accountant	8
Textile designer	30
In commission house	8
Electrician	1
Assistant engineer	1
Draftsman	3
Chemist and dyer	29
In business, textile distributing or incidental thereto	33
Journalist	2
Student	2
Deceased	2

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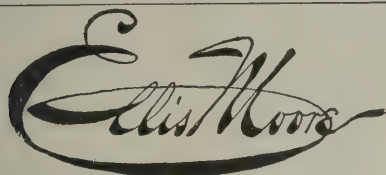
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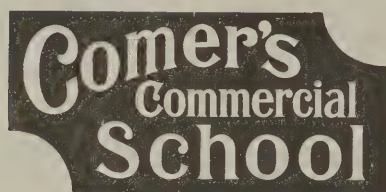
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Vol. XXVII

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1909

No. 9

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Entered at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

The Old Black Cat.

It's a jolly blue, and a jovial crew
Hoists high the sail, and cries, "To sea!"
Too merry they, too loud their lay!
O, the black cat, where is he?

SONG.

*O, the old black cat, the wise black cat,
Sits proud beside the wheel;
And he lends us luck, and he cheers us fat,
Guides straight the racing keel.*

Here's a merry crew, and a jolly brew,
And a storm in the distance far,
And the wild wind blew, like an untamed
shrew;
Spared the black cat, and a spar.

O, the old black cat, the wise black cat,
Laughs soft to himself all day,
'So I'm luck!' He purred and winked at
that;
And sank in the crystal bay.

Constancy

The wild wind howls with a blast too shrill,
An' my bonnie out at sea;
An' the fire fights with the cauld, cauld
chill;
Ah, my bonnie! where is he?

Straining her helm on the crashing deep,
The Mary Belle makes way,
An' her timbers yawn for the long, long
sleep,
As she wanders sore astray.

O, it's thee I'll never see again,
My bonnie sailor lad,
Till we've crossed the last sandbar, and
then,
Sad hearts will soon be glad.

For it's thee an' me as'll meet once more,
An' we've waited many a day;
An' we'll meet on a mild and melting shore,
Where love shall light the way.

So it's thinking, thinking of thee I'll be,
With a heart that is warm with cheer;
An' I'll toss thee a rose on the swirling
sea,
An' with it, wipe love's last tear.

A Toast.

Here's to the trite and tinkling wit,
To the friendship soft that flows!
To the class that does not say "WE'RE
IT!"
But works till the wide world knows!

EDITORIALS

Greetings, World!

"Thy laugh that win."—
Shakespeare, Othello Act IV, Scene 2.

SOME of us are going to college *Bon voyage!* Some more of us are going into the world. Congratulations! Perhaps, there are a few of us that at present aren't going anywhere in particular. Too bad!

Now that we have been knocked and coached to second, and are about to sprint for third, it is well to remember that a boost on the team is always a matter of individual worth; some put it personal option. The big grandstand is a sharp observer, and evident merit seldom fades unnoticed. Evident merit shows in apt acts.

If you are able, find congenial work; if you can not, cheerfully accept the next best. It makes no difference where you start; where you finish, counts. Although it is not believed that Thomas Edison felt naturally inclined toward the newsboys' badge, he took it with a grin. When he had made good selling papers, he cast aside his nickel sparkler; but he kept the grin and won. A minor rule he made was never to have time to explore carefully the art of his stock in trade.

Elbert Hubbard is a business man of phenomenal success. He says: "Responsibility gravitates to the man that knows." To the man that knows just what is his business, and holds that in high reverence and respect; who knows just what that business needs and demands every minute that he breathes—to this man, rolls responsibility. Before all plastic circumstance, and all popular opinion, a man must fix his purpose, and let it never waver. That society can not understand your fixed purpose, is well; if it could, your

incentive would necessarily be mean. Great motives never are visible to the common eye. The world has an odd habit of sizing up a man, not by good intentions, or good deeds, but by accrued results. The hour before results become evident, all the fortitude, all the patience, and all the self-reliance, that lie in human fibre are marshalled into service. Be sure you keep a drilled militia!

If you have to trim a hundred lamps about the ship's cabin, do that well. Somewhere, however, ready for constant call, keep a picture of the steamer's wheel. Always look a little higher! Into a shining lake, you cast a pebble; to its farthest shore, the ripples widen in shimmering circles. Hold a high purpose in your being, and it is nature's order it, likewise, shall expand.

"I hate," says Emerson, in his beautiful essay, *Friendship*, "where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession." You all know what mush is: it is used to feed infants, convalescents, fast eaters, and chickens. It is not often that a "mush of concession" rises above the figurative dignity of such service. It is a good thing to have a platform, like that a political party, yet differing, in that it may change every hour *for the better*. Form a series of strong opinions, and, by way of experiment, keep an ideal or two to urge on your ideas. Until the next man proves for you something better, stand by your own convictions. Bigotry is severely developed arrogance; but to knock the mainstay from your platform to no obvious advantage, is to degenerate to "mush."

Some of us are going into the world. Does that mean going to leave study? Says Carlyle, "The true University of these days is a collection of books." One of the finest men that ever brought

home a good-sized golden fleece, both intellectual and commercial, says: "I am a graduate of THE UNIVERSITY. My college is the world, and I am proud of it." Man's first, his greatest, and his lasting, institute of higher education is the world. From the world, there is just as much to be had as you are able to take, no more; in this assurance, lie, at once its beauty, and its intricacy. You want "higher education" and can not go to college? Education has you engulfed, like a bottle in mid ocean. You have only to remove the cork to expel the air and admit the substance. Because they have refused to pull the cosmic stopper, millions daily are engaged in ignorant lament.

Certain persons prate for hours on the refinement gained in college. This "cultivation" too often pans out mere conventional veneer. The remarkable feature of the broad refinement of the world is that usually it begins on the inside and works out. To-day, two attainments are identical: knowledge and success. Both lie at your beck and call. The fact that education is the universal gift of this great, free, lovely, country is too significant to be grasped by narrow minds. So, likewise, is the truth that, in all ages, he that fervently has sought a "deeper apprehension" has never failed to satisfy his search.

Before all things temporal, and all things directly of the world, every man keeps a precinct that really is his true self. Always, there are some thoughts too noble to utter, some passions too gentle for the "world's coarse finger," some acts too subtle for the common conception. On the other hand, alertness, activity, foresight, persuasion, and fair worldly dealing, constitute business success. The wise man is he that keeps the balance.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;" strive, and the world strives with you; whine,

and the wide world sneers! Look about this dear old world, and get the habit of appreciation. Soon, you will find that your heart is beating faster, that you are breathing deeper, that you are richer in charity, wisdom, and hope. At last, you have understanding; you work contentedly, you live profitably, you love humanly. Yours, is all God's world!

THE BIBLE AS A CLASSIC.

Evidence has been offered by many witnesses that knowledge of the Bible as a source of more allusions and figures of speech than any other collection of books in literature, was fast passing, among students in our schools and colleges. Alarmed at the facts, the national conference of administrators of secondary schools has before it now, in the report of its committee on uniform entrance requirements in English, a recommendation that after 1912 the English Bible be studied in the schools as a literary classic, and that thus, to quote the Educational Review, "the destruction and dissipation of that familiarity with the English Bible which has so long been the shaping force of literature" may be checked. It seems too bad to have to wait three years for so wise a reform to begin.

—*Boston Herald.*

To the School Board and the English department, The Review recommends that immediate action be taken on this vital question. Very naturally the National Conference, conscious of a self-sufficient bigness, quietly delays action. This is New England, and dear old Massachusetts, with Newton nestling near her capital. Aren't we different?

There is a difference between shelving knowledge in the head, and assimilating wisdom in the heart: the former schools teach, the latter God teaches.

The International Bureau of American Republics

By JOHN E. KELLEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this, as in following papers, no attempt has been made editorially to alter form or to conform punctuation.



SOUTHWARD from the United States lie twenty independent republics. Their area is two and one-half times as great as that of our own country. Their population is over 60,000,000, and their wealth in natural resources is beyond estimate.

Early explorers and colonizers called this region the New World, but from our standpoint to-day, these countries might as well be a part of the old world. In language, racial characteristics and trade relations they are European. In years past, the United States has received no more benefit from its geographical position with reference to these countries than if it were situated on the opposite side of the hemisphere.

Until very recently, a profound ignorance has existed in the United States regarding these Republics, while a feeling of distrust of the United States has been prevalent among these southern countries. Under the world-accepted Monroe Doctrine, we stand as the protector of these countries against infringement of their rights and encroachment upon their territory, but our motives have been misunderstood in the past, and we have derived neither gratitude nor profit from our stand before the world powers as the guarantor of the independence of the American Republics.

As these countries have advanced in political and commercial importance, they have turned to Europe for their policies, ideas, and what particularly is of greater moment to us, they have also turned their

commercial tendencies toward that part of the world. Where do the Latin-American countries obtain the equipment for their great plantations and ranches? Principally from Europe. Where do they obtain their manufactured goods? Chiefly from European nations. From whom do they hire vessels for transporting their products? Wholly from Europe. The Europeans have acquired this trade by making a systematic and intelligent study of the people and conditions pertaining to commercial matters in South and Central America. Present trade figures bear witness of the results of European effort to control their markets, especially in the cases of Germany and Great Britain, while the United States obtains less than one-fifth of their import trade.

However, within the last few years, a slow but sure change of sentiment in favor of the United States has been taking place. Gradually the feeling of distrust is giving way to one of more confidence and appreciation. One of the first outward signs of this movement was the holding of a conference at Washington in 1899, attended by representatives of nearly all of the American Republics, to devise a plan whereby the people of the different countries should become better informed as to each other. The conference further suggested the establishment of an association which would insure peace throughout America. The result was the formation of the International Bureau of American Republics, consisting of nearly all of the South and Central American countries and the United States. At this conference, it was also decided to hold the meetings and establish the executive offices at Washing-

ton, because this is the only capital of an American Republic to which each member of the Bureau sends a diplomatic representative. Accordingly, at the present time, the Bureau is established at Washington, and includes in its organization, twenty-one republics of the western hemisphere. The Governing Board, presided over by the Secretary of State of the United States, comprises the diplomatic representatives of the several republics at Washington.

The chief duty of the Bureau is to disseminate information regarding the different countries comprising the league through North and South America. At the present time it has a large library at Washington, from which responsible persons may obtain desired information regarding Latin America.

The Bureau has already conclusively justified its existence. By distributing instructive information, it has caused a large number of great manufacturing and exporting firms in the United States to enter the field. It has pointed out the value of this trade and incidentally the reasons why the Americans have heretofore accomplished so little. It has sought to increase the volume of trade of the countries concerned, and has encouraged the study of Spanish in the schools of the United States and of English in the schools of Latin America. Furthermore, the attention of the American travelling public has been called to this part of the world, with the result that travel in the direction has increased nearly one hundred and fifty per cent during the past few years.

Perhaps the most beneficial result obtained is the bringing of the Central and Southern American countries into closer touch, promoting a spirit of friendliness, the absence of which has been so evident in the past.

But in spite of all this, our trade with that part of the world falls far short of

being what it should, and it will probably be years before we become sufficiently acquainted with the characteristics of Latin-American people to enable us to obtain our rightful portion of their trade. The fact that the United States merchant does not need this trade now should not make him blind to the fact that the time will surely come, when to keep our factories busy, we shall require additional markets.

The American Bureau of Republics appears to offer us a solution of future trade problems that are inevitable. By stimulating co-operation among the smaller republics, it may be a means of preventing many perplexing problems and wasteful tendencies that are characteristic of the development of new countries.

International trade without tariff barriers may be promoted. A disarmament policy may be established that will relieve them from the enormous cost of maintaining armies and navies.

Latin America has just begun on a period of material and social progress that bids fair to eclipse all records. Who knows but that in another generation that there will be a federation of American Republics, making war in this part of the world improbable by settling all disputes by arbitration? Let us hope that this will be fulfilled and the final result will make the countries of North and South America the most prosperous, progressive, and peace-loving nations of the world.

Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moon-like ray.—*Emerson*.

To be over wise is to ossify, and the scruple-monger ends by standing stock still.—*Stevenson*.

To spend a little well is tact; to try to keep it all, imprudent.

"The Pilgrims"

By EVELYN KENDRICK WELLS



THE word "Pilgrim" usually conveys to us at first a picture of gray-garbed men and women, alighting, perhaps, from a quaintly rigged bark "on the wild New England shore," and it is only on second thought that we realize the broader significance of the word. Pilgrims, pioneers, reformers,—there is an inspiration in the very thought of the ideals for which these men stand. We do not realize the enormous debt of the present age to the past—to the dead who have given their best efforts to the blazing of their own particular trails. What would the world be now, if such men as Luther, Franklin or Lincoln had never lived? Do we stop to think how much of them lives in us—how great a part of our lives they form? Is it not, then, incumbent upon us that we resolve to play our part in the pioneer work of the world? Is it not our duty—not merely to the present—that were of small account—but to the future to the men who will live after us and who will derive the advantages of our initial efforts? The cry of the age is Coöperation—but not therefore must we despise individual attempts. The men of this age are too apt to lean back and say—"Others who have gone before have done everything possible for our comfort; what is there left for us to do but to enjoy?" This is one of the most tragic mistakes of the age; nations have been ruined by assuming the same attitude. Look at Greece, for instance, who at the supremacy of her power, suddenly stopped advancing in culture and conquest and stood still. Into the solid foundation she had built

crept corruption and decay, and before she realized it, her power was gone, and with it her will. If we assume the same attitude, will not like results follow?

The present spirit of the age cannot perhaps be better shown than in one of Swinburne's best poems, entitled "The Pilgrims." Here the general points are emphasized that to the worldling the Pilgrim, or pioneer, must ever remain in the light of an impractical dreamer, a philosopher whose theory has no foundation, and that to the Pilgrim himself there is no power so strong; no god so holy, as that of the entangible spirit that leads him onward and upward forever.

In developing and elaborating this general idea, Swinburne casts his poem into dramatic form; each stanza contains a question, asked by one who typifies the worldly man, and the answer of the Pilgrims in significant and symbolic language.

First comes the simple question, "Who is your lady of love, O ye that pass, singing?" then the answer expressing the illusive qualities of the Spirit and the potency of her influence over her chosen ones. She has no earthly abiding place, she lives in the souls of men, who live in her. The Pilgrims repent not that they must give up all earthly ties and affections, for though no rest is to be theirs in this life, yet the world will be better and nobler for their having lived and died in the cause, and for their having freed it from old manners and forms.

What though the fame, of the Pilgrims may be blotted out. What though the road is long, and the journey toilsome—is it not worth while to have so lived in communion with their guiding deity? What though their own personal ideas may have been perverted and their course mistaken—it will make no difference with the great

hopes and dreams of the world and the irresistible Power of the Pioneer Spirit.

The climax of the poem is reached. The worldly man is convinced of the futility of the Pilgrims' life, and the Pilgrims re-

peat their supreme willingness to give their lives that their fellow-men may live.

Now that we have before us the general idea, will you listen to Swinburne's effective phrasing?

THE PILGRIMS

Who is your lady of love, O ye that pass
Singing? and is it for sorrow of that which was
That ye sing sadly, or dream of what shall be?
For gladly at once and sadly it seems ye sing
—Our lady of love by you is un beholden;
For hands she hath none, nor eyes, nor lips, nor golden
Treasure of hair, nor face nor form; but we
That love, we know her more fair than anything.

—Is she a queen, having great gifts to give?
—Yea, these; that whoso hath seen her shall not live
Except he serve her sorrowing, with strange pain,
Travail and bloodshedding and bitterer tears;
And when she bids die he shall surely die.
And he shall leave all things under the sky
And go forth naked under sun and rain
And work and wait and watch out all his years.

—Hath she on earth no place of habitation?
—Age to age calling, nation answering nation,
Cries out, Where is she? and there is none to say;
For if she be not in the spirit of men,
For if in the inward soul she hath no place,
In vain they cry unto her, seeking her face,
In vain their mouths make much of her; for they
Cry with vain tongues, till the heart lives again.

—O ye that follow, and have ye no repentance?
For on your brows is written a mortal sentence,
An hieroglyph of sorrow, a fiery sign,
That in your lives ye shall not pause or rest,
Nor have the sure sweet common love, nor keep
Friends and safe days, nor joy of life nor sleep.
—These have we not, who have one thing, the divine
Face and clear eyes of faith and fruitful breast.

—And ye shall die before your thrones be won.
—Yea, and the changed world and the liberal sun
Shall move and shine without us, and we lie
Dead; but if she too move on earth and live,
But if the old world with all the old irons rent
Laugh and give thanks, shall we be not content?
Nay, we shall rather live, we shall not die,
Life being so little and death so good to give.

—And these men shall forget you.—Yea, but we
Shall be a part of the earth and the ancient sea,
And heaven-high air august, and awful fire,
And all things good; and no man's heart shall beat
But somewhat in it of our blood once shed
Shall quiver and quicken, as now in us the dead
Blood of men slain and the old same life's desire
Plants in their fiery footprints our fresh feet.

—But ye that might be clothed with all things pleasant,
Ye are foolish that put off the fair soft present,
That clothe yourselves with the cold future air;
When mother and father and tender sister and brother
And the old live love that was shall be as ye,
Dust, and no fruit of loving life shall be.
—She shall be yet who is more than all these were,
Than sister or wife or father unto us or mother.

—Is this worth life, is this, to win for wages?
Lo, the dead mouths of the awful grey-grown ages,
The venerable, in the past that is their prison,
In the outer darkness, in the unopening grave,
Laugh, knowing how many as ye now say have said,
How many, and all are fallen, are fallen and dead:
Shall ye dead rise, and these dead have not risen?
—Not we but she, who is tender and swift to save.

—Are ye not weary and faint not by the way,
Seeing night by night devoured of day by day,
Seeing hour by hour consumed in sleepless fire?
Sleepless: and ye too, when shall ye too sleep?
—We are weary in heart and head, in hands and feet,
And surely more than all things sleep were sweet,
Than all things save the inexorable desire
Which whoso knoweth shall neither faint nor weep.

—Is this so sweet that one were fain to follow?
 Is this so sure where all men's hopes are hollow,
 Even this your dream, that by much tribulation
 Ye shall make whole flawed hearts, and bowed necks straight?
 —Nay, though our life were blind, our death were fruitless,
 Not therefore were the whole world's high hope rootless;
 But man to man, nation would turn to nation,
 And the old life live, and the old great word be great.

—Pass on then and pass by us and let us be,
 For what light think ye after life to see?
 And if the world fare better will ye know?
 And if man triumph who shall seek you and say?
 —Enough of light is this for one life's span,
 That all men born are mortal, but not man:
 And we men bring death lives by night to sow,
 That man may reap and eat and live by day.

Class Hymn

By MARY PASTORIUS DAMON

To day we start upon life's mystic course,— The cruise is long; our tiny barks are frail, But Thou, who art our Guide and Change- less Friend, Oh, give us strength to brave the roughest gale!	That we may steer a straight course by the stars, Inspire in us ambitions high and true, And drive away the fogs and sudden mists, That our ideals may be e'er in view.
May friends, the dearest gift, which Thou dost grant, Be near us when the skies are bleak and cold, And tho' we find new comrades on the way, Yet may we keep and ne'er forget the old.	When twilight deepens, safely back to port Direct our helms, that we may rest once more, Within Thy sheltered harbor with old friends, And near the sunset glowing of the shore.

Literature, like a gypsy, to be pictur-
 esque, should be a little ragged.—Douglas
 Jerrold: *Literary Men*.

When the iron is hot, strike.—John
 Heywood: *Proverbs*.

When labor quarrels with capital, or
 capital neglects the interests of labor, it is
 like the hand thinking it does not need the
 eye, the ear or the brain.—James Freeman
 Clarke: *Progress and Poverty*.

The Conservation of Our Forests

By LAWRENCE A. BEVAN



AMERICA has been endowed with more natural resources than almost any other country; but among the nations of the world it is considered to-day the most extravagant, both nationally and individually; especially is this shown in the rapid disappearance of our forests.

Coming as we did from frugal ancestors, it is interesting to trace the development of this wastefulness. When our forefathers reached these shores, they found them covered with forests of magnificence, existing to their minds only to be cut down and cleared away to make room for farms. When these farms were exhausted, there were vast regions further on which offered the same opportunities. Therefore the young man was advised to go west, where the virgin woods awaited the pioneer's axe, until now the extensive forest is a thing of the past, except in the extreme west and south.

But, as a nation to-day, we are beginning to realize of what great importance our forests are to us; they are of inestimable value commercially, furnishing the nation with building material, fuel and pulp for paper; but there is a much more important natural use for forests. In many places where protection is needed from strong and destructive winds, trees are planted giving the greatest satisfaction. The covering that the forest makes on the ground is loose and spongy and a natural reservoir is formed, which holds the water for a period before letting it run to the rivers. In this way the rainfall does not come down to the brooks all at once, but the

supply of water to the streams and wells is constant. Now when rain falls on slopes where there are no trees, the soil is washed into the rivers, leaving fields and slopes denuded, and worthless for agricultural purposes. This valuable soil that is carried into the rivers forms silt bars, which must be dredged out and thrown away to make navigation possible. Besides this loss of soil there is a loss of timber, but the American people are in too much of a hurry to realize that a great deal of this loss can be prevented by careful measures. For instance, notice the forest fires in the dry season of the year. From Maine to Oregon there come reports of great devastation from them. This causes more wood to be wasted every year than is cut; and the young timber destroyed at the same time is worth more than the merchantable trees. Brush is destroyed by burning it, and in careless logging, this is another source of fire, because the piles are not placed far enough away from standing timber.

Yet there is something more harmful than fire which is the cause of all this conservative movement. It is, that the nation uses annually a great deal more wood than is grown. For statistics show that about one-half more conifer trees are being cut down than are planted, and forests of pine, spruce and hemlock do not reproduce plentifully; therefore, coniferous forests have to be planted to keep their supply constant. In the logging itself there is a considerable amount of waste. When trees are cut down, high stumps are left, and the upper limbs of the tree, which would be very useful for cordwood, are burned. Then in the mill twenty-five per cent of the material is wasted in these two ways; by using a circular saw which makes a wide cut; and by burning the trimmings just

to destroy them. Taking all this into consideration, not more than one-third of the wood brought from the forest is left when the finished product is obtained. A great deal of this waste can be reduced. Are the American people going to stand aside and watch the forests burn, and the lumber men and mills throw away more lumber than is used?

Just think for a moment what the condition of countries is without forests. Look back about three thousand years; before the forests of Lebanon were destroyed, Palestine supported a population of about ten million and when they were cut down, the floods washed the rich soil away leaving the once fertile slopes bare and deserted, supporting only about forty thousand people and most of those are in poverty. Babylon at one time a metropolis of the world, Tyre, Sidon and Carthage are all barren and desolate for this same reason. Therefore, unless people wake up, and stop the indiscriminate cutting of our forests, history will repeat itself and the inevitable must follow here, as in other lands. By cutting off the forests the mill streams sink to almost nothing; the river-side fields cave into the flood a rood at a time; while the richest of soil washes into the sea, at the rate of half a ton for each acre every year; such is the lesson of disappearing forests. Wise men profit by others' experience—let us profit by the experience of France and other nations.

Colbert in the reign of Louis XIV said, "France will perish for want of wood," and about a century and half later this prophecy was coming true. The forests were vanishing, even as ours are to-day, but France stopped the wholesale cutting and went to work. There the foresters care for the forest land, plant trees and utilize the water. Although France has been doing this for a century, two or three more hundred years will pass away before this work is brought to its maximum effi-

ciency. In Germany, the government has been working along the most scientific and improved lines for taking care of the forests. The government men mark the trees to be cut, and see that for each tree cut down there is another planted. Then the upper limbs are saved for cordwood, while the brush and dead branches are given to the poor. China, the nation supposed to be so backward in modern sciences, has seen the great error of deforestation, and is sending men to different schools in United States and Germany to find out how to plant new forests and preserve what few they have left.

The whole matter of conservation is too large for private concerns to try to consider. The federal government must do the most for it, and, indeed, it has started. Scattered in different places in the United States there are large forest reserves, patrolled by men in hire of the government. Individual states have been aroused to action, a number of them having made state reservations. But a great deal can be done by influencing farmers and owners of large private estates to plant more trees and care for the young ones. Out west a man took a number of seedlings from a nursery and gave them to school children, on the promise that they should be planted and carefully tended. Another step towards conservation is the establishment of forestry schools which teach the young men the practical science of forestry. There are two or three women's clubs in the country which are doing commendable work in conservation. Let other women's clubs follow their example, and the fathers and children will be surely influenced.

During the last fifty years lumbermen have cut wood everywhere, thinking solely of the good that they will get from it, not once thinking of the people who are to come. If a tenant of real estate wantonly destroys that property, he is prosecuted. The generation of to-day has only a life

estate in the resources of nature, how much more should we be punished, when we destroy and exhaust those resources which are intended for posterity. The history of a nation is best written in the progress and happiness of its people. Let us, there-

fore, make the people of to-morrow bless their ancestors, because we have had foresight enough to look out for them. Good citizenship demands consideration for the welfare of others.

America's Besetting Sin

By EDWARD S. NOYES



NATIONS, like individuals, have their significant vices or virtues, follies or foibles, so that one may characterize a nation, taking it as a whole, just as one may an individual. Thus, without bringing and unjust criticism, the English are popularly thought of as arrogant; the French, as gay and frivolous; the Germans, as

stolid. Our national virtues have often been extolled; it might therefore be a wholesome discipline to consider our national failings. What is America's besetting sin?

There is a prevailing impression among foreign critics that the typical American is a braggart—an impression chiefly due to that enemy of his country, the boastful American tourist. This belief of the critics arises from an acquaintance with only one phase of our many-sided national character, and therefore, can have little weight. Moreover, a braggart is always a coward, while the typical American has proved again and again that whatever his vices, cowardice is not one of them. Boastfulness, therefore, is not our national sin.

Many would say that the love of money is our besetting sin—that greed rules supreme in this country as it never has in any other land. The famous novelist Dickens was the prototype of these critics, and his phrase, "the almighty dollar," now

become a by-word, lends weight to their argument. This is further supported by the greed recently exhibited by several of our great corporations. Avarice, however, is not peculiar to America, it flourishes in every land and age. And where can such examples of the wise and philanthropic use of wealth be found as there are here in this land of ours?

A more serious indictment, which, in the light of recent "night-rider" outrages and race riots, merits our careful consideration, is, that as a nation we have no regard for law. The foreign critic argues, and justly, that in no other civilized land could there be found a crowd of men willing, nay, even eager to lynch or burn alive a human being, and afterward defend such an act of savagery. Would that this charge were not true. Yet, ours is the only nation save Switzerland which relies absolutely on the observance of law by the people without maintaining a large standing army for its enforcement. The very life of our country depends upon the respect for law of the citizens as a whole, and the nation's life is not yet seriously threatened. No, lawlessness is not our besetting sin.

In one respect, however, we must acknowledge our unique and evil preeminence,—we are a careless nation, and recklessness is our besetting sin. This evil is far more threatening than it appears. One result of it is the enormous annual destruction of property by fire, which far exceeds that of any other nation. More

than one-half of this loss could be averted by the exercise of care and forethought. When one sees the demolition of whole cities and the devastation of vast tracts of forest, one is led to believe that an ounce of prevention must be worth more than *one* pound of cure. The American people have apparently not yet discovered this truth.

Our greatest national resource is human life: yet think how our recklessness destroys this each year. In the last twenty years more people have been killed or wounded by our public service corporations than by all the wars in the world during the same period. Sixty thousand persons are now killed annually,—many times that number injured, in accidents which are to a large extent preventable. Moreover by our carelessness and lack of foresight in allowing child labor to exist, we are seriously impoverishing the life of future generations. We have one of the best hospital systems in existence, and the most efficient fire departments in the world, but this all tends to *cure*, not to *prevent*. It is evident that what America needs is care, forethought, and the prevention of waste, and that right speedily; before we become hardened and indifferent to the sacrifice of property and life. We are still aroused by any notable calamity, but as the Boston Herald said editorially not long ago:—

"The spasms of public horror are soon over and forgotten. They accomplish absolutely nothing."

"More precious than either life or property are those laws and institutions which protect our liberties. To the end that we might enjoy 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' our forefathers freely poured out their wealth and blood. These, our richest heritage, are now endangered by our national vice of carelessness and indifference. Why is it that a ring of unscrupulous politicians can control an entire great city?

Because our citizens are too intent on their own affairs to take interest in good government. So everywhere, the apathy of intelligent virtue gives an opportunity to selfish and ambitious vice."

What is the remedy for this evil? Youth is apt to be careless, and our nation, compared to the Old World Powers, is yet in its infancy. Maturer years, we hope, may bring carefulness and thrift. But let us not trust solely to this hope. It is for us, the present and the rising generation, heirs of the national wealth and power, to so wisely administer them that we shall be able to hand over to our posterity a country, not exhausted by carelessness and waste, but with a new lease of power, and with the sacred institutions of our fathers yet more firmly imbedded in the foundation of our political structure. As George Meredith says:—

"A young generation reaps—
The young generation—Ah! there is
the child
Of our souls down the ages! To bleed
for it, proof
That souls we have.
Thou, under stress of the strife,
Shalt hear for sustainment supreme
The cry of the conscience of Life—
'Keep the young generations in hail
And bequeath them no tumbled home.'"

There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There never was yet such a storm but it was Æolian music to a healthy and innocent ear.—*Thoreau*.

It is the grandeur of all truth which can occupy a very high place in human interests that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists eternally, by way of latent principle, in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed, but never to be planted.—*De Quincey*.

Class History

By KATHARINE NORTON



TIME (like all Gaul) is divided into three parts:—past, present, and future. The present takes care of itself and the future is in the hands of our class prophet. My task it is to go back over the past four years, putting an old story into new words, and, I confess I feel much like the workman who tries to paint an old house

with not enough paint to keep the worn places from showing through. And yet, after all, it is a story so dear to the hearts of those who have figured in it, that it cannot fail to interest each one of you who has ever had any affection for the class of 1909.

Perhaps you can remember us as we looked four years ago, trudging down to High School for the first time, our faces bright with expectation, though we were no more ignorant of the trials and hardships that lay before us, than we were of the good times to come. We had heard of the long home lessons and the five weeks' reports, "sent out only when work is unsatisfactory" and we were destined to become soon acquainted with the little blue slips that so kindly admitted us and our books to Room 1, from three to four in the afternoon. For we were, it must be confessed, a mischievous and fun-loving class, though ready to learn and quick to profit by experience.

Months came and went and we grew and flourished with the aid of our books and Mr. Marshall's cocoa and doughnuts, three for five. In the early spring, we met and elected the first officers to represent the class. Earnest endeavors were made to

rouse the class spirit, which our predecessors claimed to be rapidly diminishing.

In May the Public Drill of the Girls' Battalion was held in the Drill Hall, where the freshmen, if numbers and not size be taken into consideration, were much in evidence by their performance of strange and remarkable feats, on equally strange and remarkable apparatus.

Still more amusement was afforded by the base-ball game between the girls of '08 and '09, in which '09 bravely met defeat, only consoling itself with the fact that its boys at least, had been victorious in their game. Thus time passed and a year was gone, a year of work and pleasure, saddened only by the first break in our ranks, due to the unfortunate death of Dudley Kate. Even those of us who knew him merely through his remarkable musical talent, felt keenly what his loss meant to the class.

September soon came again and patiently we resumed our tasks. We were no longer freshmen. Officers were re-elected, our former president being called upon to serve a second term. Then a class pin was chosen and we began to feel an added sense of dignity and importance. Our pride in our school rapidly increased, particularly when the championships in both foot-ball and base-ball went to Newton.

The first girls' tennis tournament took place in the spring, and '09 distinguished itself by reaching the finals. Public Drill was held for the last time, as the battalion was thereafter to be abolished and we had to content ourselves with performing more stunts on apparatus. Under the auspices of the J. U. Club, the school was presented with four famous pictures, which were placed in Mr. Thurber's room. After the boys had defeated the freshmen in

base-ball the second year came to an end.

We were now upper-classmen and the responsibility of our studies began to weigh more heavily upon us, with college exams in prospect and increasing social events. to distract our attention.

The P. B. and Frat. boys went bravely through their initiations, astonishing us all by the ease and eloquence with which they could make proposals.

During the year, many well-known and interesting persons spoke to us in the assembly hall on Wednesday mornings. Among these were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Bishop Lawrence, and Mr. Gorham, and from them we learned much that was valuable and instructive. We are also deeply indebted to Miss Chase for her skillful and constant service at the piano.

Mr. Adams went abroad on a leave of absence and the school was left in the charge of Mr. Davis, who filled his place admirably, although Mr. Adams was missed by all.

In December a great sorrow came to the entire school with the death of Mr. George. May we learn to place as much confidence in his able successor, Mr. Thomas.

The class meet in February secured for 1909 a high and well-earned second place. It was with the aid of our sturdy athletes that the triangular meet on the following month resulted in a victory for Newton. In the boys' tennis tournament also, '09 carried off the honors.

The seniors now demanded little sums of fifty cents or more to increase the splendor of their social functions, but vacation was close at hand and we rejoiced in the fact that 1910 would soon be doing the same for us. Our third year was over.

The fourth and last proved to be the most eventful and longest to be remembered. Early in the fall there occurred something which cast a shadow over the whole senior year—the death of one of

our best loved and honored classmates, Samuel Thaxter Parks. "While yet in love with life, and raptured with the world, he fell into that dreamless sleep which kisses down the eyelids still."

In October the class met to elect its last officers, choosing Converse as its leader through the hardest and most important months of the four years' course.

Under '09 management athletics took a decided stand. On Thanksgiving day, Captain Van Tassel and his team defeated Brookline in the finest game that had as yet been played on the Claflin field, thereby winning the foot-ball championship of the Preparatory League. Basket-ball and field-hockey flourished too, under their respective captains, Miss Whidden and Miss Butters; for the hockey team defeated Radcliffe and for the first time in six years, the alumnae proved unequal to the senior basket-ball team.

The German Club, formed the year before, was so well maintained, that a Cercle Français was also started. The Boys' Debating Club proved equally successful and the girls soon formed one to rival it. Our class spirit did not seem to be diminishing after all.

With Slocum and Mahoney as captains, the hockey and track teams did excellent work. The Annual Indoor Meet aroused the enthusiastic applause of many spectators when the victory went to 1909. In the Preparatory Meet, however, Brookline outdid us by ten points, our earnest and well-directed efforts winning us a close second.

In January the first senior assembly was held, later followed by the class reception, the crowning social event of the year. Nor must the performance of "As You Like It" by the Amherst Dramatic Club go unmentioned. Ask any one of the girls if she remembers "Orlando" and you will know why.

We owe much to the School Orchestra

for the many and delightful concerts, enjoyed by all who attended them; and great praise is likewise due to the Review editor and his associates, who made our school paper a finished production of literary excellence. The last great victory of the year was the defeat of Waltham with Donahue as captain of the Newton baseball team. Do you wonder that we are proud of our class and of our school?

And now, before we leave it to become

separated and scattered throughout the various walks of life, let us extend a word of thanks to the patient teachers, who have worked and struggled to send us out to meet the world as men and women! There is an old saying that "school days are the best days" and when, in the years to come, we turn to look back and remember them, may the brightest and happiest of them all be those which we have spent in closest comradeship at Newton High!

The Peace Movement

CLASS ORATION by PRESCOTT H. WELLMAN



EXACTLY one hundred years ago, David L. Dodge, a resident of New York City, conceived the idea of international peace, and since that time, this idea has been steadily growing until at the present time it has a large place in all Christian nations.

Let us consider briefly the purpose of this movement, and what it has already accomplished. In the first place, no one denies that war is a terrible evil. Napoleon Bonaparte, himself said, during his years of exile at St. Helena: "The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable." General Sheridan said: "War will eliminate itself. By the next centennial, arbitration will rule the world." If then the terrors of war are acknowledged even by such great generals, why is warfare tolerated? Simply because people do not understand how to get rid of it. The work of peace societies, is therefore, to show that the evil of war is not a necessary one. Since the establishment of the American Peace Society in 1828, it has been

steadily working along these lines. At various meetings, both national and international, it has been trying to contrive means by which the terrors of war could be diminished, and the blessings of peace set forth.

The World Peace Organization, has already made such achievements as the establishment of representative government in many nations including even Russia, and the peaceful union of small states to larger ones; the establishment of a World Court at the Hague in 1901, to settle disputes between nations: the founding of the International Institute of Agriculture, besides many other minor organizations.

Let us consider a few of the reasons why war should be abolished. In the days of modern invention, war has become so horrible and so destructive that it does not seem possible that it can longer exist.

The expenses of war are incredible. One large cannon shot alone costs one thousand seven hundred dollars. One battleship of the Dreadnought type, costs ten million dollars, two-thirds of the total valuation of the grounds and buildings of all the colleges and universities in Massachusetts. The running expenses of such a battleship are at least one million dollars a year,

and then, after fourteen years it is utterly useless.

The armed "peace" of Europe, for the last thirty-seven years has cost at least one hundred and eleven billion dollars. (The entire wealth of the United States is only one hundred and sixteen billion).

Probably fifteen billion lives have been lost in wars since the beginning of authentic history, or as many as all the people who have lived on the earth in the last six hundred years. Yet war is tolerated!

On the other hand, many reasons are given why war should be favored. It is said that armies and navies are useful in giving employment. So was the San Francisco Earthquake and Fire. Some people say that war kills off the surplus population. There is none. The earth is very sparsely settled and incalculably rich in resources.

But is it really practical to try to prevent war, or is such an attempt foolishness?

Originally man fought every beast, and every other man. After a while men allied themselves into tribes, and one tribe fought another. Then tribes combined to form nations, and one nation still fights another. Is there not reason to hope that eventually nations will federate and submit to arbitration? Will it not soon be seen that it is just as bad for ten thousand men to try to murder other thousands as for one man to murder another? Imagine the innumerable uses to which the vast sums saved from war could be devoted. Educational institutions could be established, commerce built up, and industries of all kinds could be promoted. Many of the immense debts contracted by cities and nations could be decreased.

But in all that has been said, no mention has been made of by far the greatest objection to warfare. It is directly contrary to all Christianity. "Peace on Earth" was declared nineteen hundred years ago,

and yet we who profess to be Christians, have as yet failed to follow this fundamental principle. War destroys moral standard and in that way retards civilization. The fact that war is such a terrible evil, has not been recognized and believed by mankind, and not until it is acknowledged will peace be universal.

But there is much hope for the cause. Even since "Peace on Earth" was declared so many centuries ago, war has been slowly but steadily decreasing.

War was once universal: now it is exceptional. There have been seven years' wars, thirty years' wars, and even one hundred years' wars, but wars of to-day are never of long duration. Union of tribes into small states, of these into larger ones such as in ancient England, in America and in modern Germany, and Italy, has enlarged the areas in which peace exists. It has reduced the annoyances caused by custom-houses, and different coinage, and has transferred men from destructive to constructive work.

Moreover, the cruelties of war are constantly decreasing. Women and children are no longer slaughtered or sold into slavery in Christian Nations. Looting has decreased, and the Hospital Service has been promoted. Greater opportunity for travel and adventure outside the army, has made army life less attractive. The increase in commerce and trade with foreign peoples has made war seem more senseless and futile. The increased cost, not only of war, but also of standing armies and navies is making the tax-payers rebel at throwing their money away.

If, therefore, we are all forced to acknowledge that war is a great and unnecessary evil, and if, having seen the great progress of the peace movement, we have so much hope for accomplishing our purpose, should we not do all that is in our power to pro-

mote it? If we are to live up to our true names as Christians, must we not strive in every way for a cause which is to benefit the entire world? Is it too much to hope that Tennyson was a true prophet and not an aimless dreamer when he

looked forward in confident expectation to the time when—

“The war drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.”

Valedictory

By MARGARET TYLER



E say of a great man that he never dies. So our High School is like a great man because it never dies; it lives on and on in the hearts of all the boys and girls who have ever come here to work and to play. Many things it has taught us during four years. It has taught us that books are good friends; that we should know, as intelli-

gent citizens, what is going on in the world about us, and what men have done in years gone by. It has taught us that studying of itself is not a great or vital part of life; that it only introduces us to the minds of men who have lived in the great world before us. For it is not the studying and the book-learning in themselves that are of most value, but it is the power that we find in them, to know and to appreciate the people with whom we come in contact, to give our lives more fully for the service of others.

It is that we may do this the better that our School has taken such pains to educate us carefully and thoroughly—that we may be better fitted for our life-work. Here we have already laid the foundation and the corner-stone. Our School and our

teachers and parents have done their share; it remains for us to see that the result is worthy and fulfills their hope and expectations.

Our class, more than all others, has a heavy debt of gratitude to pay. It has been during our four years here that extra money and extra time and trouble have been given by our city, to give us a better school, a better training and a better preparation than ever before. We are the ones who are benefited, and as we have received more, so do we owe more to this city in which we live.

Before us we have, each one, a life, to make good or bad as we wish. We have been started right, and all of us in nearly the same way. We shall not live our lives for ourselves alone; a great many people, more than we think, will be influenced and affected by what we do and by what we are. But however and wherever we go, we shall always be true to our High School and to the noble principles it stands for.

It is by this loyalty that we shall best thank our School. It is by making of ourselves the kind of citizens it meant us to become; it is by serving our country as freely and as generously as we have been served in our turn, that we shall best show our gratitude and our affection.

Class Statistics

By CHARLES HAWES



T was once said by an eminent New Yorker, who was well acquainted with the business methods of the Bay State Capital, that the chief difference between the laymen of New York and those of Boston was that in the great Metropolis every one helps the "under dog," while in the "Hub" when a man is down every one takes pleasure in jumping on him.

With this sentiment, I could never agree and have warmly contended that no matter what could be said now, the rising generation would not be long in erasing this stain from the reputation of their predecessors. Can you imagine my consternation then, when during the only serious illness I have had since entering High School, I received notification of my election to the arduous task of Statistician? And to think that blow was delivered by my trusted classmates. This totally unwarranted action convinced me of my New York friend's wisdom, and I thought of the old proverb; "He laughs best, who laughs last." Therefore, my just revenge is upon your own guilty heads and you must sit quietly while I have the extreme pleasure of making personal remarks and revealing secrets.

We will first consider the noble class as a whole. What a great and wonderful body of companions we have been! Wonderful because undoubtedly not any class, with an equal spirit and financial record has ever left the Newton High School in such a whirl of glory; followed by the good wishes and regrets of all those left behind to take up the tasks we have forever relinquished. We are also great because no previous class could boast of an enrollment of 189 *students* and a total weight of 26,460 pounds. Our height is so great,

that if placed one above the other, on the lawn where our class picture was taken last Tuesday, the noble institution from which 172 of us received diplomas this afternoon, would seem like a mere ant hill before the half-way mark was reached and when all were in their assigned places, the top man of our column could look into the windows of Mount Ida School. If it were proper for a person in my capacity to bet, all my spare cash would back Davis as being at the top with his eyes turned toward the aforementioned female hill.

During the Sophomore year we gained the reputation of being totally lacking in school spirit, but the record of the class shows that this report was false. Thirty boys have won their "N's" at football, baseball, bockey or track and fourteen girls have represented us on the school basketball and field hockey teams. No 1909 base-ball team has ever been defeated and Eddie Woods has successfully defended his title of tennis champion in the school since he entered four years ago. Three successive years our track men have become steadily more efficient in the Drill Hall and were rewarded this winter by winning the annual school meet. The Seniors likewise showed their superiority by easily defeating the other three classes on the gridiron last fall.

Now as you have some conception of the merits and characteristics of the class, let us mention the most striking traits of a few of its prominent members. The dearest desire of human nature is praise and a large amount of praise should be given to those who were almost unanimously chosen the most popular persons among us; our president, Frank Lee Converse and our Vice-President, Virginia Tapley. Miss Tapley also ranks foremost

among the athletes. A little bird told me that the reason for Virginia's being the best athlete of the gentler sex is that she has taken up the new health cure known as fletcherizing. Critics say that a fellow never amounts to much in school or college unless he is an athlete; Frank could not be an athlete if he tried, therefore he is the exception that proves this rule. Why then is he so attractive? In trying to solve the problem I have come to the conclusion that the *fellows* all voted the way they did because of our hero's (Frank's) straightforwardness and winning manners. Not being a girl it is rather difficult to explain their views on the subject, but if any one takes the trouble to call at Craigville, the unique confessions made there will amply repay him for the inconveniences of sea-sickness while under the (Sea of Flanders).

After popularity comes appearance and Miss Dorothy Warren has the honor for outstripping her closest rival in the class beauty contest. For the benefit of those who have never fathomed the mysteries of the descendants of Eve, it is necessary to explain that "Dot" should be excused for showing her pride because she is not responsible for possessing the most cherished hope of every girl and many a woman since the world began, which is to be acknowledged beautiful by those with whom she comes in contact. No fellow would consider it a compliment to be called a "pretty boy," yet each one of us puts on a conscious air when told he looks handsome. All watch Ed Richardson and note his expression when he hears that his classmates have placed him on a pedestal alongside of the Greek hero Apollo, as the handsomest youth of the twentieth century. I have said the twentieth century, because being the best looking member of the ablest class that has ever graduated from the most noted high school of the

greatest nation in the world, there are none to dispute his claim.

At last Hazel Smith and Robert Norton may be officially announced class babies. To some, the word baby means a person who is small and slight in stature, but to most of us the term applies merely to age and appearance. I am forbidden to tell Hazel's age, but her plump, roguish face, laughing eyes and long braid would make many nurses proud to trundle her along the board walk of a fashionable summer resort, provided the carriage was equipped with a self-propelling attachment and the infant consented to leave behind that hockey-stick which she knows so well how to handle. Dear Bob; his soft childish features would make any mother jealous and there was never a committee of judges at Asbury Park that would not approve of your choice and give him a blue ribbon at the Baby Show. Don't worry, "Bob," everybody has to be a baby first and perhaps, if you have patience you'll grow to be a man like the rest of us, some day.

Who would ever think that Jackson was a nuisance. It is impossible to believe that a fellow with his beaming smile and such a cute pompadour could ever become tiresome. In order that no one will take this seriously, it would be well to state that very few expressed their sentiments in this matter and he was only elected by a small number of his most intimate friends who knew that he could stand a good joke. As compensation for this shock the class rewarded Jackson's efforts in another line by making him the dude. He is erect and has a walk upon which he alone holds the patent. However, the real reason why he is distinguished is that he can wear more different colored socks and neckties in one week than any other member of the class would appear in during an entire month. Nevertheless, Stanley Moore has been visiting the haberdasher's lately,

and if he had only become entangled in the meshes of Gertrude's lynching process a little sooner he would undoubtedly have made Jackson look as though he too had originated in the backwoods of Maine. While speaking of dudes, we must not omit our stray ex-president, Henry H. Wellington, who wandered all the way to Boston before being caught by a cramming-school. He boasts that he is the best authority on men's clothing in Newton. Berkley Prep. must be praised for giving him this desirable knowledge which does not come under the regular prescribed courses of his former Alma Mater. There is one objection to his present situation and that is the English class, where he daily comes in contact with poems, the like of which have never been encountered by Mr. Thomas's pupils.

Now in order to appease the curiosity of the young ladies present, I must confess that it was almost impossible to decide who had advanced furthest in the gentle art of "Fussing." The result of my work was to find that Davis deserves your congratulations and attentions, although, he received but one more vote than Converse, who in turn, deprived our shy football captain of second place, by almost as small a majority. When asked the reason for his success, Ted smiled that far-off Portland smile with which he has favored us so much of late, and said that he wouldn't think much of the fellow who couldn't "fuss" after having called on a certain young lady at Mount Ida every Saturday night for two years.

It is time to turn our thoughts once more to work. Our High School life has not been totally devoid of work and for proof of this fact you may interview Miss Hattie Frost and Bill Capon and ask them why they so overwhelmingly defeated all other candidates for the worthy distinction which has been so basely termed, class grind.

O'Neil, our old war-horse, is again chosen the best athlete in the school. It is an unusual occurrence for the same person

to receive a vote of this kind two successive years, but "Tip" has worked hard to keep up the glory of his school and deserves all the athletic laurels that may be bestowed upon him.

If there is any one here who expects to spend the summer on a farm, I suggest that he call on "Wuzz" Warren for advice as how best to dig potatoes or get the most work out of a pony. Pratt is also something of a horseman, or should be, considering the number of hours he has spent in company with Lippencott, trotting through the mazes of Virgil.

Last of all among us comes the laziest. To find this person was an exceptionally delicate task because there are so many slow and weary looking fellows continually in evidence and such a large number of girls, especially generals who appear to be taking that most popular of all courses, "study periods." However, upon the advice of some of the teachers, it was decided that Barrows and Farwell should divide the honors. This arrangement was not satisfactory to them, so our prophet with his usual quick-wittedness, suggested that we toss up and do away with the possibility of a disagreement between these two hopefuls. "Ted" won the toss and Barrows gracefully withdrew leaving the distinction of laziest member of the class to Jack Farwell.

Children usually keep the best things until last and for that reason I have waited all this time before announcing that Miss McGill and Mr. Davis have made the most favorable impression upon the whole class and were designated the most popular teachers in the school.

And now farewell to all the troubles and pleasures of High School life. The troubles have been so far exceeded by the pleasures that they alone will be remembered as we each journey through life, faithfully striving for the highest ideals, in a manner to reflect only credit upon the greatest of all graduating classes of the Newton High School, *the class of nineteen hundred and nine.*



Half-Mast

By KAL BURGESS

GRIGGS had just told his fourth story. No one neglected to laugh—a courteous laugh—and the obvious embarrassment of Griggs was just getting serious when Carson entered.

"Gentlemen?" He raised his Panama to his forehead, in salute, tossed it on to the table and went forward to greet the little company.

"Well, well!" Bowers, resident host, approached. "How's it feel to be a High Mogul, old chap? I say the General Manager of Old Sol's Number Ten is entitled to high pressure on his hat-band."

"O it's not so great a pressure," answered Carson, slowly. General Manager of a Mexican gold-mine has a chance to rise. Is every one here?"

"Why, yes," Bowers glanced over his shoulder; "we're all here, except . . . I say," he called, "where's Spindle?"

A general laugh broke from the conversing group. "He'll saunter in later, after his own particular fashion," Kane volunteered. "You see, occasionally the weather gets astride of Spindle and rides him pretty hard. He—er, at this moment, he's a bit under the weather, yes. But he'll turn up later; since there's a bit of weather in the kitchen, eh, Bowers?"

Bowers chuckled. "You know Spindle?" he asked Carson.

"Why, yes, I've seen him. Telegraph operator in the little shack by the river, isn't he? John Crote, by the grace of his father."

"Exactly." Bowers nodded. "Great streak of fortune, Carson, your getting Kenard's place; they say Sol needed him to operate Four down river."

Carson hardly glanced at the speaker. "Yes, that was it," he answered, shortly, moving toward the open window.

"Carson," said Bowers, tentatively, as the tall figure returned, "I'm thinking it would take a good deal to cause you to leave here now."

Carson accepted the quiz with singular solemnity. "Bowers," he said finally, in a low voice, "it would take a deep affliction. If my poor old father were to pass, back in the States, it would leave Mother alone. I should go without hesitation. In that case, my position would fall to you."

He regarded the other curiously, as if struck, for the first time, by a reflection of interest.

Bowers stirred uneasily; it was evident that Carson had struck a chord of kindred thought. "I wouldn't have the position from your hands for all the world," he managed to remark with tolerable coolness.

"Watch that door!" whispered Carson, sharply.

Bowers half turned to the kitchen door, which was gently swaying inward. "Ah, good evening, Spindle," he greeted, with notable calmness.

"Evening, gentlemen." The man shambled in, apparently unabashed. "Don't mix much with sassiety, but I came 'round, on your invite, to help your Chineese cook uncork the bottles. These Orientals don't know how. You see," noting his gratifying position as cynosure, he shambled in farther, "I haven't missed any of your tac'ful conversation; could hear splendid in the pantry. I want to say, Mr. Cars'n, I don't believe you'd beat it back to the States"

Carson had risen, and was staring down at the man menacingly. Spindle shifted his gaze from the clock to the punch-bowl, and then to Carson's boots. The New Manager laughed shortly, and sat again, as Griggs and Kane gently bundled Spindle into the evening air.

"The weather seems to have got the spurs in Spindle," some one remarked.

Carson strolled homeward in meditation. His bungalow loomed up darkly. There was a dim light in the hall, but the sitting-room was dark. He drew the curtains from the light in the hall; the pale moon streamed in, and, by the radiance of its beams, he lighted a pipe, and settled into an easy chair.

Yes, there was the possibility. . . .

Suppose the blow should come! Suppose his father, feeble at best, should fail, and should leave his mother lonely, desolate, deserted. If the crisis should come, he had avowed his course of action; from that course, there could be no deviation.

Unaccountably, it had occurred to him, even as he had spoken to Bowers, that the man beside him would not be too keenly touched with remorse, if the fatal stroke should arrive. He would step conveniently into the vacant place, and, once

there, he would hold on; that was certain—he would hold on hard.

He filled another pipe, lighted it, and settled back anew. The flitting shadow of a man, splashed in rude imperfection on the whitened wall, startled him. He felt, for a moment, a terrible suspense. It had come! This was the messenger—this—

"Bosh!" Carson rose, yawning, and hastened to admit the figure that had crept to the outer door.

"*Un telegrama*," said the native, in Spanish.

Carson took the envelope abruptly. "*Buenas noches*," he answered, tossing the figure a coin that bade it go.

He returned to the hallway, and paused before the feeble light. It was a telegram from the States. He was perfectly composed; there was not a tremor of hesitation, as he broke the seal.

He read the single word, "Half-mast." With a quick, low cry of alarm, he dropped the note, and retreated to the dark sitting-room. He remained standing in silence; the pipe, slipping from his limp fingers, clattered to the floor. As the strong smoke rose from the bowl into his nostrils, he seated himself, mechanically, placed a handkerchief over his face, and pressed the other hand across his forehead. The thin moon shot her icy beams into his heart, but they failed to chill the hot tears that sprang into his eyes.

The thin lips moved. "Poor old Dad!" he whispered; that was all.

At length, Carson removed the handkerchief from his face. There was no hint of catastrophe about him, save in the pale, strained features. He seated himself at a writing-table, selected a stub pen, and wrote with a quiet hand. "Dear Bowers, the inevitable has happened. I shall keep my regret unselfish. You will probably like to retain my servant, in case I may return; he is paid for one year. Carson."

As Carson swung in sight of the telegraph-office, Crote was just making the fire to cook his morning meal. The Manager entered unobserved. "I have a message to send," he announced abruptly.

Crote drew suddenly back. "What is it?" he asked with noticeable indecision.

Carson did not reply. The operator continued to poke, till the hot brands leaped in fiery resentment on to the zinc beneath. Still he poked, till his hand trembled beyond control; then, his wavering gaze again sought Carson's cold features. He stuffed his hands deep into the pockets of his khaki trousers.

"What is the message?" he demanded.

Carson pursed his lips and gazed shrewdly at the man; then, he drew a pencil and wrote slowly on the telegraph-pad on the table: "Mr. Jason Duval, Head Operator, District Four, New York City. I am coming. Carson." He handed the pad to the operator.

"Now, John Crote, alias Spindle, alias the Devil himself, what the deuce ails you? Take a brace and send that message. Come!"

The operator returned to his stove to pour more water into the shrieking kettles. "I—I will send it—this noon," he stammered.

Carson pushed the fellow into a chair. "You meddling idiot, you shall explain!" he cried between his teeth. "You refuse to send my message; your action can have only one meaning: the telegram you sent me last night was false!"

"When you were in Bowers's house, drunk, you overheard my conversation. You heard me speak to Bowers of my father; you took it into your idiotic head to deny what I had said. You knew—Heaven knows how!—the message I had arranged to bring news of my father's death. You used it."

The man at the table lifted his shoulders, and threw his arms beseechingly to touch the other's sleeve.

"I will tell you the truth," he cried, in a voice filled with tears. "When I was in New York, just before I came here, I met Duval; he mentioned casually the word that would bring notice of your father's death. Last night, I was drunken, muddled, crazed; after my expulsion from Bowers's house, my only thoughts were of anger and chagrin. I betrayed a confidence to revenge myself on you."

The breaking sob in his voice told the true depth of his emotion. "Now, I am sorry—I am sorry; if you wish, I will prove the truth of my sorrow with my life."

Carson hated men that whined; he had told himself so a thousand times—it was a part of him now.

"Get together!" he ordered, wheeling to face the entreating figure. "Go upstairs and pack your duds. If you're gone more than ten minutes, I'll upset the stove and toast you to a brown, like a cheese-cracker."

At the foot of the stairs, Crote paused, and half turned, as if to speak again: "Mr. Carson, I—I—" Then, with sudden impulse: "Has Frank Bowers a family in the States?"

"He has; get on, Crote."

Carson moved to the doorway. "It's the devil that lurks in drink," he muttered. "If I'd known its nature sooner, I'd have changed the fellow's whisky."

There was a creaking above, as of some one collapsing on the bed, a few muffled sobs, then silence.

"The approved way—steeping the devil out," mused Carson, sitting down in the checkered sunlight and drawing out his pipe meditatively.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, a restless, mutability became apparent in the clouds above. A gentle breeze cooled, with freshening caress, the burning cheek of the country round. Then, with sudden gasp and plunge, like the puff of some huge giant's breath, the breeze became a wind, which rose and rose, leaping and

bounding in tumultuous fury. Still, the clouds thickened, as the gale roared, and the swirling air was swept with stinging particles of dust.

"The devil!" muttered Carson, rising. "We must get away. Halloo you, Crote!" he called into the quiet house, "come down and sign your leave of absence."

His voice rang with strange loudness, as if the house was desolate and empty, save for his sole presence. He called again, with a threat; then, he sprang up the groaning stairs. With a sort of premonition, he hesitated before opening the door. He crossed the threshold, stared ahead of him, and instantly drew back, seized with an unknown terror. Crote was lying on the bed, smilingly, as in a pleasant dream; but his naked breast, exposed by the parting of the coarse shirt, showed no flutter of animation; on the thin cheeks, there glowed no flush of life.

As Carson's step sounded again on the floor below, the step of another, just entering, startled him with a fright he had denied as impossible. He recognized the intruder, and started forward gladly.

"Why—it's—it's Carson!" The words were a hoarse whisper. Bowers's face paled to a haggard gray, and he staggered back to the wall. The thunder crashed anew, and the fitful lightning, playing on his features, gave him an appearance of horrible, uncanny guilt. Carson confronted him, scrutinizing his nervous face, as it was illuminated by the pitiless glare. Suddenly, the Manager pressed his hand to his forehead, as one forging the last links in a difficult chain of thought.

"What! you—you—?" his voice broke pitifully.

"You have seen Crote; he has betrayed me; so—you know," whispered Bowers, when finally he could speak.

Carson forced him into a chair, near the window, where the blistering flashes of fire might have full play.

"You despicable coward!" He groaned aloud, and, for a time, seemed unable to say more.

"Crote told me nothing. You betrayed yourself. Your every look, your every gesture, your every word, sold your black story cheap as dirt. You bribed John Crote to do this deed, while he was crazed with drink. You wanted to get *me* out of the way, to secure my position. The presence of Crote in your house last night, and his forcible ejection, were schemes to mortify and to shame him—to trick him into believing your proposed contemptible action just."

Carson straightened and became suddenly calmer, yet with a sternness more severe. "Phillip Bowers, you sacrificed a life to your mean purpose that held a spark of good far greater than your own. John Crote esteemed you in an unreal value: I know you for what you are—a dog."

The figure at the window sprang up convulsively, and held out his hands in mute entreaty. As he swayed there, the hand of Carson rose, slowly inexorably—the hand that held a pistol.

The telegraph sounder snapped suddenly into action. The pistol bullet tore a gaping hole in the opposite wall, and Carson turned on the half-unconscious figure at the window.

"Is there a telegraph connection now with the next station?" he demanded hoarsely.

Bowers passed his hand over his eyes confusedly. "No; the wires were down an hour ago—the poles—I saw them fall. It must be the lightning—"

"You know the code; take that message!"

The words electrified their hearer; one idea reached his inner consciousness. It might mean life! He sprang to the table and, with feverish fingers, tapped his readiness for the message. Instantly, the sounder clicked in answer. Dazedly, mistily, he transcribed:

"H-a-l-f---m-a-s-t---t-h-i-s---t-i-m-e- - - -
c-o-r-r-e-c-t. . . . R-e-m-e-m-b-e-r---h-i-s
f-a-m-i-l-y. . . . C-r-o. . . ."

There was a loud report outside, and the lightning pounded on the fallen wires. Carson snatched the paper and read. His breath came hard; for a moment, it seemed as if he must suffocate and fall; but he mastered himself and took a step toward Bowers.

"I know you; I know you for a hound!" he cried. "I ought to kill you; but I'm going to let you go, because a will stronger than mine compels it. It's not for me to set aside a voice from the Long Trail. Remember this always: if you don't keep straight as a banjo-string, I'll come back and kill you. You understand?"

In spite of everything, I will kill you."

He pointed with a finger that betrayed the emotion tugging at his soul. "Go!" he ordered tersely.

The cringing figure slipped out, after the fashion of an overgrown eel.

The storm had passed; the leaves shimmered brightly in their pearly wetness and the air was pungent with the odor of moist earth. As Carson headed his canoe down the swollen body of the serpent, rolling sluggishly beneath the breaking sky, a gaudy rainbow flushed across the heavens. It seemed to him that, at one end, he saw the image of his father, and, at the other, in freshening radiance, the spirit of John Crote.

Twentieth Century Incendiarism

DO you remember that last fire we had, nowhere in particular? You watched the people scurry by to the blaze, and held yourself comfortably and skeptically aloof. Next morning, when the papers fairly scintillated with the glare of conflagration, you regretted that you had missed a spectacle, if not, indeed, a thrill.

In some ways, the Educational Reform, just being fanned to life, is like a fire; it is small, pitiably small, at first; but it bids fair to blaze, and spread, and consume, until it becomes a turbulent crater of infectious ebullition. Recently, two prominent magazines, if not more, have cast forth an apparently irresistible line to the general profession of teaching, and to the set and antique forms, as they describe them, of the modern educational system. *The World's Work Magazine*,* during the last few months, has published, "Where

the High School Fails," April; "How the Colleges Ruins the High Schools," May; and "The Bankruptcy of Education," June and July, by Frederic Burk.* The April *Scribner's* offers an interesting discussion, sub-title, "The Confessions of a Pedagogue," written by a present-day teacher.

One of the remarkable features of these articles is that they are written in the first person, by teachers now in practice, of whom one, at least, President Burk, offers an original regimen for systematic instruction, worthy of thoughtful perusal.

All the writers have an inherent sincerity of conviction, and a sense of judgment as to what a general public is pleasantly able to read.

Here, then, is the spark of a radical movement that gives promise of entertainment, and, perhaps, instruction, when it shall at last ignite the powder of convention, born of the dim, dogmatic past.

* May be had at any reading-room.

* President California State Normal School.

In Defense of Burns

By MARY PASTORIUS DAMON

ALTHOUGH the study of Robert Burns is not required for the entrance examinations to the various colleges, the High School has considered it advisable to take the works of this poet. The time devoted to him, however, is so limited that only a brief review is given of the life of the man himself, and, unless one makes a careful study of Burns, he very often obtains many mistaken ideas of him.

In the first place, it is often claimed that Burns was an habitual drunkard. We have all heard this statement made; and yet, if one considers the question seriously, he can not help but realize what an absurd idea it is. Burns was a working-man. He worked hard, twelve hours a day, to gain, by dint of physical labor, his bread and butter. Now what person, either in the time of Burns, or to-day, ever hired an habitual drunkard to work for him? Burns was hired regularly by a farmer to work in the fields. It is true that Burns was sometimes intoxicated; but one forgets the conditions which existed then. Dr. Gordon, of the New Old South Church, of Boston, says that he distinctly remembers his father, who was a contemporary of Burns, telling how he himself assisted two clergymen home after a banquet. They were too much intoxicated to walk. Every one, the gentry especially, consumed a great deal of liquor. Dr. McCosh, formerly President of Princeton college, relates that there was drinking at weddings, funerals, and all occasions. He even tells, of a funeral at which he was present, that every one was so intoxicated that, when the graveyard was reached, it was found that the corpse had been left behind. It was not considered hospitable in Scotland to allow a guest to leave a household, unless he was intoxicated.

These were the kind of people who lionized Burns, after his first poems were published. It is not strange that one hears many untrue stories of him. Then, too, it was just at the time of the friction between the Auld Lights and the New Lights. Burns sided with the New Lights, and denounced the Auld Lights openly; for he could not endure religious hypocrisy and false doctrines. This hatred of the old sect caused many exaggerated stories to be told of him; and a half-truth often is more dangerous than an absolute falsehood.

Toward the end of his life, Burns became excise-man, a position rather despised by the people in times of peace. In this capacity, his records were always correct. He was the best excise-man in Edinburgh. If there was any trouble, the officer in charge said, "Let me see that man, Burns's, records; his are correct and absolutely accurate, always." And yet we hear people say that Burns was an habitual drunkard. The statement is as absurd as it is false.

By the solemn testimony of his brother James, we know that Burns was absolutely without reproach in every particular, until his twenty-third year—twenty-three years, out of thirty-seven. Then, he made a bitter mistake. The rest of his life was spent in the most tragic manner. He suffered from remorse, genuine, awful, and heart-breaking. His wife and friends testify that, after his marriage, he was the kindest and most devoted of husbands, and a loving father to his children.

We have no other poet that lived under the conditions which existed in Burns's time. He first saw light in a small house, of one room, with but a single window. A partition, only, separated the family from the cows and pigs in an adjoining part. When Burns was but a few day's

old, part of this structure fell, and the mother and child were moved to one of the neighbor's homes. There is no other poet, except Shakespeare, that lived under such circumstances. Shakespeare had the advantage of Burns, because he lived in London, which, at the time, was most the cultured city in the world.

Burns possessed an ideal, and, because he held to this ideal, he was able to see beauty and poetry in the simplest things. His poetry was merely an incident in his life. He composed his poems on his way to and from work; or at night, after a hard day's work in the fields.

It was his vivacity of temperament, his ardor, and his susceptibility to humanity, which caused him to make the mistakes of his life; but what one of us, living under like conditions, could have done better than he?

THE ULTIMATE

"Youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem bestowed upon us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves."

—Robert Browning.

"Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old books to read, old friends to trust," urges Bacon, a sentiment that smacks of sweetly mellow age. It is age that takes us, in the end, and tallies up accounts; and then, what can we show? Some of us bring forward a collection of odd coin, and some a mastery in the world's technic; a few a faded beauty, leaning toward the wall, for, "Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth, and delves the parallels in beauty's brow."

Consider, now, what Edmund Waller said, in 1624:—

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Admits new light, through chinks that time
has made.

Strengthened by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home."

Highest respect is for the man that has a clean record of honest toil, wrought out in fortitude and patience, the man that has learned to live life to the full, content to await his reward beyond a thousand deaths. Or thrust forth him that has already toiled and striven, perhaps,

through centuries of life, who now has fixed his gaze upon eternity, capable, at last, of proffering a full heart, rare intellect, and ripe wit, bathed in the warm sunlight of cordiality, like figs sprung from dry leaves.

The Picture Season

My pictures aren't done yet?

(You confounded freak!

I've been up to now

Altogether too meek!)

If I wait, say, a fortnight,

They'll surely be through?

Can't you let me take with me

A sample or two?

Yes, I want them with folders,

No, I haven't paid yet,

(Well, I won't till I see them

And like them, you bet!)

This has a bad finish,

This stamp is askew,

This mounting is dirty,

And what *shall* I do?

And so you keep scrapping,

Determined to fight 'em,

So forth and et cetera,

Ad infinitum.

What Happened

Across the Clafin field

There runs a brook;

At lunch time, all the girls

The school forsook.

Their sandwiches and cake

They took to eat,

A rolling stone or plank

To be their seat.

The cool, refreshing brook,

Which flows so clear,

Reminded many of

Vacation near.

But some would not resist

Temptation sweet,

And so went back to class

With soaking feet!

G. F., '09.

Oil at First Sight

By DOROTHY S. EMMONS, 1910



BEING fond of tinkering around any kind of a mechanical contrivance, perhaps you can imagine my joy at receiving, as a birthday gift from an uncle, a neat little automobile, designed especially for me. Of course, I had to learn to run it, and, being down in Maine at the time, I had ample opportunity for doing so. Never shall I forget the first lesson.

We started, Uncle and I, from the garage, early one afternoon, first making sure that everything about the car was in good order. The oil-tank was almost empty, but Uncle seized a near-by can, and, in a trice, the tank was full. Uncle drove, until we reached the outskirts of the village; then, I tried my luck at it. It wasn't so very difficult, and I was progressing finely, when suddenly the machine began to slow down, without any audible warning. I put on more speed, or, at least, went through the motions, but, still we continued to go slower and slower. Uncle laughed, and said that he thought I could do better than that, but, when he tried, *he* couldn't seem to help matters any; and, by that time, the car had come to a full stop. No sudden, unexpected stop, which we could have remedied, probably, but a nice, quiet, comfortable, "let-the-old cat-die" kind of a stop. We jumped out and peered into all the places where possible faults might lurk, but of no avail. We also assumed that much-pictured attitude, wherein the head and shoulders disappear beneath the fractious car, only to reappear, rather grimy, as to aspect, and ruffled, as to feelings. Everything seemed to be in perfect order. We jumped in and tried to start her again, but nothing particularly exciting happened; whereupon, we regarded each other, for half a minute, with expressions of contenance which surpassed verbal possibilities.

We are only three miles from the garage, so, as Uncle knew a short-cut through the woods, he decided to leave me to the tender mercies of the "auto-go-but-wouldn't," and departed forthwith.

After meditating upon the uselessness of helpless autos for a while, I got out and took another look at every part of the mechanical works I could get at. It certainly was queer. Just then, my fingers, which had been prying off the cover of the oil-tank, slipped, and went down into the contents. I hastened to wipe them on my handkerchief—rather bad for the handkerchief—and was surprised to find them sticky. My acquaintance with machine-oil did not lead me to believe that oil of this kind should be sticky. I bent over and sniffed at the tank. The odor which I inhaled took me back to the sugaring-off house, where the process of boiling down the sap was going on. Maple syrup! Could it be? I cautiously touched the tip of my tongue to my finger. The result was peculiar, taking it all in all, for I laughed and laughed, and finally roared; and it did seem as if I should never stop; for the contents of the supposed well filled oil-tank, was nothing more than pure maple syrup!

Meantime, Uncle had arrived with another machine, and a rope to tow mine back home. I believe he thought, for a minute, that my brain had been suddenly affected, when, between gasps, I requested him to taste the "oil" in my car. I recounted the episode, but he wouldn't believe me until he had sampled that sweet oil.

Upon reaching the garage, we found two cans, both marked "machine-oil," but only one contained the genuine liquid, while, from above, a voice, unmistakably that of my ever present kid brother, called down: "Say, Unk, how'd you like yer new machine-oil?"



School Notes



WE do not apologize for the omission of the class prophecy. Our prophet, like the prophet of old, has been abducted into a nebulous veil of oblivion, neglecting, erstwhile, to leave behind his strongest bid for posthumous renown. Six, or so, missives, sent by several of the great man's would be befrienders, can have received no more than a shrug of the vanquished seer's shoulders. Ignorant, as we are, of all circumstances save his attested name and address, we are tempted to suggest some slight slip in our prophet's understanding of his duty to a devoted class.

The Editors.

We trust the enthusiastic and appreciative aid of the Junior girls, and others, has been turned to good account; entirely unexpected and unsolicited as it was, we have done our best to improve the chance afforded. Its best reward lies in the tacit appreciation of all that receive its benefit.

THE GERMAN CLUB

On the seventh of May, the last meeting of the German Club was called to order by Miss Wells. The program was opened by a piano solo by Miss Gifford, and then followed the little play, "Versalzen," upon which the caste had been working for several weeks. The result proved that the attempt was well worth while, for the audience received it very enthusiastically. The caste was as follows: Arnold, Perkins; Wittkow, Schafer; Seeberg, Noyes; Hertha, Miss Heebner; Ulrike, Miss Clara Murphy; Trüdchen, Miss Fisher; Joli, the dog, Davis.

G. Ford, *Secretary*.

DEBATING

At the last meeting of the Debating Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Wilson, '10, President; West, '11, Vice-President; Pratt, Secretary; Swan, '11, Treasurer. Wilson, '10, and Raymond, '10, were appointed to arrange interscholastic debates.

Brookline has replied favorably to our challenge, and the Newton-Brookline debate will take place next January, if present plans are carried out.

A. S. R.

THE FRENCH CLUB

On Friday, May 14, the last meeting of the Cercle Français was held in the school library. The library was prettily decorated with apple and cherry blossoms, and ferns. Miss Bruce received with President Carey; and, after the reception, a little entertainment was given, which consisted of recitations, singing and dancing by the members of the club. Among the guests were some members of the French Club of Brookline High School and their teacher. One of the visitors recited several poems in an excellent manner. All the program was heartily received. After the entertainment, refreshments were served and the poster was auctioned off by Miss Ware. After an enthusiastic rendering of "La Marseillaise," the meeting was adjourned.

Alice Ware, *Secretary*.

Country editor (out West)—This has been a lucky day for me.

Faithful wife—Has some one been in to pay a subscription?

Editor—Well, n-o, it wasn't as lucky as that; but I was shot at and missed.

—*New York Weekly*.

TRACK SEASON OF 1909

The track season of 1908-09, although not so successful as that of previous years, was a creditable one, in view of the obstacles which the team encountered during the entire season. In the first place, the squad did not have full possession of the drill-hall which was occupied a great deal by the girls and teachers, and also interfered with by the gym. team.

The relay team composed of Captain Mahoney, Leonard, Warren and Hartley, was almost the equal of the championship quartette of the previous year. At the Triangular Meet, the team reached its best form, and simply romped away from Brookline, in the fast time of three minutes twenty-one seconds. Two weeks later, the team lost to the fast Stone School quartette by a narrow margin.

On Fehrruray 20, the class-meet was held. The class of 1909 had little difficulty in winning the meet, with the Juniors a poor second. In this meet, the record for the 1000-yard run was broken, which was formerly held by Hutchinson, '04; the time was 2 minutes, 37 3-5 seconds.

A week later the team lost the championship to Brookline by only a few points. In this meet the school did not have the services of "Tip" O'Neil the star of the meet the previous year, on account of studies. The coach, Dr. Brown, labored hard and conscientiously with the team, and his work is to be commended.

Clancy has been elected captain for next year, and there is every possibility for a winning team. From the results of the Grammar Schools Meet, it looks as if there will be some valuable material from the Freshmen class. Sophomores, beware! At any rate, let every fellow come out and help Captain Clancy win the championship next year. The team has my best wishes.

Daniel Lawrence Mahoney,
Track Captain, 1909.

THE HOCKEY SEASON, 1909

The first hockey practice was to take place in the drill-hall, but, when about twenty of us had assembled before the doors of the gym., we found it closed to our entrance, while inside of it were a number of our lady teachers, who grew rather indignant at our attempts to gain entrance. The next practice took place on rather thin ice at Silver Lake, where we were finally ordered to retire by our brass-buttoned friends, who were afraid we would get our feet wet.

Soon after these early attempts at practise, the Braeburn skating-rink had frozen hard enough for use, and here the first real work for the games was done. The candidates for the team were, for the most part, new men, although some of them had played in several of last year's games. However, we succeeded in winning our first match with Wellesley, but were defeated in the second game by the strong Melrose seven, champions of the state.

During Christmas vacation, the Dartmouth hockey coach, Eames aided us greatly in drilling teamwork into the fellows. The result was, that for the remainder of the season the team was never beaten, and tied but once, by Cambridge Latin.

Scott Slocum, Jr., *Hockey Captain, 1909.*

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

The class of '09 is going to leave us;

They think that they've learned all there
is to be taught;

There'll be no more poaching on *Don Proctor's* Warren,

There'll be no more asking for "A polka,
Dot?"

There'll be no one left to "*Buck*" on the
ball-field,

There'll be no one left to give us a "*Tip*";
And though there are many base-bawlers
remaining,

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and
the lip."

[Concluded on page 43]



Miss Margaret Hatfield, Smith, '09, composed one of the songs which was given by the Glee Club, in Northampton last month.

Like honors came to Mr. Francis W. Loomis and Mr. Fred C. Alexander, both Harvard '10, the former receiving one of the Bowditch scholarships, and the latter the C. L. Jones scholarship.

Miss Gladys Stevens had one of the prominent character parts in the production of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," by the Gamma Delta Society of Boston University.

Mr. Russell P. Wise of the sophomore class at Tufts College has been nominated for the advisory board of the athletic association.

Robert W. Boyden, N. H. S., '06, won his "H" in the Harvard-Yale dual meet in New Haven, May fifteenth.

Warren C. Agry, Dartmouth, '11, was assistant ringmaster at the Society Circus held at Dartmouth during "prom" week.

Harold D. Billings won the championship in the boxing contest which was a part of the M. I. T. Gymnastic tournament. That his accomplishment is of some practical use to him in Tech is shown by the news that he also secured one of the copies of "Technique" at the annual rush, held in Boston last month.

Joseph Cheever Fuller, a sophomore at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,

distinguished himself this year by his connection with the Tech show, "That Pill Grimm," the most important social activity at the Institute. Mr. Fuller wrote the music for two pieces and was a dancer in the Spanish Sextette.

J. B. Jamieson, who is a member of the senior class at Amherst College, has been appointed a league umpire for the baseball season.

Mr. David B. Waters, who is a member of the sophomore class at Boston College, participated in the annual public oratorical contest last month.

The many friends of Dr. Harold C. Hunt, Boston University, '09, will regret to learn that he has been forced to decline an honor of Class Valedictorian, well merited by the highest honors ever attained at graduation, on account of trouble with his eyes.

Miss Margaret Hatfield composed a selection for piano, violin and 'cello, which was played at the last meeting of the Clef Club of Smith College.

Mr. Harry E. Whitaker was among the graduates this year from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Whitaker was third marshal for the class day exercises.

Samuel Farquhar, Harvard 1912, has been elected an editor of the Harvard Crimson.

Among the graduates from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science on Tuesday were Denison K. Bullins in mining engineering, Stephen L. Burgher and Harry E. Whitaker in electrical engineering.

Marshall Cox, Harvard 1911, has been elected secretary and treasurer of the Patria Society of Harvard University.



Drawn by E. Tyler, '11.

Old 1909

Our four short years are gone, '09,
Our high school days are o'er at last,
And though at first they slowly crept,
Too soon they went to join the past.

But during months that seemed to drag,
Our friendship formed and quickly grew.
We learned to play a good, square game,
And this, be sure, is needful too.

Now some may think we've played too
much,
And let our time too lightly pass;
But in the summing up, they find
That *nineteen-nine's* an "all-round class."
G. F., '09.

There once was a senior called Fletcher,
Who was brought home from school on a
stretcher,
Brain fever set in,
He grew thin as a pin,
Now you can't see him side-way, I betcher.

Sing hoky poky for Newton,
And give it lots of lust;
For they're the boys that did the trick,
And Waltham bit the dust.
G. B. V.

Mr. M—"Chamberlain, demonstrate the theorem about the area of a lune."

Chamberlain—"I couldn't do that, I couldn't see the lune."

Mr. M—"Why didn't you look in the mirror?"

Mr. M, reading a problem in solid: "'A sphere of diameter 4" is placed in a conical wine glass full of w—.'"

Richardson—"Will you please repeat that last part!"

I WONDER

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
So the simple sayings go,
But I on this do often ponder.
Listen to my tale of woe.

When the school does close in summer,
Or in autumn, spring, or fall,
Does absence make you pine and murmur
That you miss the place at all?
'09.

The dentist (to Pratt)—"Now for the back tooth! Look pleasant, please."

A man cannot antedate his experience literally, but he may do so virtually by observing the experience of others.

The four leading plays in N. H. S.:—

Freshman Year. "Babes in the Woods."

Soph. Year. "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year. "As You Like It."

Senior Year. "The Crisis."

A PEN 'N' INK

Perkins had a pair of socks,

Perkins had a tie

That his enemies could all

Identify him by.

When they came upon him, though,

They turned and fled with fear,—

With eyebrow up beneath his hair,

His mouth behind his ear.

Standing with reluctant feet,

Ankles slanted out,

His manner was enough to put

His enemy to rout.

Now where did that person called Stanley,

Acquire all his manners so manly?

The answer's a cinch,—

We hope you aren't angry, dear Stanley.

AN AWFUL STATE OF THINGS

In the state of Mass.

There lives a lass

I love to go N. C.;

No other Miss.

Can e'er, I Wis.

Be half so dear to Me.

I shun the task

'Twould be to ask

This gentle maid to wed?

And so, to press

My suit, I guess

Alaska Pa. instead.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cherries

By FOSTER DAMON, 1910

I ALWAYS did like cherries. And so, when I saw a delicious bunch reposing on my program, I hastily tried to grasp it, thanking my sister for the lovely surprise. But they gave way, collapsed most juicelessly, and the big green hat in front of me turned around, whirling the cherries from my reach. Since then, I have wished that circuses, too, would prohibit hats, although the seats are high enough to see over them.

Coming home in the car that night, I was astonished to see the innumerable cherries. I think there were four hats thus decorated! But since then! . . .

Honestly, it makes me feel ashamed even to see such cherries, as I like them so intensely. There are so many different kinds of the *Cerasus* family (sub-order *Prunus*): Maydukes, bigarons, morellos, Kentishers, mazards, and choke; of colors white, yellow, orange, red, brown, and even dull black! Sizes? All, from red beads to diamond-dyed pingpong balls. Well might Tantalus exclaim with me:

"Cherries, cherries, everywhere,
Nor any drupe to eat!"

Far be it from me to attack the broad subject of hats (pun intended), but I truly think that cherries should be excluded. Every time I see a cluster, I am afraid that they will crush, and ruin the headwear, though I know perfectly well they are but a "hollow, painted deceit." How any one can enjoy such objects!—but "the way of woman is past finding out."

Last school issue under 1909! The Review shall murmur, as did Marion Crawford, "I enter serenely into eternity." Lights out!



ATHLETIC NOTES

Newton, 18; Roxbury Latin, 1.

Newton easily walked off with the sixth game of the season, winning 18 to 1. "Peg" Wood made his début as a Newton pitcher and twirled grandly, letting the visitors down without a hit. One glance at the error columns will show the vast superiority of the home team in the field, and this, combined with effective hitting, won the game.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2	6	3	1	4	0
Murray, c. f.	5	1	1	0	0
Ryan, c.	5	1	7	1	0
O'Neil, l. f.	5	1	1	0	0
Barry, s. s.	4	2	2	0	0
Chamberlain, 1.	4	2	12	0	0
Fripp, 3	4	3	0	3	0
McCourt, r. f.	4	1	3	0	1
Wood, p.	3	2	0	2	0
Totals	40	16	27	10	1

ROXBURY LATIN.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Chase, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0
Jones, 2	3	0	3	2	0
Welsh, 1 p.	3	0	5	2	0
Smith, l. f.	2	0	1	0	0
Lyons, p. 1	3	0	0	2	0
Packard, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Hyde, c.	3	0	9	2	3
Shaw, s. s.	3	0	1	1	2
Hill, 3	3	0	4	0	1
Totals	27	0	24	9	10

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton High	0	1	1	2	1	0	9	4	x
Roxbury Latin	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0

Runs, O'Neil, 2; McCourt, 4; Ryan, 2; Donahue, Murray, Barry, 3; Chamberlain, 2; Fripp, 2; Wood, Smith. Two-base hits, Ryan, Chamberlain, 2; Fripp, Wood. Three-base hits, McCourt, O'Neil. Sacrifice hits, Wood, 2. Stolen bases, Murray, 4; Barry, 3; Ryan, O'Neil, Fripp, 2; Chamberlain, McCourt, 2; Smith. Base on balls, Welsh, 5. Struck out, Wood, 7; Lyons, 3; Welsh, 7. Hit by pitched ball, Smith, Fripp. Umpire, Ryan.

Newton Trims English High.

In a heartrending finish, Newton defeated Boston English High by the close score of 3 to 2. "Ossie" McCourt was in the points for the home team and pitched gilt-edge ball, only allowing five hits. He was backed up well by his team both in fielding and hitting. Newton secured a lead of one run in the fifth inning, but in the

eighth English High made it 2 to 1. Newton, however, came back strong in their half of the inning and tied the score. In the ninth Newton came up to scratch with one more run—just enough to win. In this play Barry was badly hurt through the utterly unnecessary roughness of Nelson. The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Murray, c. f.	4	1	2	0	0
Donahue, 2	4	0	0	2	0
O'Neil, l. f.	3	1	3	0	0
Ryan, c.	4	1	4	0	0
Barry, s. s.	4	2	1	2	1
Fripp, 3	3	2	1	2	2
Chamberlain, 1.	3	1	8	0	0
E. McCourt, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0
O. McCourt, p.	3	1	0	0	0
Totals	31	9	27	6	3

ENGLISH HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
McNough, c. f.	5	0	2	1	0
Klein, l. f.	3	1	2	0	0
Kelly, 3	4	2	1	3	2
Janvin, s.	4	0	1	2	0
Kenny, 1	4	2	10	0	0
Roberts, 2	4	0	1	2	1
Greene, r. p.	4	0	2	1	0
Nelson, c.	4	0	4	2	0
Mendelson, p. r.	4	0	2	1	0
Totals	36	5*	25	12	3

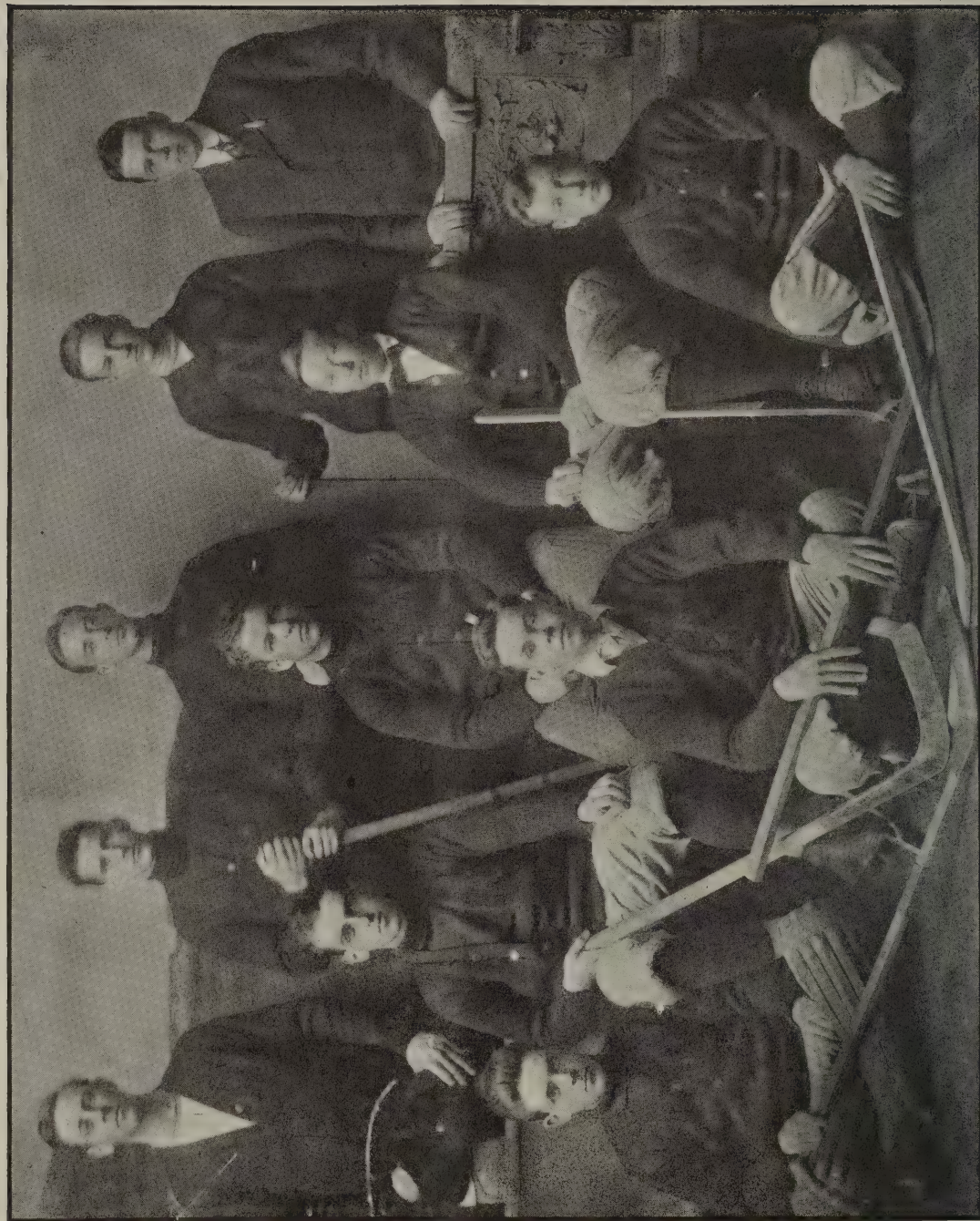
Totals	36	5*	25	12	3				
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton High	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	1—3
English High	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

Runs made, Barry, 2; Klein, Kelly, Chamberlain. Two-base hits, Fripp and Kenny. Three-base hits, Kelly. Stolen bases, Fripp, 3; O'Neil, Kelly, Barry and Klein. Struck out, McCourt, 10; Mendelson, 3. Double plays, Barry to Donahue to Chamberlain. Wild pitches, McCourt. Hit by pitched ball, O'Neil. Umpire, Curran.

*O'Neil out, hit by batted ball. Two out when winning run was scored.

Newton, 4; Rindge, 3.

It took fourteen innings for Newton to prove that she was superior to Rindge Manual Training School, but at the end of that time the score stood 4 to 3 in favor of the Orange and Black. Gaw pitched a fine game for the winners, except for one wild pitch, and was backed up by some very timely hitting. Newton gained the lead in the fourth inning, but lost it to Rindge in the sixth, only to tie the score in the ninth. After



THE HOCKEY TEAM—CHAMPIONS OF THE PREPARATORY LEAGUE, 1909

four innings of ineffective playing Newton scored the winning run in the fourteenth.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2	6	0	8	3	1
Ryan, c.	6	0	12	3	0
O'Neil, l. f.	6	3	1	0	1
Barry, s. s.	3	0	1	6	1
Fripp, c. f.	6	2	2	1	0
Sanderson, 3	4	1	1	4	4
Chamberlain, 1	5	1	17	0	0
Murray, r.	3	0	0	0	0
Gaw, p.	4	2	0	7	1
Totals	43	9	42	24	8

RINDGE M. T. S.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.									
Fritz, r.	5	1	0	0	0									
Wilson, c. f.	6	0	3	0	1									
O'Brien, s.	6	1	1	4	0									
Metivier, 3	5	2	2	3	0									
Murphy, 1	6	0	14	1	0									
Hayes, 3	5	1	1	1	0									
Cummings, c.	5	1	19	1	0									
Fairbanks, l. f.	5	0	0	0	0									
Fitzgerald, p.	5	1	0	2	2									
Atchison, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0									
Totals	48	8	41	12	3									
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Newton High	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1—4
Rindge	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Runs, Fritz, O'Brien, 2; Frupp, O'Neil, 2; Ryan. Two-base hits, Gaw, Metivier. Sacrifice hits, Barry, 3; Sanderson. Stolen bases, Fritz, O'Brien. First base on balls, by Gaw, 1. Struck out, by Gaw, 9; by Fitzgerald, 17. Double plays, Barry, Donahue and Chamberlain, O'Brien-Metivier and Murphy. Passed balls, Ryan, 2; Cummings. 1. Wild pitch, Gaw. Hit by pitched ball, Murray, 2. Umpire, Ryan.

Newton, 4; Concord, 2.

Concord School was not looked upon as a very dangerous rival, but proved to be a pretty classy aggregation. Newton secured a good lead early in the contest, but in the ninth inning things looked rather squally for the home team. However, a fast double play started by Donahue saved the game.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2	4	0	3	5	1
Ryan, c.	4	2	10	1	1
O'Neil, l. f.	4	0	1	0	1
Murray, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Barry, s. s.	4	1	0	0	0
Fripp, c. f.	2	0	1	0	0
Chamberlain, 1	3	2	11	1	0
Sanderson, 3	1	0	1	0	0
Woods, p.	3	0	0	5	1
McCourt, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	25	5	27	12	4

CONCORD SCHOOL.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.				
Morgan, 3	4	0	1	0	0				
French, s.	3	2	0	1	1				
Gilman, r.	4	1	0	0	0				
Mathews, p.	3	2	1	7	2				
Fitzpatrick, c.	3	0	9	1	1				
Banks, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0				
Armstrong, 1	3	0	11	0	0				
Wadleigh, 2	3	0	1	3	1				
Spencer, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0				
Totals	30	5	24	12	5				
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton High	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	x—4
Concord School	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—2

Runs, French, 2; Ryan, 2; O'Neil, Barry. Three-base hits, Mathews, Ryan. Sacrifice hits, Sanderson, 2; Murray, Frupp, Mathews. Stolen bases, Woods, French, 2; Mathews. First base on balls, off Woods, 2. Struck out, by Woods, 8; by Mathews, 9. Double play, Donahue to Sanderson. Passed ball, Fitzpatrick. Hit by pitched ball, Murray. Umpire, Ryan.

Newton, 8; Thayer Academy, 6.

In a 10-inning game at Braintree on May 15th Newton won from Thayer Academy, 8 to 6. Until the seventh and eighth innings it looked bad for the visitors, but in those two sessions they scored enough runs to tie the score, and after an uneventful ninth, won in the tenth by two runs. The teams were pretty well matched; Newton making ten hits to Thayer's seven, but Thayer made five errors to Newton's seven.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2	3	4	5	0	0
Ryan, c.	2	9	1	2	1
O'Neil, l. f.	2	1	0	1	1
McCourt, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Barry, s. s.	0	1	2	1	1
Fripp, c. f.	0	2	4	1	0
Chamberlain, 1	1	13	0	0	0
Sanderson, 3	1	0	2	2	0
Belding, p.	0	0	4	0	0
Gaw, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	10	30	18	7	7

THAYER ACADEMY.

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Aiken, c. f.	0	1	0	0
Crocker, c.	1	10	0	1
Willard, p.	0	0	4	0
Alden, s. s.	1	1	4	0
Heald, r. f.	2	2	0	1
Record, 1	0	13	1	1
Leonard, 3	1	0	1	0
S. Avery, l. f.	1	0	0	0
Beal, 2	1	2	5	0
E. Avery, c.	0	1	2	2
Totals	7	30	17	5

Runs made by O'Neil, 2; Barry, Donahue, Ryan, 2; Sanderson, Gaw, Record, Alden, 2; Leonard, Heald, Aiken. Two-base hits, Ryan, O'Neil, Alden. Home run, Donahue. Stolen bases, Donahue, 2; O'Neil, McCourt, Barry, Gaw, Sanderson, Alden, Heald, 2; Record. Base on balls, off Belding, 6; off Willard. Struck out, by Belding, 3; by Gaw, 4; by Willard, 10. Sacrifice hits, Ryan, Aiken, Crocker. Hit by pitched ball, Frupp, Aiken. Passed balls, Crocker, 2; Ryan. Umpire, Perry.

Newton, 7; Waltham, 5.

It remained for Newton's fast aggregation to put a crimp in the winning streak of Waltham. On a fast game, replete with hair-raising plays, the Orange and Black took the measure of the Watch City lads, and sent them home with the small end of a seven to five score.

Early in the game Newton began to find Barry, and secured a lead of two runs, but in the fourth Waltham passed them. At the end of the seventh the score stood five to three in Waltham's favor. But the eighth was Newton's inning, for when the smoke cleared away it was Newton 7 to 5.

The credit of the victory is due chiefly to Frupp, who not only speared a hard drive to deep centre, but came up with a pretty two-bagger just when it was needed. Stankard of Waltham also made a pretty catch.



THE GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2	4	2	3	2	2
Ryan, c.	4	1	5	3	1
O'Neil, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0
Murray, r. f.	3	0	3	0	0
Barry, s. s.	4	1	0	1	1
Fripp, c. f.	2	1	2	0	0
McCourt, p.	4	1	1	2	0
Sanderson, 3	3	2	3	1	0
Chamberlain, l.	3	1	9	0	1
Gaw, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	31	10	27	10	5

WALTHAM HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Stankard, l. f.	5	1	4	0	0
Healy, c. f.	3	1	2	0	0
Wilson, 3	3	1	1	0	2
Leary, c.	4	1	3	2	2
Smith, 2	4	1	3	3	0
Cobb, l.	4	1	10	0	0
Tabor, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Everett, s. s.	2	0	1	1	0
Barry, p.	3	1	0	5	1
Totals	32	7	24	11	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton High	0	1	1	0	0	0	4	x	
Waltham High	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	0	0

Runs, Barry, 2; Chamberlain, Ryan, O'Neil, McCourt, Fripp, Healy, Wilson, Leary, Everett, Cobb. Two-base hits, O'Neil, Chamberlain, Fripp, Sanderson. Three-base hits, Cobb. Sacrifice hits, Healy, Wilson, Sanderson, Murray, Barry, 2. Stolen bases, O'Neil, McCourt, Smith. First base on balls, McCourt. Struck out, McCourt, 4; Barry, 3. Passed ball, Ryan, Leary. Hit by pitched ball, Fripp, Tabor, Everett. Umpire, Mahan.

Newton Wins From Melrose.

It isn't every game that is won by a long drive for four bases in the eighth inning, but that is what won the game for Newton against Melrose by a score of 3 to 2. For seven innings it had been almost nip and tuck between the two teams until, in the eighth, with one man on base, O'Neil drove the ball for the longest hit of the season, scoring two runs, enough to win.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2d b.	1	3	2	0
Ryan, c.	1	6	2	1
O'Neil, l. f.	1	1	0	0
Fripp, c. f.	0	2	0	0
Barry, s. s.	2	1	3	1
Sanderson, 3d b.	0	1	4	0
Gaw, p.	1	0	3	2
Chamberlain, l b.	0	10	0	0
McCourt, r. f.	0	3	0	0
Totals	6	27	14	4

MELROSE HIGH.

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Brock, s. s.	0	2	3	0
Jones, l b.	1	9	1	1
Wanamaker, c.	0	4	1	0
Milliken, 3d b.	2	1	2	1
Dike, p.	1	0	2	0
Wentworth, l. f.	0	2	0	0
McLetchie, 2d b.	0	2	0	0
Russell, c. f.	0	2	0	0
Winship, r. f.	1	2	0	0
Totals	5	24	9	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton High	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0—3
Melrose High	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—2

Runs made by Chamberlain, Donahue, O'Neil, Milliken, 2. Home run, O'Neil. Stolen bases, Barry, 2; Milliken, Winship. First base on balls, by Gaw, 2; by

Dike, 2. Struck out, by Gaw, 3; by Dike, 3. Sacrifice hits, Sanderson, Ryan, Wentworth, Dike. Wild pitch, Gaw. Umpire, Ryan. Time, 1 h. 45 m.

Newton, 13; Rock Ridge, 1.

There was nothing to it, but Newton in the second Rock Ridge game. Manson was afforded wretched support in the first inning, and later in the game was hit freely. Wood played a fine game for Newton, pitching well and getting two hits one of them a triple.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2	4	0	2	2	0
Ryan, c.	4	1	12	1	0
O'Neil, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0
Fripp, c. f.	3	1	1	1	0
Barry, s. s.	3	0	1	2	2
Sanderson, 3	5	1	2	1	0
Chamberlain, l.	3	1	7	0	1
McCourt, r.	4	0	1	0	0
Wood, p.	4	2	0	3	0
Totals	34	7	27	10	3

ROCK RIDGE HALL.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Quinones, 2.	4	0	2	2	2
Hodges, l.	4	1	13	0	1
Thompson, 3	3	0	1	3	1
Stevenson, c.	4	2	6	0	2
Manson, p.	4	1	0	4	0
Balch, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Mellen, s. s.	3	1	1	4	0
Schon, l. f.	3	1	1	0	0
Hawkes, r.	2	0	0	0	1
Wood, r.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	6	24	13	7

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton High	3	0	0	0	1	2	1	6	x—13
Rock Ridge	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Runs, Donahue, 2; Fripp, 3; O'Neil, 2; Ryan, 2; Chamberlain, 2; McCourt, Wood, Thompson. Three-base hit, Wood. Sacrifice hits, Ryan, Barry. Stolen bases, Sanderson, O'Neil, 2; Chamberlain, 2; Manson. First base on balls, off Manson 5; off Wood, 1. Struck out, by Manson, 4; by Wood, 11. Double play, Fripp to Chamberlain. Wild pitch, Wood. Hit by pitched balls, Ryan, Thompson. Umpires, Ryan and Connolly.

Dorchester, 3; Newton, 1.

Newton suffered a reversal of form in her game against Dorchester High and went down to defeat 3 to 1. Hardy had the Newton batters completely at his mercy, allowing only three hits. Even "Tip" O'Neil, who is usually sure of at least one hit in a game, fanned every time at bat, so there must have been something unusual the matter. Barry had an off day, making a mess of all his chances. Dorchester scored twice in the second on errors and once in the eighth, while Newton could only score once in the third.

The score:—

DORCHESTER HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Boles, r.	4	0	0	1	0
Cruikshank, c.	4	0	12	3	1
Fraser, 2	4	1	1	1	0
Sullivan, l.	4	1	8	0	0
Abbott, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
J. Conley, r. f.	2	1	1	0	0
Hoernle, s. s.	2	1	0	5	0
Campbell, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0
C. Conley, 3	4	0	3	1	1
Hardy, p.	2	0	0	1	0
Totals	31	6*	25	12	2



THE BASEBALL TEAM

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Donahue, 2	4	0	2	5	1
Ryan, c.	4	0	6	2	0
O'Neil, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0
Barry, s. s.	3	1	0	0	4
Fripp, c. f.	3	0	3	0	0
Murray, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Sanderson, 3	3	1	3	1	1
Chamberlain, l.	3	0	12	0	0
McCourt, p.	2	1	0	6	0

Totals	29	3	27	14	6				
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dorchester	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—3
Newton	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Runs, Sullivan, Hoernle, C. Conley, McCourt. Sacrifice hits, Abbott, Hardy. Stolen bases, Hoernle, Barry. First base on balls, off Hardy, 1; off McCourt, 2. Struck out, by Hardy, 11; by McCourt, 6. Double play, Boles, Cruikshank and C. Conley. Passed ball, Ryan. Hit by pitched ball, Barry. Umpire, Ryan.

*Ryan out, hit by batted ball. Fripp out, hit by batted ball.

Brookline, 6; Newton, 1.

The first game in the championship series resulted in a victory for Brookline over Newton. The credit for the victory is due chiefly to pitcher Carr, who twirled a clever game, fanning fifteen batters. The game proved to be a disastrous one for Newton as Capt. Donahue sustained a broken collar-bone which necessitated his retirement from the game and precluded the possibility of his competing again this season. Gaw pitched a good game for Newton, and except for the first and last innings kept the hits pretty well scattered. Carr proved very effective, and three times with men on second and third he struck out the next batters.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e;
Donahue, 2	2	0	1	2	0
Ryan, c.	4	1	10	2	1
O'Neil, l. f.	4	2	2	1	1
Fripp, s. c. f.	4	1	4	0	1
Barry, 2. s.	4	1	0	0	0
McCourt, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1
Sanderson, 3	3	2	0	2	0
Chamberlain, l.	4	1	8	0	0
Gaw, p.	3	1	0	0	1
Gallagher, c. f.	2	0	1	0	0

Totals	34	9*	26	7	5
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BROOKLINE HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Dooley, 3	5	0	1	0	0
Rote, s.	5	1	1	0	1
McGrath, 2	4	2	1	0	1
Kelley, l. f.	4	0	17	3	1
Gallert, c.	4	1	2	1	0
Mason, r.	4	2	1	0	1
Johnson, 1	3	2	2	1	2
Walizer, c. f.	4	2	0	1	0
Carr, p.	3	2	0	1	0

Totals.....	38	11	27	6	6				
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Brookline High	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	—6
Newton High	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1

Runs, Dooley, 2; Rote, McGrath, Ryan, Gallert, Kelley. Two-base hits, Kelley, Sanderson, Carr. Three-base hit, Kelley. Stolen bases, Rote, McGrath, O'Neil, 2; Dooley, Gaw, Walizer. First base on balls, off Gaw, 1; off Carr, 1. Struck out, by Gaw, 9; by Carr, 15. Double play, Mason to Johnson. Passed balls, Ryan, Gallert. Wild pitch, Gaw. Umpires, Ryan and Sheean.

*Rote hit by batted ball.

Newton High, 18 to 3.

In the second game of the League series, there was nothing to it but Newton. In the first two innings the home team scored fourteen runs, and after gaining such a commanding lead they took it easy. Cambridge Latin made just twice as many errors as hits, 10 to 5, and this played an important part in Newton's scoring. On the bases, the Newton lads had it all their own way, having a total of fifteen stolen bases to their credit. Fripp carried off the batting honors with a total of four hits out of five times at bat, and two of them were doubles.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Barry, 2	5	0	4	4	0
Ryan, c.	5	2	11	1	1
O'Neil, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0
Fripp, s. s.	5	4	0	1	1
Murray, c. f.	4	1	1	0	1
Sanderson, 3	4	2	1	0	0
Chamberlain, l.	5	0	9	0	2
McCourt, r. f.	4	1	0	0	0
Belding, p.	2	0	0	2	1
Wood, p.	2	0	0	0	0

Totals	40	11	27	9	7
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CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

	ab.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Doe, 3	4	1	4	1	1
Graustein, c. f.	4	2	2	0	0
Stevens, c.	4	0	3	0	0
Kimball, s. s.	4	1	2	5	1
Edgerton, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0
Good, 2	4	0	3	1	2
Goeffer, l. f.	3	0	1	0	0
Keegan, l.	4	0	8	2	5
Mason, p.	4	1	0	2	1

Totals	35	5	24	11	10
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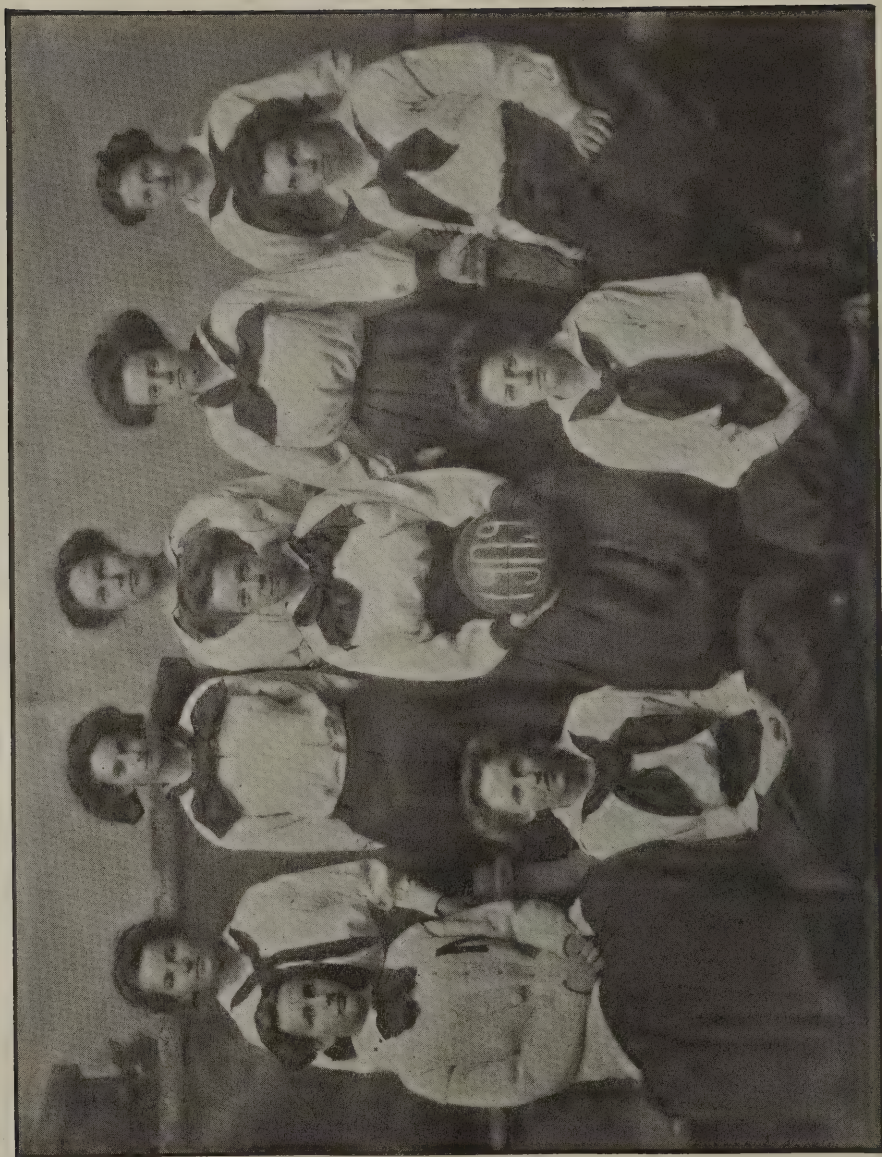
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Newton	6	8	1	0	1	0	2	0	x—18
Cambridge	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	—3

Runs, Fripp, 5; Murray, 2; Sanderson, Chamberlain, 2; McCourt, 2; Ryan, Barry, 2; O'Neil, 3; Belding, Does, Graustein, 2. Two-base hits, Ryan, 2; Fripp, 2; Three-base hit, Does. Home run, O'Neil. Sacrifice hits, Sanderson. Stolen bases, O'Neil, 3; McCourt, 3; Chamberlain, Ryan, 2; Barry, Fripp, 2; Murray, 3. Base on balls, Mason, 4; Belding. Struck out, by Mason, 3; by Belding, 3; by Wood, 7. Wild pitch, Belding. Hit by pitcher ball, McCourt. Umpire, Ryan.

Brookline, 2; Newton, 1.

Brookline clinched its hold on the pennant for 1909 by winning a very close game from Newton on the Boston National League grounds on June 8th. It was a very evenly matched contest from start to finish, developing into a pitchers' battle between Wood and Carr. "Mose" Carr is cracked up to be something of a twirler, but he didn't have a thing on "Peg" Wood.

For nine innings the two rivals fought it out nip and tuck, the scoring being confined to the fifth inning. Wood scored on two hits with a wild pitch sandwiched between, while Brookline scored two on Ryan's error. There were some wonderful stunts pulled off in the field, but the twinkler of the day was Barry's one-hand stab of Kelley's drive.



THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The score:—

BROOKLINE HIGH.

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Dooley, 3d b.	0	0	0	1
Rote, s. s.	0	1	2	1
McGrath, 2d b.	0	0	1	0
Kerrigan, 2d b.	0	0	0	2
Kelley, l. f.	2	1	0	0
Gallert, c.	1	12	1	0
Mason, r. f.	0	2	0	0
Johnson, l. b.	0	7	1	0
Walizer, c. f.	1	3	0	0
Carr, p.	0	0	3	0

Totals 4 *26 8 4

NEWTON HIGH.

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Barry, 2d b.	0	4	3	0
Ryan, c.	1	11	5	1
O'Neil, l. f.	0	0	0	0
Fripp, s. s.	1	0	1	1
Murray, c. f.	0	0	0	0
Gallagher, c. f.	0	1	0	0
Sanderson, 3d b.	0	1	0	1
McCourt, r. f.	0	1	0	0
Wood, p.	1	0	2	0
Chamberlain, l. b.	1	6	1	0

Totals	4	24	12	3
Innings	1	2	3	4
Brookline High	0	0	0	2
Newton High	0	0	0	1

Runs made by Wood, Gallert, Mason. Two-base hit, Kelley. Stolen bases, Barry, 2; Fripp, Gallagher, Murray. Chamberlain, Mason. First base on balls, off Wood, 2. Struck out, by Carr, 11; by Wood, 10. Passed balls, Ryan, 2; Gallert. Wild pitch, Carr. Hit by pitched ball, Murray. Umpires, Ryan and Hale.
*Ryan out, hit by batted ball.

Newton, 3; Waltham, 0.

Newton High wound up its baseball season in a blaze of glory by traveling to Waltham and trouncing the Watch City lads 3 to 0. "Peg"

Wood was again on the slab for Newton and pitched a fine game, holding Waltham to five well-scattered hits. He showed some pretty heady work in the third after Leary's triple, with no one out when the Waltham catcher was unable to score. There was a tremendous crowd to witness the game, both teams being well supported. The Newton "rooters" were most enthusiastic over the victory of their team.

The score:—

NEWTON HIGH.

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Barry, 2	1	4	4	1
Ryan, c.	1	6	2	0
O'Neil, l. f.	3	2	0	0
Fripp, s. s.	0	1	1	0
Sanderson, 3	1	3	1	0
Gallagher, c. f.	1	0	0	0
Wood, p.	1	0	2	0
McCourt, r. f.	0	0	0	0
Chamberlain, l.	0	11	0	0

Totals 8 27 10 1

WALTHAM HIGH.

	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Stankard, l. f.	0	0	0	1
Healy, c. f.	2	0	0	1
Smith, 2	0	2	3	1
Leary, c.	2	8	3	2
Wilson, 3	0	0	0	0
Barry, p.	0	2	6	0
Cobb, l.	1	13	0	0
Duffy, s. s.	0	1	3	1
Tabor, r. f.	0	0	0	1
Filsor, r. f.	0	1	1	0

Totals	5	27	16	7
Innings	1	2	3	4
Newton High	0	1	0	1

Runs made by Sanderson, 2; O'Neil. Two-base hit, Wood. Three-base hit, Leary. Base on balls, off Wood. Struck out, by Wood, 5; by Barry, 8. Double play, Barry to Cobb. Umpire, Minns.

[Continued from page 31.]

And still many male propositions are down here,

Yet they're robbed of their *Converse*,
and sadly bereaved.

And though the base-bawlers are still doing business,

What weeping when they are of *Chamberlain* freed!

We shall miss jolly *Jolie*, and also poor *Hertha*,

Ma' Honey who captained and starred
on the track.

And though we have left many runners and jumpers.

They'll none of them be like *John Leonard*, a crack.

Then for girls; one *Edith* will go along
Secum,

The other will surely a *Fisher*-maid be;
And when she returns from her day of
hard labor,

She'll sure find some *Haven* (s) to put in
from sea.

And though it may seem strange to some
of the pupils,

It's true that the *King* of this class is
a girl;

There is one last remark, that I may make
in closing,

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Mill corporation treasurer	1
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Mill assistant manager	1
Mill foreman of department	18
Mill purchasing agent	1
Mill auditor and accountant	8
Textile designer	30
In commission house	8
Electrician	1
Assistant engineer	1
Draftsman	3
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Student	2
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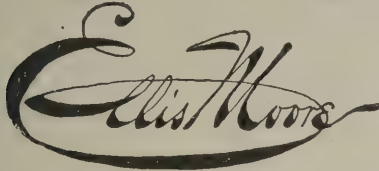
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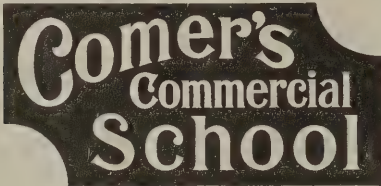
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